ḤAḌRAMAUT

SOME OF ITS MYSTERIES UNVEILED

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ḤAḌRAMAUT

SOME OF ITS MYSTERIES UNVEILED

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AND

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PRINTED FOR THE TRUSTEES OF THE „DE GOEJE FUND".
N°. IX

LEYDEN — E. J. BRILL LTD.
1932.

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FOREWORD.

114 In 1904, David George Hogarth wrote that commendable story of Arabian exploration, which, entitled "*The Penetration of Arabia*", comprises a faithful record of the development of western knowledge concerning the Arabian peninsula. In his prefatory note, he said truly that "Arabia is still in great part withdrawn from western eyes", but at the same time he expressed the hope that "Europeans will doubtless complete the penetration of Arabia" as soon as circumstances should become more favourable than they were at the time of the publication of his work. Indeed, were Hogarth still alive at the present day and were he to prepare a revised edition of his book, he could begin by saying that the period of 28 years, that has just elapsed, excels by far any previous period of equal length, in what it has contributed towards laying bare to western science the mysteries of that immense peninsula, "which, if restricted to its smallest dimensions by the thirtieth parallel of latitude, contains nearly a million and a quarter square miles". He would not have omitted to point out that just in these very last years even that centuries-old enigma, that on the maps of Arabia is shown, by the large, white patch in the southern part, *er-Rubᶜ el-Khālī* (the Empty or Uninhabited Quarter) was actually being unveiled through the energy of two British explorers, Bertram Thomas and Philby. Yet in spite of all this encouraging decrease in ignorance, were the writer to revise his chapter "Unknown Arabia" and to record the new knowledge gained, in making up the sum total, the complaint would remain justified "but we know much of it hardly better than the Antarctic continent".

000 Ignorance of the greater part of this land is, to a certain extent, accounted for by the poverty and the inhospitable-

000 ness of its soil, which makes the greatest demands upon the physical and mental powers of endurance of the explorers, while it seems to promise little advantage to the western spirit of enterprise. Yet western science does not labour only in pursuit of material profit and is not, in the long run, held back from its aims by arid deserts. It is, however, not only the difficulties of climate and soil that deter the explorer in Arabia, but rather the xenophobia of its inhabitants, which often takes the form of religious fanaticism, and which has cost many a daring European scholar his life.

In this regard, as an indirect result of the World War, a considerable improvement has come about. In that great dual-monarchy of the Hedjaz and Nedjd, with its dependencies, anyone who enjoys the protection of the powerful Wahhābī ruler, Ibn Sa‘ūd, can travel and explore in safety, and the same is true, in the fertile district of the Yemen, for those, who are received as guests by the forceful Imām Yaḥyā. Both enlightened rulers recognize, to a certain degree, the importance of the scientific exploration of their country and throw open their borders to visitors from the West, under certain conditions prompted by caution. By degrees, their subjects have become accustomed or are even reconciled to the sight of these foreign intruders, formerly so much abhorred. On the other hand, in the large areas of the peninsula, which are not under the control of such energetic rulers, the foreigner will at best, by the payment of money, be able to procure some guarantee, though not always of a reliable nature, for the safety of his life and property; but he will often find, when he has covered only a few miles, that, owing to the division of the inhabitants into innumerable, small, political entities, which are mostly at enmity with one another, he is obliged to negotiate with new tribal or district chiefs, whenever at least their fanaticism does not flatly deny him passage.

131 To these inhospitable territories belongs, or rather belonged
101 until very recently, the remarkable valley-complex, that stretches out in the middle of Southern Arabia, parallel with

the South coast and separated from it by a mountain range, 131
the country of Ḥaḍramaut. The name occurs already in the 101
Book of Genesis; in ancient times Ḥaḍramaut was famous for its exports of incense and myrrh; ruins and inscriptions from pre-Muhammadan days bear witness to a past greatness and prosperity.

This prosperity of bygone days has, through all manner 721
of unfavourable circumstances, given way, centuries ago, to 167
a pitiable decline. It is true that Islam found an early entrance here and that Muhammadan science has, amongst a certain class of the population, zealous devotees, but the political discipline of this religion has not succeeded in creating Ḥaḍramaut into a realm of peace. The endless tribal wars, which divide the people, make the land practically inaccessible to foreign visitors, even if they are Muhammadans, and at the same time prevent the inhabitants themselves from extracting from their native soil what it could yield to a peacefully labouring population. Because the Ḥaḍramīs are not lacking in ability, which often attains rich maturity under more orderly conditions, many of them have for centuries swarmed to the Yemen, Egypt, Syria and, during the last three centuries especially, also to India and Netherlands India. Of all parts of the Arabian peninsula, Ḥaḍramaut is pre-eminently the land of emigration.

In Netherlands India they have even, in earlier times, 167
succeeded in founding sultanates (e. g. Siak, Pontianak), but 114
now they content themselves with trade and money transactions. Some of them, having become wealthy, return to their own country, but others prefer to enjoy, away from the disturbances of Ḥaḍramaut, the pleasures that are there unattainable. Millionaires are also to be found amongst this fluctuating population of Netherlands India, which numbers seventy to eighty thousand souls. Mr. L. W. C. Van den Berg, adviser to the Netherlands India Government, in 1886, published a book, which, besides statistics of the Ḥaḍramī settlement in the East Indian Archipelago, contained also a description of the native land of these immigrants, compiled from information collected from them in Java. In the 19th

167 century, attempts to become acquainted with this remarkable
114 land, through personal investigation, were not lacking, but
these efforts did not yield the desired results.

114 In his chapter on the exploration of the "Southern Borderlands" Hogarth calls Ḥaḍramaut "the most important part of the borderland, the ill-known inner region of the centre" and says of it that it "long remained the despair of the curious in the history and geography of Arabia". Intrepid travellers such as Von Wrede, Hirsch and the Bents have contributed much to our knowledge of the littoral with its roadsteads of el-Makalla and esh-Shiḥr, which has to be passed in order to penetrate into Ḥaḍramaut Proper; here has developed lately a fairly vigorous autocracy, which is practically under British protectorate and which puts no great difficulties in the way of European visitors. But though the authority of the Sultan of al-Makalla also extends over a small part of the hinterland, Ḥaḍramaut Proper falls outside its scope, and most of the princes and princelings there, who are at loggerheads with one another, are not very kindly disposed towards him. The aforementioned travellers therefore scarcely, if at all, managed to cast a hurried glance over a small section of that mysterious valley-complex. He who succeeded in reaching a Ḥaḍramī town, was speedily ejected and might deem himself lucky to have escaped with his life. A quiet visit to the inhabited part of the country being thus beset with difficulties, it was even more out of the question for them to investigate the secrets of the Well of Barhūt, that accursed, temporary resting-place of the souls of the Unbelievers, from which, so it was fabled, poisonous gasses belched forth; or to make a pilgrimage to the pre-Muhammadan sanctuary, which is regarded by the Ḥaḍramīs as the tomb of the pre-historic prophet Hūd.

After faithfully reviewing what Von Wrede, Hirsch and the Bents did and what they did not accomplish, Hogarth was right in concluding with the observation that "Hadramaut has yet to be visited by any one so well protected and so zealously aided in his quest" as Glaser was in his explorations at Marib in the Yemen. "Interest in Hadramaut", he says further, "should not be suffered to decline yet... It is reported the only scene of actual volcanic activity on the mainland of Arabia; but an explorer has yet to see the smoke of Bir Borhut, that great well cursed by Ali, according to the "Jihān-Numā". Moreover its society seems to present peculiar features of great interest to students of Semitic life".

So far were we in 1904 and in 1931 we were not much further.

Mr. Van der Meulen had, during the five years when he was first consul and later *chargé d'affaires*, at Djedda, become convinced that the time was ripe for extending the activities of the Netherlands Legation over other sections of the Arabian peninsula than the dual-monarchy of Ibn Saʿūd, and that it would be desirable for Holland to enter into friendly relations with the Imām Yaḥyā of the Yemen, and, if possible, to insure a suitable reception for the representative of Holland in Ḥaḍramaut, the country of origin of the many Arabs, who seek and find their fortunes in Netherlands India. He received then a commission from the Netherlands Government in this sense, naturally with a recommendation to caution in regard to Ḥaḍramaut. An introduction from the authorities at Aden would easily secure him entrance to the littoral, but whether he would succeed in penetrating Ḥaḍramaut Proper could not be anticipated with any degree of certainty, for, although since the World War their influence there has increased, even the British have so far limited their own direct contact with that territory chiefly to aerial reconnaissances, which have furnished some excellent photographs.

Even here in Ḥaḍramaut conditions have slightly improved since the last efforts were made to explore it. The number of Ḥaḍramīs who have achieved prosperity in Netherlands India has increased and many of them have become subjects of the Netherlands Government. The advantages to be derived from a normal, international intercourse, are now

114 realized in Ḥaḍramaut in a much wider circle than a quarter of a century ago. But this unhappy land still lacks that unity which is required to develop the springs of prosperity and to insure safety of life and property. In this respect, the barbaric customs of the Djāhiliyya (the pre-Islamic period) still prevail. For surmounting the difficulties on this score, Van der Meulen had to rely on the experience gained by him both in his earlier capacity as civil servant in Netherlands India and his later activity as diplomatic officer in Arabia, as well as on his proficiency in the Arabic and Malay languages, and, not least, on his own personality. All this has enabled him to take full advantage of the improved opportunities; his trip through the whole of Ḥaḍramaut has indeed been a triumphal progress.

114
121 It is obvious that Van der Meulen's expedition can only to a certain extent be called a journey of exploration. His commission was of a political nature, and it would not have been possible for him, in the allotted time, to combine with it profound geographical and ethnographical researches. But, in order that, should he manage to penetrate into Ḥaḍramaut, this success should as far as possible be made of service to science, he secured the co-operation of his friend, the able German geographer, Dr. H. von Wissmann. The two friends have spared themselves no trouble and have considered no effort or deprivation too great to make the best of the six weeks, which they could devote to the expedition to the littoral and hinterland. They have won the sympathy of influential persons both for themselves and for their work, and have been enabled not only to become acquainted with the chief towns, but also to solve, once for all, the mystery of the Well of Barhūt and to obtain a detailed knowledge of the Ḥaḍramī sanctuary, to which annually in the eighth month of the Muhammadan year, a large proportion of the population make a pilgrimage. They have cursorily examined various ruins, taken many photographs, and Von Wissmann has been able to ascertain enough data to draw the first map of Ḥaḍramaut, based on measure-

ments and surveying. And far from being driven out of the 114
land with curses, as their forerunners were, there re-echoed 121
everywhere on their departure the wish: "Goodbye and a speedy return".

Far more than they were able to do in the limited time, remains for their successors to accomplish, before it can be said that the country and people of Ḥaḍramaut have been fully described in all their characteristics. The same remark, however, still applies to the greater part of this gigantic peninsula. Let us hope that the trail blazed by Van der Meulen and Von Wissmann may before long be followed by other, thoroughly prepared and well-equipped, devotees of science, who will command the necessary leisure for completing, in every direction, the investigation so intrepidly begun.

It would, on the contrary, be regrettable in every way if 114
that track were to be followed, not by serious investigators, but by more persons like a certain Hans Helfritz, who, a short time after the journey described in this book had been completed, succeeded through a fortunate chance, in making a hurried trip with his camera to the littoral and to a couple of towns in the interior, and whose photographs with nonsensical letter-press attached to them, have appeared in a number of European illustrated papers, in March and April of 1932. This "investigator" understands no Arabic, is absolutely unacquainted with the land and people of Arabia and is equally ignorant of what has already been achieved by others in the exploration of Arabia and especially of Ḥaḍramaut. He seems not even to have heard of his immediate predecessors, for he describes himself as the discoverer of the town of Terim "where no white man had set foot"; he calls the dwellers of Ḥaḍramaut savages and speaks of Arabian cannibals. What is worse, he gives details of his return journey to el-Makalla, which, if any truth underlies the anecdote, prove that he lacked all fitness for intercourse with the people of the country: five Bedouins, who were assigned to him by a chief to act as guides, are said to have

threatened to kill him and only a timely burst of laughter from some women, who happened to be passing by, saved his life! While fully appreciating Hans Helfritz's gifts as a photographer, we should welcome it, if the entry into Ḥaḍramaut were to remain closed, for the time being, against absolutely incompetent globe-trotters. This "historian of music", whose literary composition resembles more an out-of-tune fanfare than a symphony of Beethoven, should leave the exploration of Arabia to those, who are qualified for it and are able to extend our knowledge of the country and to improve the attitude of the people towards foreigners. Trips, such as this of Hans Helfritz, can bring nothing but harm.

Van der Meulen and Von Wissmann have laid solid foundations for a detailed exploration of Ḥaḍramaut; they have smoothed the way for later investigators, who, provided they are endowed with the same tact and modesty, and with the same understanding of Arabian psychology, will be able to complete the task; by their behaviour they have sown the seeds of respect and esteem for the name of European.

May the result of their serious labour be rewarded with that appreciation which their devotion so richly deserves!

C. Snouck Hurgronje.

Leiden, April 1932.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

600

Like many other writers of books of travel, I have had the experience that, though much exertion and tenacity are required to carry through an exploration in an unknown territory, yet the compilation and publication of the collected data are the heavier part of the whole enterprise. As my travelling-companion had to leave me after completing his maps and sketches, I was confronted with a task which was difficult beyond expectation. Without the help of loyal friends in the Dutch centre of oriental studies, the University of Leiden, namely Professor C. Snouck Hurgronje, Dr. C. van Arendonk and Dr. J. H. Kramers, I should never have been able to bring this to a successful conclusion. A great part therein was taken by Dr. C. van Arendonk, who took infinite trouble to check up, as far as that was possible, the correct orthography of the more than 2000 geographical names that appear in the book and in the maps. In this most thankless and yet most exacting part of the work he supported me with never faltering loyalty.

An added difficulty was the presentation of my book in English; I was fortunate in securing the help of Miss M. Barber of The Hague, who, with much devotion, acquitted herself of the difficult task of translating. Mrs. Duyvendak of Leiden was so kind as to put on the finishing touches and to assist in proof-reading.

Amongst Dutch orientalists, Professor C. Snouck Hurgronje alone possesses a comprehensive and detailed knowledge of Ḥaḍramaut. He realizes, better than anyone else, to what an extent our work has been merely of a preparatory and tentative character. His appreciation has been my greatest reward. To him, my eminent master in the language and

000 religion of the Arabs, I humbly dedicate in gratitude my share in this work.

Thankfully I acknowledge the share that the Dutch Foreign Office has had in the production of this book. Not only would the expedition never have taken place without the official commission from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, but ever since that commission was given I have enjoyed more support and appreciation from the Foreign Office than I could ever have anticipated; for this I am profoundly grateful.

I hope that this book will be received with interest by the Sultans, Sayyids and other prominent men in Ḥaḍramaut, with whom we came into contact. Their friends, "Ḥarmal" and the "Konsul", treasure the memory of many a conversation, of much heartening hospitality and cordiality and, above all, of the confidence shown to them, the strangers from the West.

May Von Wissmann's map be welcome and the illustrations acceptable to the Ḥaḍramis both within and outside Ḥaḍramaut!

D. van der Meulen.

Leiden, May, 1932.

VON WISSMANN'S MAP OF ḤAḌRAMAUT.

113

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113 For the heights above sea-level: our own observations. In non-visited parts, the map of Imam Sharif Khan Bahadur and the 1 : 1000.000 India map, with some rectifications.

For the south-western corner and the sketch map of the country West of Haḍramaut, besides our own information:

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TRANSCRIPTION

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24: Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931) 1932

MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

INTRODUCTION.

A BRIEF HISTORICAL SURVEY OF THE EXPLORATION OF ḤAḌRAMAUT.

Arabia is a great country: it is great in extent and great 000 in history and yet it seems at first glance to lack charm and attraction and always to resist the advances of the one who seeks to draw closer to it. Bare, precipitous rocks defy the most daring climber. How burning hot must be those shining hard cliffs, where no shadows fall! Their dim, black colour looks cruel in this land of light and heat. At times too we see, when approaching the Arabian peninsula, a grey plain or rigid sea of sand with high curved waves, motionless and silent. The air over that land quivers in the heat and makes everything look indistinct and hazy; the sky above is colourless, like molten lead, torturing the eyes. Arabia, great and mysterious, neither entices nor attracts him, who passes by the hot barren rocks and reefs of its coast.

And yet, like the sea, so boundless and to all appearance so monotonous, the desert land of Arabia exercises upon one, who enters its great silent spaces, an inexplicable charm which he cannot elude. Not all at once, but slowly and after the exercise of much patience and frequent trial, the awe-inspiring beauty of this land, the power of its people, their unbending courage and their faith which knows no doubt are bit by bit revealed to him, and there dawns on him a vague comprehension of the treasures of civilization that have been accumulated here for all mankind by a constant struggle against the pitiless, stern forces of nature.

All regions of the world have had to give up their secrets to the searching eye of the Westerner, but Arabia guards hers still. Christians, despised and hated, are seldom allowed to enter this land chosen by Allah for the last of his Prophets, 000 and the number is not great of those who have succeeded in penetrating within her borders. But it wil not be long before Arabia will be explored throughout its length and breadth, and the ruins of towns, temples and irrigation works of the Minaeans, Sabaeans and Himyarites will yield material for added chapters to the history of the infancy of human culture.

114 Hitherto, exploration in Arabia has made a slow and difficult progress.[1] It is, in fact, only two and a half centuries old, and the explorers who, during that period, have returned to tell the tale of their experiences, have followed each other at long intervals. Two regions, especially, attracted their interest: The Hedjaz, the land of the Holy Cities, Mecca and Medina; and the Yemen, the "Arabia Felix" of the Romans, where are found the remains of ancient civilizations.

The Hedjaz has no longer many secrets for the Westerner. C. Niebuhr's party in 1763 showed the task and led the way. J. L. Burckhardt more than a century ago did the first important scientific exploration work. He was followed by R. F. Burton. In 1884—'85 Professor C. Snouck Hurgronje, under the name of ʿAbdu 'l-Ghaffār, carried through his investigations into the Holy City of Mecca. Foolish misgivings of a European representative at Djedda forced him to give up his work and leave the country, but the data for his classic and unrivalled work *Mecca* were saved.[2] Without minimizing the meritorious work of other explorers of this part of Arabia, I mention here, besides the name of Snouck Hurgronje, only that of the author of *Arabia Deserta*, C. M. Doughty[3], who for a couple of years, shared in the wanderings and sufferings of the poor Bedouin tribes, living in semi-starvation in Northern Arabia. He barely escaped with his life when approaching the sacred territory of Mecca. His book, which only late in the day received the recognition due to it, is in truth the epic of the wandering life of the Bedouins.

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[1] Cf. D. G. Hogarth, *The Penetration of Arabia*, London, 1905.

[2] Dr. C. Snouck Hurgronje, *Mekka*, Haag, 1888, 2 vols. The second part appeared in English: *Mecca*, Leiden, 1931.

[3] Charles M. Doughty, *Travels in Arabia Deserta*, Cambridge, 1888.

E. Glaser did research in the Yemen for a few years, but 114
after returning home, died before he had worked up all his copious and valuable material. It is only now at last that steps are being taken towards publishing the greater part of his scientific legacy. H. Burchardt was murdered whilst in the midst of his explorations. Before them Halévy travelled in the disguise of a Yemenī Jew through the otherwise unexplored districts of the Djōf and Nedjrān. He thus had the chance of seeing the land of Saba and the remains of the famous dam of Maʾrib, but had to return too soon to do more than raise a corner of the veil which still hangs over that land of "the Queen of the South". Though a great work has been accomplished by many a learned explorer the standard works on the Yemen are still to come. May they soon appear![1]

Ḥaḍramaut was, at one time, closely connected with the land 131
of the Yemen. The name itself really belongs to the broad 101
Wādī[2] Ḥaḍramaut, with the towns of el-Qaṭn, Shibām, Sēwūn 103
and Terīm. In Sabaean times, this wādī, many miles in width, with its fertile loam soil, must have been a veritable paradise on earth, thanks to its highly developed system of dams, reservoirs and irrigation channels. Enough still remains to make it understood that the surrounding districts down to the southern coast, with the harbours of Makalla and esh-Shiḥr, were included in the name of the most famous part: "Ḥaḍramaut". In the following pages, whenever "Ḥaḍramaut Proper" is meant these words are used.

The name of Ḥaḍramaut occurs as early as the book of 101
Genesis, chapter X, 26 ("Ḥāṣarmāweth" contains the same radicals as Ḥaḍramaut). Different opinions exist as regards

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[1] The work of Dr. C. Rathjens of Hamburg and of my travelling companion Dr. H. von Wissmann, published by the University of Hamburg, marks an important advance in the history of the exploration of 'Arabia Felix'. Part 1 has already appeared. *Rathjens-v. Wissmannsche Südarabien-Reise.* Band I, *Sabäische Inschriften.* Bearbeitet von J. H. Mordtmann und Eugen Mittwoch, Hamburg, 1932.

[2] A *wādī* is a, generally dry, river-bed.

101 the meaning of this name, but none of them is scientifically established. The Ḥaḍramīs themselves have several etymologies, but give the preference, nevertheless, to that which is connected with their national Prophet, Hūd. The last words of Hūd, when he reached the end of his earthly life, and the people of ʿĀd, who then inhabited the land, were not yet converted by his preaching, are said to have been: "*ḥaḍara 'l-maut*", "death has come". This referred as much to himself as to the people of ʿĀd, who were destroyed by Allah.

101 In Roman times Ḥaḍramaut was included in the term
487 "Arabia Felix". Was it not known then as the country of the
aloë, of incense and myrrh? And did not the great trade route
from the Indies to the coasts of the Mediterranean pass from
the ports of Southern Arabia through Ḥaḍramaut to Yemen,
and thence northwards to Egypt and Syria? The territories
of the Sabaean and Himyaritic kings must have extended as
far as the wādīs of Ḥaḍramaut. When those kingdoms collapsed,
when their splendid irrigation works vanished, and when
civilization perished, the desert gained the mastery; the great
works which once existed here were covered for centuries by
the sand-dunes piled up gradually by the hot winds of the
desert. Unity broke down, civilized peoples could no longer
maintain their existence and their place was taken by the
sons of Ishmael "whose hand is against every man". From
that time onwards the Yemen and Ḥaḍramaut led their own life
of struggle and poverty; the fructifying contact between the
114 two regions was broken. Glaser, indeed, once turned his eyes
in the direction of the wādīs of Ḥaḍramaut and actually made
the first sketch-map of the country between the Yemen and
Ḥaḍramaut, from data collected by word of mouth from the
Bedouins. But the few explorers who desired to investigate
Ḥaḍramaut realized that the way there must lead, not through
the Yemen, but by way of the seaport towns on the southern
coast of Arabia.

Adolph von Wrede was the first scientific traveller who succeeded in penetrating into the region of Ḥaḍramaut and in collecting much valuable data there. Little is known of this remarkable man. Heinrich, Freiherr von Maltzan, who edited Von Wrede's *Reise in Ḥadhramaut Beleḍ Beny ʿYssà und Beled el Ḥadschar* (Braunschweig, 1870) only tells us regarding him that he was born in Westphalia, served about 1830 as an officer in the Greek army, was then in Asia Minor and, later on, in Egypt. While there, about the spring of 1843, he started on his memorable journey of exploration. He only appears to have returned to Europe at a much later date in order to publish the record of his travels. He did not succeed in doing this in his fatherland, for Alexander von Humboldt and Leopold von Buch considered him to be a trickster whose reports were too fantastic to be believed. In England, Von Wrede seemed on the point of meeting with more recognition, for an abstract of his report was inserted by the Geographical Society in their Journal, and a publisher was found who was willing to take the manuscript, but unfortunately, the translater committed suicide, and only the text of the account of the journey was recovered, maps, drawings and water-colours being lost.

Von Wrede appears to have turned his back on Europe, a deeply disappointed man. Not far from Makalla, beside the road along which Von Wrede first travelled, a great pile of stones was pointed out to us by our Bedouins: "There lies buried a Christian who was murdered about 100 years ago, when he tried to get into our country." My travelling companion and I thought at first of Von Wrede, who, perhaps, had the last of his many disappointments on this spot. But after closer investigation we discovered that Von Wrede finally enlisted in the Turkish army and died as a poor and unknown man in a hospital in Constantinople.

We followed Von Wrede's route for some time both on our journey inland and back. We made much and grateful use of his detailed notes and of his map. We must make one reservation, however, with regard to the expedition that he claims to have made from Khurēba in Wādī Doʿan to ʿAmd, Ḥōra, 114 Sahwa and the Baḥr es-Sāfī, and back to ᶜAmd and Khurēba. Von Wissmann, while surveying Wādī ᶜAmd, established the fact that Von Wrede has described this wādī so differently from what it is like in reality, placing all the villages that lie up-stream from ᶜAmd down-stream, describing the steep *ᶜaqaba* leading from ᶜAmd to the south as a smooth slope, and failing so entirely in every part of his description that Von Wissmann became completely convinced that Von Wrede cannot have made this journey himself. So the story of his adventure at the border of Baḥr es-Sāfī where his measuring-line sank into quicksand as if in water may have had its origin in tales he heard in Wādī Dōᶜan about caravans sinking into sands or more probably breaking into a salt-lake covered by a salt crust, invisible on account of drifting sand. As far as we could control the other parts of his journey up to Ṣīf in Wādī Dōᶜan, his northernmost point, and in Wādī Ḥadjr, his descriptions of the country are good and exact, and we still see in Von Wrede *the* great explorer of Ḥaḍramaut: those who followed did less than he, who blazed the trial.

The years went by and it was not until January 1893 that a second traveller attempted to follow the example of von Wrede, an example so illustrious, yet leading to so many disappointments. This was Leo Hirsch, who published his experiences of these journeys under the title: *Reisen in Süd-Arabien, Mahra-land und Hadramūt* (Leiden, 1897). It took Hirsch half a year to reach the interior from the coast. He went from Aden to esh-Shiḥr, and on to Sēḥūt and Qishn, and back to Makalla. There, for the moment, courage forsook him and he returned to Aden. Then armed with fresh introductions from the British authorities, he turned his steps once more to Makalla, where he was, nevertheless, to wait for yet another month before being granted permission to go inland. Hirsch was successful in penetrating further than Von Wrede into "Ḥaḍramaut Proper". He was the first European to see the cities of Shibām, Sēwūn and Terīm, but there was no question

of going further. He was only able to stay for a few hours 114
with his host in Terīm, and then was forced, by the threatening attitude of the Sayyids, to make his way back again.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Bent attempted the journey in the valley of Ḥaḍramaut soon after Leo Hirsch. They arrived at Makalla in December 1893, thus a few months after Hirsch's successful expedition. They were able to start inland at the end of a week, but were not to go further than Shibām. Qabr Hūd and Bīr Barhūt were spared the visit of *Naṣrānīs*[1] for decades yet. The account of the journeys made in S. Arabia by this energetic couple was published by Mrs. Bent in 1900.[2]

Herewith the short list of our predecessors in Ḥaḍramaut has come to an end. A report indeed reached us of two English officers who undertook an expedition to Ḥaḍramaut, but, as far as we could discover, the results of their journey were never published. One of them, W. H. Lee Warner, merely gives *Notes on the Hadhramaut* as a supplement to an article by R. A. Cochrane in the *Geographical Journal* (Vol. lxxvii, 1931, p. 209—222). Lee Warner went in 1918 on a diplomatic errand to Shibām but he did not go beyond that place. Important exploration work has also been carried out by a squadron of the R.A.F. at Aden, under Squadron-Leader the Hon. R. A. Cochrane who, in the above-mentioned article *An Air Reconnaissance of the Hadhramaut,* gives impressions of that country as seen from the air. Qabr Hūd was seen and photographed on this expedition, but Bīr Barhūt could not be found.

It was not given to Dr. Wilhelm Hein to tread the soil of

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[1] In daily language the word *Naṣrānī,* plural *Naṣārā,* is used when speaking of Christians. Whenever less stress is laid on the difference of religion and more on that of nationality, they are spoken of as *Efrendjīs,* a word which is a corruption of Franks. In Arabic all white-skinned, fair-haired and blue-eyed strangers are called *Efrendjīs.* As a rule the word sounds less odious than the name *Naṣrānīs.* 104

[2] Theodore Bent and Mrs. Theodore Bent, *Southern Arabia,* London, 1900.

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114 "Ḥaḍramaut Proper". In the year 1902, accompanied by Frau Hein he landed at Qishn, on the southern coast of Arabia. There, for two months, he lived almost as a prisoner, but he made use of his captivity to collect, among much else, important information about Ḥaḍramaut, which was published in the *Mitteilungen der K. K. Geographischen Gesellschaft in Wien,* Vol. 57 (1914), p. 32—58.

The Egyptian Government, at the request of the late Sultan of Makalla and esh-Shiḫr, commissioned Mr. O. H. Little to survey the geography and geology of the country west of Makalla up to Wādī Ḥadjr, with a view to finding out its mineral resources. The result of this enquiry was *The Geography and Geology of Makalla* (Government Press, Cairo, 1925). We gratefully made use of the map included in this valuable work.

This short enumeration of those who have devoted themselves to the exploration of Ḥaḍramaut must not be closed without mention of the work of Dr. L. W. C. van den Berg, who, under orders from the Government of Netherlands India, and without ever having set foot on the soil of Southern Arabia, wrote *Le Ḥadhramout et les colonies arabes dans l'Archipel Indien* (Batavia, 1886). This book was written with the help of learned Ḥaḍramis in Batavia. In this way even a map of Ḥaḍramaut was constructed. Naturally, both the book and the map have many shortcomings, but they have rendered good service up till now. The R.A.F. officers have used this map on their flights and have already made some important corrections in it.

CHAPTER I.

THE DEPARTURE.

ADEN—MAKALLA.

We owe our journey to Ḥaḍramaut to a mission entrusted 121
to us by the Netherlands Government. Later it will become 167
clear how deep-lying the contact is between Ḥaḍramaut and 181
Netherlands India, and how self-evident it is that the Dutch Government should wish to make itself accurately acquainted with the social and political conditions in the native land of the tens of thousands of Arabs, who form such an important element in the social fabric of that country. The Ḥaḍramis are not absorbed into the union of Indonesian peoples, and many of them keep a firm hold on the connection with their own country, in the hope that some day they may be able to return there, to await the Day of Resurrection and Judgment in that hallowed ground. The charge entrusted to Dr. van den Berg to write his book, which was published by the Government of Netherlands India, resulted from the practical needs of that Government with regard to the heterogeneous peoples of Indonesia. So also with the mission entrusted to me.

Although I knew how difficult it had been made, until now, 114
for a Christian and Westerner to penetrate into the land of the fanatical Ḥaḍrami, yet I had some hope of success in the attempt, and this for two reasons.

The years that I had spent in the civil service of Netherlands India had given me the conviction that the Ḥaḍrami is grateful for the treatment which he receives there from our Government and for the opportunities which he has to save money and to get on in the world. As a government official of 114
Netherlands India I had not reckoned in vain on finding a wel- /191
come among the Ḥaḍrami families having relations with Indo-

114 191 nesia, and a conversation carried on in the Malay language often worked wonders.

114 My second advantage lay in the fact that I had represented my country for several years at Djedda, the seaport of Mecca, the Exalted. My knowledge of conditions in the sacred land of Islam and of the Wahhābī régime, only recently established there by that great Arab Bin Saᶜūd, procured for me willing listeners in circles where there was no connection with the East Indies.

114 121 In order that the journey should serve not only a diplomatic, but also a scientific purpose, it was necessary to have a travelling companion who would take upon himself that side of the work. Dr. Hermann von Wissmann accepted the offer to share the Ḥaḍramaut adventure. We had already met in Djedda and learned to appreciate each other. He had gained experience of travel and research with Dr. C. Rathjens of Hamburg in exploration in the Hedjaz and the Yemen. The large map of the district over which we travelled, the sketch maps, the ground-plans, and the geographical, geological, and botanical information, contained in the present book, are his work.

114 At the end of April 1931 we met in Aden. Our plans could not have succeeded without the cooperation of the British authorities. The Bents in their book write very gloomily over the attitude of the Aden Government towards them.[1] Hirsch had a better experience[2], and we perhaps, the best of all. 600 The Resident, Colonel Reilly, promised help and, instead of speaking with discouragement of our chances, as had been done up to now both by Arabs and Europeans, he considered that we were by no means without chance of success. He saw the greatest difficulty in the hot season that would be sure

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[1] Th. Bent and Mrs. Th. Bent, *Southern Arabia*, London, 1900, p. 72 *sq.*

[2] Leo Hirsch, *Reisen in Süd-Arabien, Mahra-land und Hadramût*, Leiden, 1897, p. 2, 100.

to make the wādīs of Ḥaḍramaut unbearable, and in the fact that the S. W. monsoon was soon to be expected. He did not think that we should be able to reach Aden again by sea after these winds had begun; on the other hand, the overland coast journey from Makalla to Aden would be very tiring and wearisome, perhaps even impossible, as from time to time, certain of the coast tribes are in the habit of making war on each other. Therefore, Colonel Reilly considered that it would be necessary for us to be back on the coast by about the end of May, whether at Makalla or at esh-Shiḥr.

This theory does not seem quite to square with the facts. In the first place the S. W. monsoon sometimes breaks later than the end of May. We did not return till the end of June, and then by sea to Aden, and had a fairly good passage. Also we gathered from the captain and from the traders at Makalla that the steamers do not stop sailing during the period of the S. W. monsoon, even though lading and discharging are then unsafe in the open roads of Makalla and esh-Shiḥr and only possible during certain hours of the day, and, every afternoon, the ship has to seek shelter behind Cape Burūm for the night.

Colonel Reilly introduced us to Colonel Lake, who has great knowledge of the hinterland of Aden and of its tribes. This quiet, keen observer of country and people had, as flight observer, accompanied Colonel Cochrane and Flight-Lieut. Rickards on their aerial exploring expeditions [1] above Ḥaḍramaut, and he was able to give us much important information.

We heard from him of Colonel T. M. Boscawen's hunting expedition which, in November 1929, got as far as Terīm. We also owe a great deal of thanks to our consul in Aden, Mr. Meek.

On the evening of May 1st the small coasting vessel "Ayamonte" steamed out of the harbour of Aden with our little

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[1] R. A. Cochrane, *An Air Reconnaissance of the Hadhramaut*, in *The Geographical Journal*, Vol. lxxvii (1931), p. 209 *sqq.*

000 company on board. We only had with us my Djedda servant, Ṣâliḥ, who had accompanied me on a previous journey in the Yemen and had on that occasion proved his worth in exhausting travels through unknown lands.

The voyage prospered, although the little old "Ayamonte" only did six miles an hour. The 230 miles to Makalla were covered in about 40 hours, and towards the afternoon of May 3rd we arrived in the open roads of Makalla. During the day we had the coast continually in sight and could see it particularly clearly on the morning of May 3rd. Bîr ʿAlî, with its brown-black volcanoes against which the yellow-white sand lies piled up high, gleams in the sun under a whitish-blue sky. Behind the volcanic rocks there are crumbling slopes, the spurs of the chalky plateau which here attains a height of quite 6000 feet. The volcanic rocks become smaller and smaller and, after Bîr ʿAlî, entirely disappear. Before passing Râs el-Kalb (the Dog's Head) great sand-dunes slope towards the mountains, as in military array. Then comes the mouth of Wâdî Ḥadjr, the only wâdî of that district which always has water. It is true, there is no water to be seen from the boat, but the eye, wearied of rocks and sand, is refreshed by the sight of dense vegetation. Trees are even to be distinguished and, between them, a harbour and a few fishermen's huts. Green-grey rocky mountains alternate with detritus of limestone and sandstone of a reddish-brown colour. The strata run in a north-easterly direction, but there are many in cross-section. Quaint old shore-terraces slip by. Burûm comes in sight, with its cape, the shelter against the S. W. monsoon. The small town is shut in on the land side by mountains, which, however, leave a little space for a grove of date-palms and fields of *dhura*[1] and Indian corn. A white palace, a mosque with minarets, a few large stone houses, the beach, and the fishing boats on the sea make a picture so surprisingly beautiful as can only be found in this land of barren rock and desert. 000

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[1] *Dhura* (ذرة), *andropogon sorghum*, also called *ṭaʿâm*, cf. L. Hirsch, *op. cit.*, p. 24; G. Schweinfurth, *Arabische Pflanzennamen aus Aegypten, Algerien und Jemen*, Berlin, 1912, p. 128, 160, 189; A. Deflers, *Voyage au Yemen*, Paris, 1889, p. 224: le dourrah, *Holcus Durra* Forsk.

As Burûm fades away in the already quivering hot air which lies over the land, something white becomes distinguishable ahead against a steep wall of rock. That is our first goal; that is Makalla.

There the decision as to our journey to Ḥaḍramaut will be made. If only we may enter the interior from there, our opportunity will have come.

CHAPTER II.

MAKALLA.

361 342 The gate to mysterious Ḥaḍramaut, so long closed to foreigners, is of overwhelming beauty. Makalla stretches like a white ribbon along the margin of the blue sea, at the foot of the steep, reddish-brown rocky wall. The waves beat against the town, the white houses stand straight and strong, and many-storied. The balustrades surrounding the flat roofs are cut in filagree and are as white as lace. The minarets have here already the simple, strong, conical form characteristic of the Ḥaḍrami style. To the extreme left is the new and, behind it, the old palace of the Sultan. The new palace, cream-coloured with brick-red shutters and windows, and light-green verandas, stands on the black rocks close to the sea. The frame-work of the picture, formed by coco-nut and date-palms, mango and papaya trees, is of such a jubilant beauty in this world of rock and sea that the critical sense is lulled: the colouring makes everything, even the absence of style in the buildings, beautiful.

To the extreme right, some way out of the town, there is a third palace, belonging to the Sultan. About half way between these princely buildings is the tongue of land, on which is the old centre of the city of Makalla. There the Sultan originally lived, there stands the ancient mosque and there, on the point, the sturdy bastions of the old fort.

504 On one side of this short tongue of land is the harbour, where the graceful sailing-ships ride at anchor. Small rowing-boats and broad sambooks[1] pass to and fro to discharge passengers and merchandise on the broad stone steps, that

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104 [1] A sambook is an Arab sailing-boat. It should be spelled *sanbūq* (سنبوق), that has nearly got citizenship in the English language, spelled as it is pronounced.

lead to the roomy Customs House. The steamers anchor only 504
a few hundred yards away. A big Dutch ship had just landed 150 Ḥaḍramis from Java and a motor boat from the rival shipping company lay out at sea, when the "Ayamonte" dropped anchor there. The harbour master and doctor had a busy time that day, for the Dutchman wished to sail again before dusk. The doctor attended to us and took our letter from the 000
Resident at Aden, to present it to the Vizier with our request to be permitted to land. A favourable answer came after hours of waiting, and the friendly doctor insisted on conducting us personally to the quarters where we were to stay, so as to see whether we were satisfied with them. We motored through the busily swarming bazaar street, along the sea coast, towards the Sultan's palace on the South-west of the town. We turned to the right into the garden of the old palace and, passing under palms and other fruit-trees, entered the courtyard, in the middle of which is a stone basin. The car stopped before some broad stone steps and, with a cordial gesture and a "You are welcome", the doctor invited us into the old, but well-preserved, building. Upstairs we entered a large open space, out of which led the enormous reception-room and the sleeping and living quarters. There was no question but that we should lodge royally here, and the doctor must have read on our faces our thankful surprise over such a welcome in the seaport of Ḥaḍramaut.

As evening approaches and the call to the evening prayer silences the busy noise of the town, we sit on the terrace of the doctor's big old house, close by the landing stage. Among the group of those present, drinking large cups of weak tea with much milk and sugar, which beverage is poured ready-prepared from an enormous kettle, there are two Englishmen from the motor boat of the coastal service. Our doctor, who had been a chemist in Aden, speaks quite good English as do the passport officer and a young Ḥaḍrami, who, to my great surprise, turned out to be a member of the well-known family al-ʿAṭṭās.

000 Sayyid ʿAluwī el-ʿAṭṭās had come to Makalla from Java some months previously, with the object of importing motor-cars and other commodities, through the intermediary of his family living there. He would have to visit the interior shortly, so what could be more obvious than that we should try to establish a community of interests, and join forces for the journey? Sayyid ʿAluwī was born in Java and had spent some years in Cairo for his education. He had seen something of England and France, and it looked as if he had grown out of touch with the stern frugal life of the land of his fathers. We have to thank him for the introduction to his relatives at Ḥurēḍa, from whom we had a support and sympathy exceeding our most sanguine expectations.

1. BAZAAR LIFE.

361 Well contented with the favourable prospects which were
142 opening out before us, we sauntered through the main street,
291 which runs like a human river along the sea front, the whole
302 length of the town from West to East. One sees representatives of almost all the tribes of the interior gathered here in groups along the rows of booths. Most of them are dark-brown men, with the naked upper part of their bodies, as well as their faces and arms, smeared with indigo. They are bare-headed and barefoot and have only a short, but thickly rolled loin-cloth round their waists; their unkempt, half-long, jet-black, curly hair is tied up into a round knot at the back of the head, or held in place by a plaited leathern band or greased rag wound round the head. They have had to give up their inseparable guns and cartridge-belts to the watchman at the gates of the town and, consequently, feel unclothed and unsafe. Their hair shines with *samn*[1]; the upper part of their bodies is also rubbed with it, over the layer of indigo, and a strong odour of indigo and *samn* hangs about them.

000 On the way back from the tongue of land we pass the

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104 [1] *Samn* (سمن) is melted butter of the milk of sheep, goats or cows.

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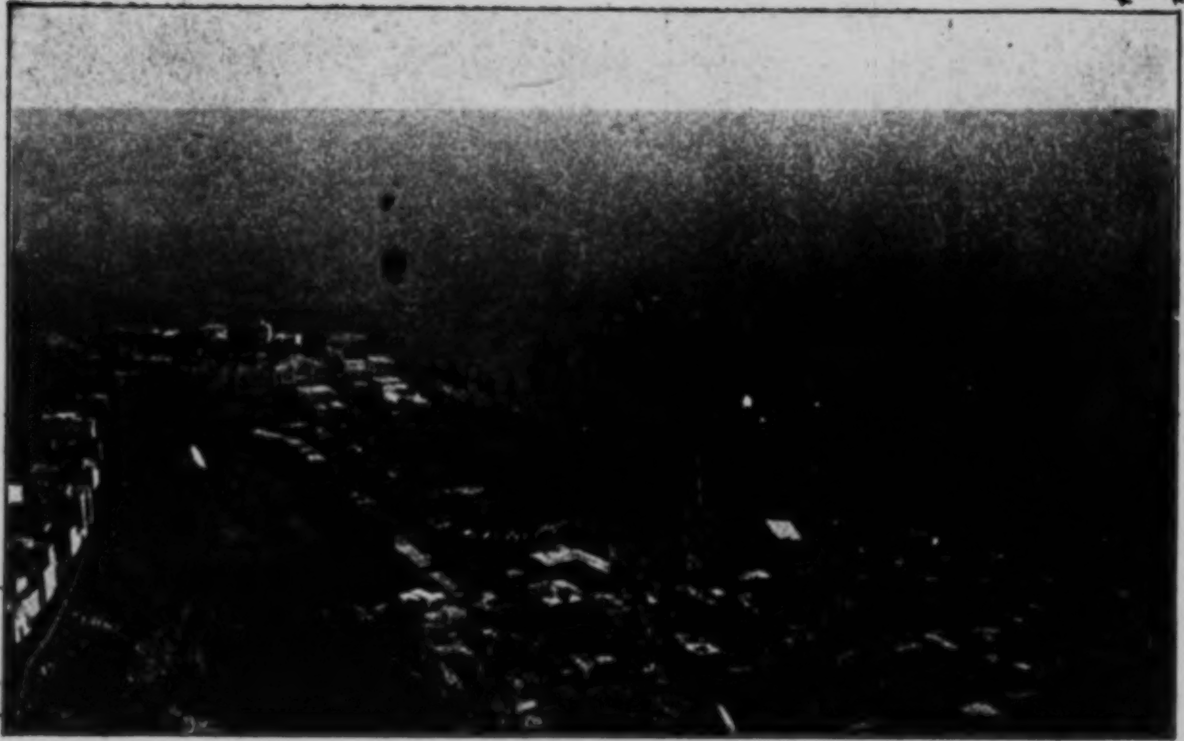

p. 16 (A)

Makalla. The tongue of land with the cemetery.

See page 13.

361
342

Makalla, seen from the west.

P 16 (B)

34:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1932)1932 MMS Hadramaut MMS

342

Makalla. The Sultan's palaces. To the left the black slave quarter.

P116(c)

36/

Makalla, twenty years ago. Photographed by a member of an unsuccessful Austrian expedition.

P16(D)

228 from the tongue of land we pass the
443 fish-market, where a lively trade in the dwellers of the sea, here so multifarious, is carried on from early morning till late in the evening. The shark seems to be the commonest fish. Sacks full of dried and salted shark's flesh are sent into the interior, where, in times of prosperity, the Bedouins and townsfolk enjoy a piece of it with their frugal meal of bread and rice. The smell of badly dried and, consequently, somewhat decaying fish accompanies the traveller far into the wâdis of Ḥaḍramaut.

443 386 The bazaar of Makalla has more penetrating odours than is usual elsewhere. Not far from the fish-market are the workshops where loin-cloths and head-cloths are dyed a dull blue-black with indigo, and this trade also has sickening, nauseating smell. The workers and their houses are covered with a layer of indigo.

443 286 A more attractive trade than these is plied in this long street of the bazaar — that of the weavers and lace-makers. They weave narrow lengths of cloth with brightly coloured stripes and with very attractive fringes, which are woven separately.

443 439 439 All sorts of sweets were offered for sale at the booths; also the first bright-yellow or deep-red dates, not yet quite ripe, tuberous fruits, spices, the celebrated Ḥumûmî tobacco in big bundles consisting of whole dried plants; broad waist-bands, Japanese, Indian and Dutch piece-goods, sugar-loaves and rice, coffee-beans and dried coffee-husks, ginger-root and tea from Ceylon and Java, various kinds of grain, meal and *samn*, sesame oil and kerosene, matches and coffee-cups, *djambiyas*[1] and cartridges.

443 - We wandered through this storehouse of Ḥaḍramaut. The salesmen had lighted their reeking lamps and torches stuck in bottles; one could only pass slowly through the swarming crowd with the smoke of the lamps mingling with the heavy odour emanating from men and things. As in a dream we

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104 [1] *Djambiya*, correctly spelled *djanbîya* (جنبية), is a broad, curved dagger worn in the waist-band in front of the body.

443 passed through this unknown world, and the desire and hope, until now cautiously suppressed, grew unconsciously within us, to enter the land that lay behind the town and to learn to know its people.

2. THE VIZIER SAYYID ABŪ BAKR BIN ḤUSÊN EL-MIḤḌĀR.

645 We made acquaintance, the morning after our arrival, with
[643] the Vizier, who, in the absence of the Sultan, deals with state
affairs. Sayyid Abû Bakr bin Ḥusên el-Miḥḍâr is a man in
the prime of life; he is energetic, has a congenial, alert per-
sonality, and shows absolutely no sign of opposition to the
Naṣrânis, the *Efrendjis*. The heavy task of governing the Qe-
645 ʿêṭi Sultanate falls chiefly upon his solid shoulders. His popu-
565 larity is supported doubly by tradition: in the first place, as
175 sayyid he belongs to the class of spiritual and worldly
leaders, for he is a direct descendant of the Prophet, and, in
the second place, the house of Abû Bakr was, six generations
ago, the most influential family of Ḥaḍramaut.[1] In an evil
hour, in their struggle against the Bedouin tribes, they called
in the help of the Yâfiʿ, a tribe noted for its fighting
qualities. Its Sultan sent help under one Qeʿêṭi, who, after
having delivered the sayyids of the el-Miḥḍâr family from
their enemies, took the leadership into his own hands. The
power of his family expanded. In 1874 the Qeʿêṭis asked the
British Government in Aden to intervene for the purpose of
reaching a settlement in a war, which had arisen over the
refusal of the Âl Kathîr to repay a sum of money which had
been lent to them. On this occasion Makalla and esh-Shiḥr
were, with the help of the British, taken away from the Kathîrî
Sultan and handed over to the Qeʿêṭi, but the family of el-
Miḥḍâr had remained the leading one of that region.

701 The Vizier declared that he had *no* objection to our journey
561 into the interior. The route via Wâdî Dôʿan was safe, provided

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[1] Bent, *op. cit.*, p. 75; *A Handbook of Arabia*, i. (London, 1920), p. 542 sq.

that we travelled with an escort of slave soldiers[1] of the *Dōla*.[2] 701 567

Nevertheless, as dangers threatened in the Āl Kathīr region, 487 he strongly advised us not to go farther than Shibām and, under no condition, to attempt to return to esh-Shiḥr by way of Terim. Sayyid Abū Bakr el-Kāf in Terim was certainly a rich and influential man, but he had no ruling power and could only obtain the favour of the Bedouins by means of money, and could give us no armed protection against them. El-Qeʿēṭī's power was great and a slave soldier of his would be a "flag of protection" for us.

The preparations for our departure would take at least four days, but then we should have reliable guides and good transport. We might make an excursion to esh-Shiḥr during our days of waiting, but it would have to be by way of the seacoast as the route by the mountains was too tiring — "tiring" in this case meaning "unsafe". The Ḥumūmī tribe had been at war for a long time with el-Qeʿēṭī, and the latter's soldiers are being constantly ambushed and shot down. This even occurs on the coast road. We were quite willing to follow this route although we should have preferred to go one way and to return the other.

3. A TRIP TO ESH-SHIḤR VIA SHEḤĒR.

The next day the Vizier sent a motor-bus with two drivers 361 and five soldiers for us. We were not to go further that day than Sheḥēr (little Shiḥr). It was afternoon before we drove out of the very high and strongly fortified and guarded gate of the city.

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[1] We saw in Makalla negro soldiers and Arab soldiers from the Yāfiʿ tribe in the hinterland of Aden. The negroes are slaves. Their numbers are decreasing in modern times of anti-slavery action. The Kathīrī Sultans have slave soldiers too, but we saw only a few in their territory.

[2] *Dōla* (دولة) means „dynasty, governing family, kingdom, state". 104 In Ḥaḍramaut people generally speak of the *dōla* in the Qeʿēṭī terri- 643 tory and of the *sulṭān* in the Āl Kathīr region.

000 of the city. Before the gate is the Wādī Seded, where the sea
484 has penetrated far inland and formed an inlet. Here on the
361 beach the caravans camp as they travel to and from the
231 interior. Hundreds of camels are kneeling in great circles,
492 eating the food that lies in the centre. Other camels are being
bathed and scrubbed down with sea-water, while still others
are protesting with gurgling snarls against the treatment of
some skin trouble or of big open wounds. There are donkeys
here and there amongst them. Bedouins lie asleep wrapped
[264] about in their cloaks or sit round a small fire eating out of
wooden bowls their porridge of crumbled bread mixed up with
a little fat. Some are busy with the difficult work of loading:
after the freights have been weighed by lifting and then
[372] divided, they are fastened on to the pack-saddles. Children are
collecting into baskets the camel's dung which is of great
value as fuel. The ground is swarming with the so-called
camel-louse, which is really a sort of tick. The penetrating
odour of the camels' urine and sweat hangs over this wide-spread, permanent bivouac.

487 We go inland along the bank of the Wādī Seded, which is
312 here filled with sea-water, so as to cross, by making a big
bend, behind the 1800 feet high rocky ridge of Makalla. On
the left of the road, only a few miles from Makalla, there are
groves of palm, with the white summer quarters of the Vizier
and of the Sultan. Here is a spring from which, by means of
a thin, iron pipe lying on the ground, water is carried to
Makalla to provide the town with drink.

361 Two hamlets, el-Baqrēn and Baqērēn, with some cultivated
578 fields, lie close to the frontier of the Sultanate of Makalla.
There are two fortified towers on the road manned by soldiers,
and not far beyond Baqērēn there stands a whitewashed piece
of rock. Against the high wall of primary rock, rising up each
side of the road, two white marks have been made to show
even in the mountain region, where the land is at peace and
where at war. No vendetta may be carried on nor ancient
feuds settled by arms in or around the town.

A little way beyond the boundary-marks, about 20 Bedouins 578
have made a bivouac under an overhanging wall of rock. On
the top of the rock on the other side of the road are their
outposts, who keep a sharp look-out for caravans passing
along the high road. One caravan that had carried out a vendetta
is now in safety in Makalla, a willing prisoner. We only
realized later that we should be the ones to free it from that
imprisonment.

The road winds through steep rocks and at last zigzags up 361
to a plateau which seems to be of coral limestone formation. 445
The hamlet of Maʿōṣ lies in a rocky valley a little in front of the 312
plateau; further up, in a longer valley, there is a larger village 487
called el-Ḥarshīyāt. From the plateau one can see, far away
to the left, the village of el-Ḥawwāʾ. We are soon past the rock
massif of Makalla, and the road descends to an inlet of the
sea which has run far inland, whereon lies the village of
Buwēsh. Papaya, bēdān and bananas are planted here along
the edge of fields of lucerne. In the wādī that runs into the
sea near Buwēsh there are, higher up, more date-palms and
other fruit-trees, plantations which are the property of the
Vizier and of other rich men of Makalla. The wells from which
the fields are irrigated are not deep here, only 20 feet. On the
coast between Buwēsh and Makalla lies Rūkeb. The road
mounts again, runs for some time over coral formations, and
then again drops to the Wādī Feleq, into which, far inland,
the sea-water runs and which, consequently, is more like a
small river. Baṣra lies a little higher up this wādī. At the edge 137
of the stream we find much *asal*[1] growing. The coral limestone 487
terraces on both sides are fairly high. The road runs
farther over level land where jathropha shrubs grow; whole
patches, also, are covered with incense bushes, which are
recognizable by their scent and have either no leaves or very
small ones. Some tall acacia bushes with elongated blossoms
stand out here and there amidst the brownish shrubs which
grow upon the bare rocky ground, strewn with pieces of coral.

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[1] A kind of big reed.

157 In little valleys, green, juicy euphorbias grow to a height of six feet. Their fresh green colour and red tuberiferous flowers at the ends of their branches give them, in these colourless surroundings, the air of bouquets.

4. FIRST CONTACT WITH A HAḌRAMĪ NOMAD TRIBE.

233 361 342 A broad plain lower down has a clay soil where grass grows fairly well. Goats, sheep, donkeys and camels graze here, at distances widely apart from each other. Bedouin girls watch over them from a hill-top. This is the *Rēda*[1] of Sheḥēr where are the pastures and headquarters of the wandering Bedouins of these parts. Their temporary camp is on a rocky plateau to the right above the road. We walk with our cameras in their direction, without much hope of success. They do not see us, and the malicious watch-dogs, which elsewhere in Arabia make it impossible to slip past the Bedouin camps, are conspicuous by their absence. The Bedouins of Ḥaḍramaut appear to have no tents; they live in caves, or houses, or huts, or, as in this case, almost without shelter. A space of about five feet square is made by four sticks of about three feet high with other sticks connecting them and over which are spread bunches of long, hard grass, which do not really, however, keep out much sun. There are about ten of these "dwellings" scattered around. Some are even more primitive and consist of bushes cut down, with a few rags stretched over them, thus making a little shade. There is an acacia tree in the camp; its top is made shadier by extra bits of scrub hung between its own thorny branches. A camel with a horribly swollen, inflamed leg lies there; a few men, women and children are sitting around, watching the poor beast's agony.

609 Our arrival arouses some commotion, but they seem tolerant of us and answer our questions with an air of curiosity.

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104 [1] A *rēda* (ريدة) is the centre of the territory of a Bedouin tribe, where many of them dwell together. Generally it is a depression in the rocky plateau with some vegetation and agriculture.

Women, with little children, or decrepit, sick old men are 854 sitting under the rough shelters. The babies lie in very prac- 342 tical cradles, which look just like gaping oyster-shells with little feet. The little one lies in the lower shell whilst the upper slants over him as a protection against sun and wind. When mother has to go away she takes the cradle and its contents with her, carrying it with the open side against her. The infant lies on woven rushes or on a skin, and, in the latter case, a round hole four inches in diameter is cut in it so that thus diapers are dispensed with! The mothers stand in great dread of the evil eye, so one must not show too much interest in the babies.

We distributed some small coin among the children and old 609 men, and, as we talked, the uneasiness of the others gave way. A woman discovered a gold tooth in the mouth of one of us, and we both had to submit our mouths to a detailed examination. Outcries of amazement and, thereupon, great and general merriment!

Then they found more strange things about these *Efrendjis*. The most forward among the women, after having examined our mouths, went further. She began to rub vigorously with her dark, hard fingers on the white inner side of my arm. They all watched in suspense: it remained white! Then she pulled my khaki shirt a little wider open at the neck: again white. All the bystanders burst into laughter, and the examination was continued. *My* shirt was pulled out of my breeches, and a long-drawn "Ēh! Ēh!" of amazement went up when it appeared that my abdomen was also quite white. The black hand was passed admiringly over that part of my anatomy.

When my examiner wished to continue her exploration, I assured her that the rest was really all the same colour. "Had we done it with soap?" They had heard that the *Efrendjis* were in the habit of rubbing it into themselves.

"No, God has made us so."

"Doubtless you live in houses so that the sun cannot make you black as we are? Doubtless you only live on milk?"

609 "No, we eat the same things that you do."

"Stay with us and we will dance for you to-night with clapping of hands" — and our merry questioner danced and clapped her hands to the great diversion of the other women.

"We would gladly stay, but we have no time; we must go further."

837 "No, stay here! We will give you a wife."

Here I could not help glancing critically round the circle of my anything but beautiful questioners. They read my thoughts.

"No, the young girls are with the flocks, but they come home towards nightfall."

301 However poor and primitive may be the life of a Bedouin
302 woman, she will go to great pains to make herself beautiful. She learns when quite young that she who wishes to be beautiful must suffer. At an early age, 8 to 10 fine round holes are pierced all the way round the rims of the ears and through these, later on, silver rings of the average size of a crown piece or small silver chains will be hung and the poor little ears dragged downwards. Then the nails of both hands and feet are coloured brown with *ḥinnāʾ* [1], the tips of the fingers and toes are blackened, and the inside of the hand made brown. The face, the hands and forearms, and the legs and feet are coloured yellow with curry. The rims of the eyelids are smeared with *kuḥl* [2]; even the men do this, as it is said to make the eyes strong.

The women and girls paint their faces with all sorts of figures, and their necks, breasts and shoulders and the upper surface of the hands and feet with a network of lines, mostly with some blue or black dye, but also sometimes with red or

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137 [1] *Ḥinnāʾ* (حنّاء), *Lawsonia inermis*, is a plant used for dyeing brown hands and feet. Cf. G. Schweinfurth, *op cit.*, p. 167, 181; E. W. Lane, *Arabic-English Lexicon*, London, 1865.

[2] *Kuḥl* (كحل), antimony powder, which usually mixed with grease makes a cosmetic for the rims of the eyelids.

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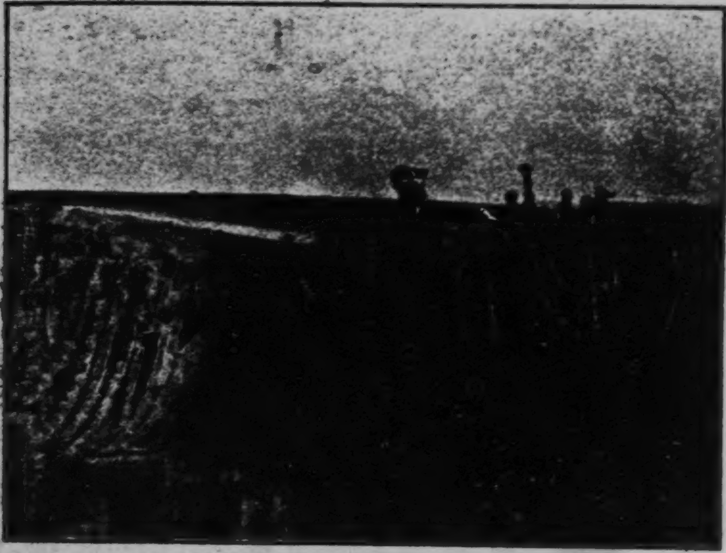

Euphorbia candelabra, on the coastal terrace between Makalla and esh-Shiḥr.

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8 54

Dwelling of Ḥaiqī Bedouins at Rēdet Shebēr. in the foreground a Bedouin cradle.

[facing p. 24]

green. The eyebrows are shaven off and a finer line is painted 301
in. The hair is shaven off all round the edge and greased 302
stiff and pasted against the skull. All sorts of variations in the use of the above-mentioned aids to beauty are possible. To our taste the result is often more than ugly not to say terrifying.

Never again were we received with so much friendliness and 609
with so little prejudice by Bedouin women. On later occasions they generally ran away screaming at our approach or hurled furious invectives at us. The people of this Ḥaiqī tribe seemed to know so little about their own religion that they were not yet infected with prejudice against *Naṣrānis.*

Close to this camp the R.A.F. from Aden have made a 508
landing ground for forced landings. The corners and the centre are marked out by broad lines of chalk. The big aerodrome is on the coast near Fūwa, about three hours South-west of Makalla, and somewhere in the neighbourhood there is said to be a third one.

On the coral terraces grow jathropha and in the depressions 137
aerva, a little bohar, and also incense bushes. There were 136
swarms of young yellow grasshoppers all over the bare rocky 135
ground. The path runs downwards towards a wādī, where fresh water from the Ghēl Bā Wazir and salt water from the sea meet and mingle.

The village of Sheḥēr lies on the further shore and is said 361
to have 1500 inhabitants, who live in mud huts. In a prominent [342]
position above it stands the chieftain's house, which is, at the 622
same time, the villagers' fortress for defence against attack. 712
A couple of rusted cannon lie on the terrace in front of the house. There are loop-holes on every floor in the thick mud walls and the window openings are small. Shēkh Elmās is 342
to be our host: he receives us in a friendly way in his *madjlis*[1], 574
and, at our request, is at once ready to have quarters prepared for us on the roof, but we have to wait till the women

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[1] *Madjlis* (مجلس), lit.: "the place where one sits", and has come 104
to mean: the reception-room, meeting, or company.

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Incense bushes on the same coastal terrace.

[facing p.25]

342 have moved out to make room for us and the way is quite
574 clear. Our host himself makes an inspection, to make sure that the feminine inhabitants are shut in behind closed doors before we are invited to follow him upstairs. It is glorious on the roof. We are free there from vermin, and mosquitoes, also, do not seem to come.

We beg urgently that no sheep be killed for us. It is difficult to persuade our generous host to accede to our unusual request, but he does at last realize that we have more desire for tea and fruit. A tray with glasses of tea is brought up to us and a second one with slices of melon, fresh figs, dates and sweets. Shêkh Elmâs has seen something of the world; he is related to the Sultan's family and is not without a trace of Indian blood. His brother, the *ʿāmil*[1] of Ghêl Bā Wazîr, the headquarters for the cultivation of the celebrated Ḥumûmî tobacco, is staying with him and gives us a pressing invitation to visit that prosperous and beautiful bit of Arabia. We promised to try and touch at Ghêl Bā Wazîr on our return journey.

5. AN EXCURSION TO GHÊL BĀ WAZÎR.

000 Our way back to the coast from Terîm was so planned that we were unable to keep our promise to our host's brother. Yet we *did* visit Ghêl Bā Wazîr, but not until after our return to Makalla, when we had to wait several days for our boat to Aden. On June 24th we started for Ghêl Bā Wazîr, via Sheḥêr, in a car placed at our disposal, as before, by the Vizier of Makalla, Sayyid Abû Bakr el-Miḥḍār.

138 Behind the plateaus of coral formation along the coast is
361 a shallow, extensive loess basin which is watered by a little stream, the Ghêl, having its source in the mountains lying behind the coast terraces. This basin with the strip of land suitable for irrigation, which lies by the banks of the Ghêl, is the chief area for the cultivation of the famous Ḥumûmî tobacco. The little town, which guards the entrance

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104 [1] *ʿĀmil* (عامل), governor.

to this rich domain, lies at the edge of the plateau of coral 133
stone. As one approaches from the coast one barely sees the 361
gardens of palms; soon one finds oneself in front of a high,
white wall, with a great, fortified gate, which, apparently, is
kept closed even during the day. The traveller, as he waits,
can only see, close to the wall and rising boldly up above it,
the Sultan's massive palace which now serves as barracks
for soldiers.

We were obliged to wait at a respectful distance from the 361
menacing, fortified gateway until our letter of introduction 249
had been taken to the palace, read and deemed satisfactory
enough to admit us into the tobacco town. Ghēl Bā Wazir, as
a city, has not many beauties except for the large and ancient
palace and a few mosques, and we were glad to accept the
invitation of one of the authorities of the place to proceed at
once to the gardens and to the Sultan's country-house in the
cultivated district behind the town. We, therefore, drove without pausing through the place, which reeked of tobacco. The 361
valley side of the town, that is the north side, has less defences 249
than the south, whence start the great thoroughfares to 481
Makalla and esh-Shiḥr. Nowadays motor lorries convey the
bales of tobacco, which are two yards long, from el-Ghēl to
Makalla. Manure for the tobacco fields is brought from the
coast on camels.

A richly cultivated area begins immediately behind the town. 249
The Sultan owns much tobacco-growing land, which is said 361
to be a great source of income to him. Close behind the town 342
are two gardens, in each of which is a newly-built summer 471
residence. We enter the first garden with the smaller house
which is set aside for the use of the male members of the
household. In the other garden is a much larger building for the
wives and their female attendants.

The gate is immediately shut behind us, our following of 351
inquisitive youths remains outside, and we stand in the silence
of the luxuriant garden, trying to accustom our eyes to the
deep shade under the blossoming fruit-trees. It looks just as

351 if we had been transported bodily into a bit of the Indies. The fruit-trees best known in that country are represented here, and a sultry, moist heat permeates the shadows of this richly watered garden.

529 In front of the garden villa,[1] built in a modern style, but not yet quite finished, is a cemented swimming-pool about 300 feet long and of the same width as the building. It joins onto the stairs of the terrace, and a trim rowing-boat lies motionless on the crystal clear water. To do us honour the basin has been filled by means of an engine-pump, and, although the water is warm, we show our appreciation at once by enjoying a bathe, and a row in the boat.

219 Our host, who is acting for the Sultan, is a tobacco-grower
271 as well as an official. He says that the Ḥumūmī tobacco
357 can only be grown here. They are trying to cultivate the same kind in Lahadj, behind Aden, and in the Yemen; as the climate and the soil are not similar the result is a product which in perfume and taste is inferior to that grown here. Cultivation in el-Ghēl is carried to a very high pitch of refinement. The tobacco-plants are manured three times: with guano, with fish, and with the dung of beasts and men. Pure water is used for irrigation, not too much and not too little. Each kind of dung is applied to the plant at the right time. The best guano comes from an island on the coast of Somaliland, for which the British authorities have given a concession. A second kind of guano is found on islands near Bīr ʿAlī, to the west of Makalla, and near Aden. The entire harvest of tobacco is exported to Egypt, and from there a part of it goes to Syria and to the countries on the Red Sea. The Ḥumūmī tobacco is broken up and cut into wide strips, and is smoked in water-pipes. The stalks can be used at the same time and for this reason the plants are dried whole, not the leaves alone. They are then bound into large bundles an packed into oblong bales, the weight of a camel's load, that is to say 300 lbs. The price of such a bale is nowadays 120 to 130 rupees.

[1] [OF THE SULTAN AT GAZI BE WAZIR -- [illegible]]

6. ALONG THE BEACH TO ESH-SHIHR.

That night in Sheḥĕr there was not much sleep, for a wed- 585
ding was being celebrated in the village square below us. 535
Several houses are lighted up, and, from our vantage-point high up above them, we can see the feasting that is going on there. Afterwards by the light of gasoline lamps there is dancing in the square; the men and women stand facing each other in long rows, which approach each other with rythmical stamping of feet and clapping of hands and then again retreat. All unite in the singing of a monotonous refrain, the constant repetition of one and the same melody. The actual song is recited by a single person. They all know the old songs and enjoy taking part in them and joining in the rising enthusiasm caused by their refrain. Sweat pours down the naked chests of the men, but it is nearly morning before their energy is exhausted and the festal joy quietens down.

Our driver wakes us up with a toot from his horn in front of the castle, before it is yet light. He knows that we must do the journey to esh-Shiḥr and back, by way of the coast, before high tide.

Our host accompanies us. The road runs along the east 387
bank of the wādī right up to the coast, which is at a distance 136
of only a few miles. On the beach lie the heavy boats of the 787
fishermen and of the men who collect guano. There are drying-places for fish close to some huts: we could smell them that night in Sheḥĕr. The guano is conveyed by camel from here to Ghēl Bā Wazīr, there to be used for manuring the fields. The shore is very like the sandy beach of Holland and there are even dunes with some vegetation, which are, however, not more than 20—30 feet in height. On the beach there are armies of crabs, which, at our approach, try to escape either in the direction of the sea or towards the sand-dunes, where cone-shaped heaps of sand flank the entrance to their long spiral passages, which lead underground. The ridge of dunes, which

387 is only a narrow one, is broken in some places by breaches
186 through which at high tide the sea water streams. These gaps
487 have doubtless been made by the rainfall from the mountains
farther inland seaking an outlet to the sea. Close by esh-Shiḥr coral rocks jut out above the level of the sand, and the passage there is narrow and vanishes completely when the tide is at flood.

361 Esh-Shiḥr lies on a wide flat sea coast, which slopes only
very gradually so that steamers have to anchor far out at sea. At the moment several sambooks are lying there and fishermen are plying their trade till far away to the horizon. The track runs through deep, loose sand from the beach to the gate, which is new, but lacking in taste architecturally. The wall is also new and is strengthened on the inner side with buttresses of mud bricks, but the garment is too large for what it has to cover, and a half-dead town is pining away within the walls. Many blocks of houses are uninhabited, some have even fallen in. One crosses great open spaces on the way from the west to the east gate. The streets are dirty and even the inhabited houses have a neglected look. Over the whole town, and stronger even than the sewage smell of the streets, hangs
344 the stench of drying, half-decayed fish. The Government
buildings are in a square situated in the western part of the
361 town. The castle stands on a sandy eminence by the sea; the
346 building has just been restored and, with its simple, strong
lines makes a good impression. The bottom floor is being used temporarily as a school for three to four hundred boys. On the hill near the fortress some old, big cannon are lying, and a solitary signal-mast stands there. The Governor's house, a large, tall, well-constructed building, whose many roof-terraces are well suited to the sweltering, damp climate of esh-Shiḥr, stands on the land side of the square. The Governor is not at home, for we have met him on the beach in his fine, American motor-car. He looks Indian, and too modern for his town, nearly cut off as it is from the outside world and still dreaming of former glories. At one time, esh-Shiḥr was larger

than Makalla and was, indeed, an important trading centre 344
before that city even existed.[1] 361

Under the east wall there is a large open plain, over which 346
the cemetery extends, with some *qubbas*[2] and many mosques at the edge of it. Sayyid Abû Bakr el-Kâf of Terim has, close to it, a large piece of ground, where he has built a palatial guest-house for relations and friends travelling to and fro
between Java and Terim via esh-Shiḥr. El-Kâf is busy con- 491
structing a motor road from Terim to esh-Shiḥr, which is 487
complete but for the last stretch as far as the coast, a matter of three days by camel. If this junction can be effected, in spite of the aversion to it of the warlike Ḥumûmî Bedouins, through whose territory it passes fot the greater part, then perhaps esh-Shiḥr will grow again to fit into her walls.

Before we left the town we made another call on the 651
Governor in charge, who, with the help of the tax-farmer, 942
a well-educated Indian, gave us a hearty, friendly reception. 322
We were conducted past a strong guard of soldiers to an old-fashioned *madjlis*, where the shutters of the windows and the wooden supporting pillars were beautifully carved, and the ceiling painted white, red and black. With grateful relish we partook of tea and a great variety of sweets and of fresh and tinned fruits.

The population of esh-Shiḥr is officially estimated at 9000. 162
It did not seem to us that it could be more than 6000. Yet, 346
as the Westerner does not get to know how densely peopled the big Arabian houses are, our calculations remain fairly uncertain. The town has 36 mosques.

We were compelled to beat a hasty retreat before the rising 000
tide. For safety's sake we were given an extra Ford car and some soldiers. The coral rocks were still just passable, but we stuck in the bed of the wâdî. Finally, after much delay and much fruitless exertion, we got free, but there was no time left for the promised meal with our host of Sheḥĕr, who

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[1] Cf. *Encyclopaedia of Islam*, art. *al-Shiḥr*.

[2] *Qubba* (قبة), is a dome, a cupola, or a cupola-shaped building. 104

000 was deeply disappointed. In this land the hurry of Europeans is neither understood nor valued. One has plenty of time oneself, and the Arabian proverb: "Patience and waiting are of the All Merciful, but haste is of Satan", is carried into practice. When Shêkh Elmâs poured coals of fire on our heads by insisting that we should take his coat in place of one of our own, which had been torn in pushing the car, we departed with fresh wonder at Arabian hospitality.

It was already dark when we arrived at the frontier of the Makalla territory. The Bedouins were still lying in ambush, waiting for the foe, small fires were burning in their camp among the rocks, and the look-outs were posted close beside the road. We were under the protection of the *Dôla*, and the latter had only to fear attack from the Ḥumûmî.

7. THE LAST DAYS OF WAITING IN MAKALLA.

In Makalla it appeared that preparations for our departure were really advancing. Nevertheless we had to have patience for yet another day, as everything must be in good order. The Vizier told us that we should only be able to travel by day, as the ground was too difficult for night-journeys. "He who has not yet seen the mountains of Ḥaḍramaut has not yet learned what *real mountains* are."

So we had one day more in which to enlarge our acquaintance with the town, visit divers officials and, after that, climb the rocks behind the town, to collect plants and insects and to lay the foundation for the map of our itinerary.

The Vizier, Sayyid Abû Bakr, lives in the centre of the town,
764 at the base of the tongue of land where, formerly, the Sultan also lived. The promontory turns out to be occupied, for the greater part, by the cemetery, in the centre of which is a fine *qubba* dedicated to Shêkh Yaʿqûb, the patron saint of Makalla. The *ithl*[1] trees spoken of by earlier travellers no longer exist, and the cemetery has now no green whatsoever.

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137 [1] *Ithl* or *athl* (اثل), *tamarix nilotica* Ehrenb., cf. L. Hirsch, *op. cit.*, p. 90, 306; G. Schweinfurth, *op. cit.*, p. 172, 174.

The visit to Sayyid Abû Bakr was quite official in character; 647
there are still risks ahead, we do not yet know each other and,
on either side, are cautious. The other government officials
whom we visited appeared to be men, not of the country itself,
but of India or Aden. Trade and banking have been mono- [463]
polised by the Indians, but latterly the Ḥaḍramis have been
endeavouring to oust them.

As many Ḥaḍramis are Dutch subjects and as I was con- 648
sidered to be their partisan, an impression which had been 641
still further strengthened by our intercourse with Sayyid ʿAluwī
el-ʿAṭṭâs, we did not succeed in extracting much information
from these Indian officials.

Makalla has about 12000 inhabitants. The passport officer 162
told us that about 1000 Ḥaḍramis come from Java every year 167
and as many return there; 400 to 500 pass through esh-Shiḥr. 272
Half of them take passage on through boats, while the other
half travel via Aden and Singapore. We also heard from him
that the old Arab custom of coffee drinking was being super-
seded here, but still more so in Ḥaḍramaut Proper by the tea-
drinking habit, brought over from India and the Dutch East
Indies. When we paid visits, tea was offered us more often
than coffee. The weak brew stands ready prepared, with much
milk and sugar, in a large enamelled kettle.

The chief Customs House officer kept the import and export 439
figures secret, pretending that the money value of the imports
was only of interest to himself and that he had never formed
a clear idea of the total amount of the imported goods. The
chief article imported is rice, from Bengal. The 40.000 or so
cases of kerosene and gasoline, which are now a yearly neces-
sity, will rapidly increase in the future.

8. A CLIMB ON THE MOUNTAIN RIDGE BEHIND MAKALLA.

One afternoon, surrounded by a crowd of youngsters, we 133
clambered up the steep, reddish wall of rock behind the town.
The view over city and sea from the edge of the plateau,
600 ft. high, is unique. There are four white towers for defence

133 standing in line close to the edge. The plateau is a few hundred feet wide, and the rock mounts again steeply till one reaches the flat top. The youngsters helped enthusiastically with collecting plants and catching insects. On the top we had a magnificent panorama landwards. There was just time enough to make a few outline sketches and to take bearings of the many mountain tops before the sun went down and it became cold. The guide said he would show us another and much easier way down, but it turned out to be otherwise, for he lost the way entirely; the boys left us in the lurch to find a good way home for themselves, and we could only progress slowly, in the increasing darkness, down the fairly steep rock-wall. Being an inexperienced climber I finally dared not, nor in fact was able, to proceed any further; with difficulty I reached a spot under an overhanging rock where, exhausted and with garments torn, I sank down. In the town below, however, they had been thinking of us, and after fully an hour we saw lights approaching from two different directions; they were soldiers sent out by the Vizier to bring us in. With much difficulty they reached the spot where we were held up. They had also thought of what one needs above all else on expeditions in this land — water. When I refused to risk the descent in the darkness and suggested waiting until dawn, the commandant of the patrol answered that he must bring us down that same evening. These experienced hill-men climb so well on their bare feet that I soon came to trust their directions, and we reached Makalla that evening without great difficulty. The leader passed with us in triumph through the crowd, which had been following our descent by the lights of our lanterns and had run out to watch our arrival. Our guide came to meet us coatless and without head-covering, as he had lost these garments during the descent in search of help. His answer to the reproach made to him from all sides was: "All comes from Allah. Allah let me lose the way, but brought you, nevertheless, safely down. Allah be praised!"

CHAPTER III.

FROM MAKALLA TO WĀDĪ DŌᶜAN.

I. A DIFFICULT START.

The outfitting of the caravan lasted several days. The Vizier ooo
and his officials showed great interest, and during our visit to Sayyid Abū Bakr, much necessary information and advice was given us by him. Then we also made acquaintance with the leader of our caravan, who appeared to have the original and very modern honorary name of Mautor [1], because he can run the distance from Wādī Dōᶜan to Makalla in two days and nights, when urgent dispatches have to be carried for the Government. He has the full confidence of the Vizier and declares in a gentle voice and calling the while upon Allah that he will risk his life for us and that, with Allah's help, he will deliver us and our belongings safe and sound to Bā
Ṣurra, the Governor of Wādī Dōᶜan. Mautor is small and 142
slight, his curly, greasy, black hair is held together round his 291
head by a narrow plaited leather band. He wears a little cord round his neck from which hangs a silver ring set with a round, brownish coloured stone, which has the shape and measurements of a thumb nail. A short dark-blue loin-cloth, in which is stuck the sheath of a dagger (*djambīya*), is his only garment. We declare our trust in Mautor's leadership and protection, and the agreement is sealed with a hand-clasp.
Provision will be made for camels fit for the mountains, which ooo
in Dōᶜan will have to be exchanged for others suitable for the plains. We ourselves shall ride on donkeys as being less tiring and more comfortable if one has to dismount frequently to survey the route, to take photographs, and to collect plants and insects. We have also to provide food for the Bedouins who

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[1] "Mautor" is the Bedouin pronunciation of "motor".

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p.35

will accompany us. We leave the procuring of supplies as well as of water-skins, cooking-pans, lanterns, rope, etc. to the officials of the Vizier, who are delighted to see to everything. Sayyid ʿAluwī, who is to travel with us, will arrange for his own donkey and baggage camel.

We are due to start on the 9th of May. The officials, who have made all the necessary arrangements for us, have come in the early morning with their accounts. We have a hundred and sixty rupees to pay for four camels, two donkeys, two slave soldiers, the pay of the caravan-leader and food for us all, and that for the stage Makalla—Dōʿan, which will take about six days. Twelve Bedouins of the Sēbān tribe accompany us. They also have their own camels loaded with merchandise, but all of them will have to be fed from our large, well-filled pot.

On the day of departure Bedouins come and go, camels and donkeys are brought, rejected and led away again, endless negotiations are carried on and give rise to noisy quarrels over the distribution of freights. Nothing is said as yet, however, about the start. On the first day of a big journey one always makes a short march, so we can quite well delay our departure till the afternoon. In the afternoon we learn that our Bedouins belong to the caravan which is taking refuge in Makalla from their pursuers and that their enemies are waiting for them just across the border, so early in the morning the Vizier had left to negotiate a free passage, but had not yet returned. At two in the afternoon he is back, tired and feverish, and sends his son to bid us farewell and to say that he has been able to make conditions for a two weeks' armistice. Only now do our Sēbān people work as if they really mean to get off.

As towards sunset they are not yet ready, we accept the Vizier's offer to be taken in a car, meanwhile, over the border, there to await the donkeys and to go as far as the first bivouac, where the camels are due to arrive at midnight. We get in, taking the donkeys' packs with us; Sayyid ʿAluwī with his servant and Ṣāliḥ, our cook, accompany us. Near el-

Ḥarshiyāt we are put down by the road-side and, lying down 000
beside our baggage, wait there for some hours till the donkeys come. Then, in pitch darkness, we go forward at a steady pace, preceded by a Bedouin carrying a lantern. By the village of Tilāʿ es-Suflā we are to camp for the night in the dry *sēl*[1]-bed of the wādī. Luckily it is not long before the camels arrive. We set up our camp-beds amongst the boulders; under the mosquito-nets we are safe from the gnats that swarm here near the irrigated groves of date-palms and *dhura* fields. It is warm and very damp. Men and beasts lie close together. We are not yet accustomed to the sounds and odours of such a bivouac and get but little sleep.

2. ON TREK TO WĀDĪ ḤIMEM.

An hour before sunrise everything is again in motion, but we cannot leave until the measurements are finished. The sun rises shortly after our departure. We are all thankful to say good-bye to this damp, hot mosquito camp, but fortunately each day brings us nearer to the dryness and coolness of the
Ḥaḍramaut mountain-plateau. The terraces at Tilāʿ consist 133
chiefly of conglomerations of round stones, and the vege- 137
tation is scanty but varied. Many acacias grow in the wādīs, here called *smur* (*acacia etbaica*)[2], also aerva. Wādī el-Laṣb, through which we march, becomes broad and sandy, and the atmosphere becomes very warm.

A great disappointment, indeed annoyance, is to find that 484x
our advance party has already encamped at eight o'clock by a well at the edge of the wādī, where the burning heat of the sun is only tempered by some acacia trees. The baggage has been unloaded, and the Bedouins will not move for either love or money; they will first eat and then rest from the fatigues of the departure. It is so appallingly hot that we are in fear

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[1] *Sēl* (سيل) is a torrent flowing after the rare rain- and thunder- 104
storms and which usually remains only a short time.

[2] Cf. L. Hirsch, *op. cit.*, p. 300; Landberg, *Etudes sur les dialectes de l'Arabie Méridionale*, I., Leide, 1901, p. 349.

159 of sunstroke. Mautor certainly means well, but dares not set himself up against the unanimously expressed wishes of his comrades. He helps us to hang a few cloths among the branches of the acacia, so as to make a shady spot in which we can safely lie down. Our sayyid stirs up the fire of our wrath and uneasiness even more by repeatedly declaring with a mysterious face: "Very bad people, Consul, these Bedouins, very bad people." With some anxiety, I ponder over what may be in store for us from this undisciplined band, who, without having any apparent interest in us, eat heartily of the food which we have paid for. Is it possible that they will spin out the time during his expedition to Dōʿan as long as possible, so as to enjoy to the full the free rations provided by us? Our suspicions are strengthened by the great zest with which they now gather round the full pot of rice, and also by the jovial hospitality extended to passing and inquisitively watching Bedouins, and this state of affairs continued throughout the whole journey. There are always camp followers who count on a bit of food, and there are always present, at the solemn moment when the rations are ladled out of the great pot, unknown guests emerging mysteriously out of the unpopulated wilderness. Our cook, who seems to have an innate dislike and contempt for Bedouins, does not neglect to call our attention repeatedly to this phenomenon. I, in my heart of hearts, have complete sympathy with our open-handed Sĕbān people.

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In the meantime we are reduced almost to desperation by the heat under the shadowless acacia shrubs. Lying or sitting in the sun is far more dangerous than walking or riding; that was always our experience. When we could not succeed in inducing our thoroughly satiated Bedouins to move, we went on ahead with our negro soldiers. A few Bedouin boys who belonged to our party left with us, each one already carrying a small-sized musket ornamented with silver plating and proudly wearing the cartridge-belt round his slim waist. They made themselves useful by helping zealously in catching butterflies and collecting plants.

We reached the little village of Laṣb within an hour. It lies 361
just at the point where the gap narrows and the mountains on 311
either side of the wādī become higher. In the perpendicular wall of rock has been cut a conduit, by which the water of a rivulet, which soon vanishes again, is carried to the palm-groves and *dhura* fields of the villages. We leave the path to seek refreshment among the *dhura* grown to more than a man's height. At the edges of the fields bananas and papayas are planted. The inhabitants of the village do not show themselves. The castle-like dwellings of mud stand high above the cultivated land, against the mountain-wall; perhaps our movements are being spied upon from behind the small, dark window openings.

Beyond the village, Wādī el-Laṣb narrows and the walls 361
become steeper. The water-conduit looks like a thick, green 312
roll clinging to the wall, with maidenhair fern and other moisture-loving plants growing in abundance. The brook with its crystal-clear water soon appears; where the water is dammed up in basins we see shoals of little black fish and many black frogs. The rocks are full of deep holes. The piled-up strata slope down towards us. The rock-wall hangs over us as we go further up the valley, and a thick, hard crust projects high above our heads over its edge so that we could walk in its shadow. Here we decided to wait for the camels; our companions immediately fell asleep, while we sought out a spot in the rivulet where it had widened out to form a pool and we bathed there. It is true, the little fishes came to see whether we were edible, but that did not spoil the unexpected, deep satisfaction of a bath in the wilderness of Southern Arabia. The water, certainly, is warm, but the dry wind has a refreshing effect as soon as one is out of the water and lets oneself be blown dry. Further inland the water was so warm that it was only enjoyable to bathe in it at night.

When the camels and the donkeys were at last to be seen, 000
we went on further into the rapidly ascending wādī. We soon had to do without the pleasure of the brook and its thickly-

000 grown banks; we saw it no more after we had passed the grotto in the rock-wall to the left, where it made its appearance. The vegetation, however, continued rich and varied, and we could see from the little springs at the foot of the rocky wall that there was still a great quantity of water. Great blocks of rock had fallen here into the wādī from the steep sloping walls. In some places these walls were completely hollowed out by wind and water, and only a crust remained.

*487 114 From Lubēb Von Wissmann had begun to survey the route. Up to that point we were able to use the excellent map made by Little on his geological survey of the mountainous country of Makalla in 1919—'20.[1]

231 The valley now rises more rapidly,[1] and it requires much patience and skill to lead the loaded camels and donkeys over the great blocks of rock. The mountain camel knows this sort of ground, passes neatly through the blocks, and as he steps aside and turns thinks of the load projecting on either side of his body. On a warning call from the leaders: "Take care left!" or "Look out right!" the animal goes cautiously a little further away from the place where its load is threatened.

241 *487 361 At the end of the wādī, about two miles beyond Ḥōṭat el-Laṣb, there is a little plateau to which a short ascent leads us. There is a plantation of date-palms and *dhura,* which is still within the boundary of Ḥōṭat el-Laṣb. At the end of this small plateau lies the village of Lubēb. We leave it on our left and descend towards Wadī Ḥimem, which, again, is shut in by high walls of limestone. The farther we advance the narrower becomes this wādī. The camel path along the steep cliffs to the right is blocked here and there with boulders. Some miles after Lubēb, the now narrow rock ravine makes a bend. Here is a splendid spring with a drinking-trough of masonry for the animals. The place is named el-Ḥallāf. On account of the road survey we are compelled to camp as soon as darkness falls. Indeed it would be difficult to march further in this valley of boulders.

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[1] O. H. Little, *The Geography and Geology of Makalla*, Cairo, 1925.

[1] [at Luheb -- ANALYST]

Tilā es-Suflā. In the foreground the dry *sēl*-bed, where we camped the first night.

Wādī el-Laṣb.

[facing p. 40]

3. BIVOUAC LIFE.

We pitch our second camp by el-Ḥallāf although our 000 Bedouins are not quite at ease in their minds as to its safety. Mautor, the leader, climbs up towards the almost perpendicular rock-wall on our right and sends a few others to climb the less steep wall on our left. They remain away for a long time, reconnoitring and examining.

Meanwhile, down below also every one is busy. The camels 231 and donkeys are unloaded and led to the water-trough. Some of the Bedouins go out to search along the rock-walls for camel-fodder, cutting it up with their crooked *djambīyas*. They know exactly which shrubs are good for the beasts and which are not. They roll great bundles of green down the slopes, and before long the camels are kneeling in a circle with a supply in their midst. The donkeys are standing a little apart, tethered 000 to shrubs or to points of rock, content to chew dreamily at their rations. Quarrelling among the animals will only begin a few hours hence, when provisions are exhausted. More than once shall we be startled out of our first sleep by stamping, braying, and the grunting of camels, and shall see the Bedouins running like black devils after the runaway brawlers, in order to prevent the animals from getting hurt.

We ourselves join in the hard work of getting the bivouac into order. With the help of Ṣāliḥ we drag in our camp-beds, chests of instruments, the box of cooking utensils, the camp table and chairs. We choose a suitable spot for the beds and put them up; we unpack the meteorological instruments, the chest with plant-presses; the bivouac lamps are lighted. Whilst Ṣāliḥ prepares a simple meal, we begin that part of our task which always calls for the greatest output of energy; the harvest of plants and flowers has been rich and the bag of plants is full and bulging. Hours pass before we have the flora lying between sheets of paper and firmly pressed in thick bundles between the pressing-boards. Then the contents of the

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Where Wādī el-Laṣb narrows there is a small brook and some vegetation.

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[facing p. 41]

Wādī Ḥimem.

OOO insect bottles[1] are poured out, sorted, wrapped in cotton-wool and packed in boxes, except for the butterflies. Oh, the work of patience to fold up each butterfly in a triangular piece of paper and to put it safely away! And here, in the low-lying districts, there is a great variety of lepidoptera, — moths, owl-moths, etc., which are attracted to the lighted lamps, and our Bedouin boys are constantly bringing proudly with them some find or other. When this work is done there are still the diaries to write up, and, finally, the cameras must be seen to, the exposed films carefully packed up, and a new supply made ready for use on the following day. Then, at last, comes the moment when we can stretch ourselves out on our camp-beds and with deep contentment, gaze at the starred heaven above us and at the threatening masses of black rock outlined against it. The sound of the animals close by us peacefully munching or rubbing themselves brings a mood of thankfulness and we, in the midst of this majestic nature, with these faithful beasts and their primitive attendants, feel that it is a great privilege to be able to leave western civilization behind and to live as if on the bosom of Mother Earth. Alas! such peaceful meditations are soon disturbed by a Bedouin giving utterance to his feelings of contentment in a harsh and unmelodious song, or yesterday's dispute is renewed with fresh force and carried to a conclusion. But life with Bedouins would be far from real without this bit of prose.

It is already late before the scouts come clambering down the precipices towards the camp. A second group then goes out to watch the approaches to our resting place.

The signal to rise is given at a quarter to four. The thermo-barometer and other measurements take up nearly an hour. The Bedouins all feel this very annoying and unnecessary, but for us it has the great advantage of keeping us from starting before the outlines of the mountains are clearly visible and the compass can be read.

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[1] **Bottles for killing insects, butterflies etc.**

The way winds upwards out of the wādī; the mountains 080 here are no longer so precipitous and it had been possible to cut out a path on the slope about 300 feet above the bed of the wādī. It is a primitive path, but it has been improved here and there. We are going north-east and have the sun obliquely in front of us; it is a hot, constantly ascending stretch of road. Already at half past seven the Bedouins wanted to make a halt, but we prevented this by vigorous opposition, and it was postponed till 11 o'clock. We have passed a large well of water, 361 el-Ghuḍūḍa, and see Zemān el-Kebīr on our right, lying close to the mountain slope. There are date and coco-nut palms, papaya and banana trees in the midst of neatly cultivated fields of tobacco. We make a halt at the next village, Zemān eṣ-Ṣeghīr, and find shelter against the merciless glare of the sun, in an empty stone building that seems to be intended for passing caravans.

Here we first made acquaintance with those pious institu- 312 tions for the protection of travellers against thirst, the *siqāyas.* 271 Later on we were to travel from *siqāya* to *siqāya* and learn 485 to look on these white, beneficent landmarks in nearly waterless stretches of country, with a greater thankfulness than at the beginning. We were only just at the edge of the dry, rocky table-land and could still give ourselves the luxury of a hygienic, critical standard in the matter of drinking-water. The *siqāyas* are small buildings, generally five feet square and six feet high, with a dome-shaped roof, made of natural stone or dried mud and whitewashed. About five feet from the ground there are square or triangular holes, through which by means of a cup one can scoop water out of the masonwork cistern, about six inches deep, which has been placed at that height in the *siqāya.* The filling of the cistern is attended to daily by one who is paid for doing so by the pious foundation (*waqf*) endowed for that purpose. In one of the openings in the walls of the *siqāya,* there is to be found the half of a coco-nut shell, a rusty tin, or an oblong wooden cup, with which one scoops out the water and from which one

312 drinks. One must accustom oneself as soon as possible to the
271 fixed habit in this country, of drinking one after the other out
485 of the same cup or bowl. Even among the very rich and the
Sultans, the big earthenware drinking cups are passed from guest to guest. One sees the soldiers and slaves drink out of them too. The water in the *siqāyas* is often dirty, with a variety of odours and tastes; it also swarms with larvae and the like, but thirst soon teaches one not to notice them and the aversion diminishes in course of time!

In Zemân eṣ-Ṣeghîr we were able to buy milk, buttermilk (here called *rūb*), lemons, coco-nuts and bananas, but at high prices.

361 In the afternoon we proceeded and in a short time arrived
311 on a plateau, fairly thickly covered with tufts of grass and low
shrubs, where two villages, el-Ghēḍa and el-Ghiyāḍa, lie
among well-cultivated fields of tobacco, surrounded by a small
342 grove of date-palms. The mayor of el-Ghiyāḍa is related to the
439 family of el-ᶜAṭṭās; we were therefore desirous of calling upon
him. The door of his simple, mud, mayoral residence was decorated with particularly fine carving. We were received in a little, dimly-lighted room that served both as a place for storing tobacco and as a reception-room. The mayor had been in Batavia for seven years and had there acquired some wealth in the *batik*[1] trade, which a son is now continuing. As soon as I was informed of this, I proposed to converse in Malay instead of in Arabic. Our host eagerly agreed and we were
soon deep in reminiscences of Java. Meantime coffee was
[272] prepared, consisting for three quarters of ginger and for one
271 quarter of coffee, and a great earthen bowl of cold water
passed from mouth to mouth. These porous, unglazed bowls filled with water are placed in the small window openings, and the hot outer air causes the water which exudes through them to evaporate, thus cooling their contents. One finds the same

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[1] *Batik* is the name of the specially Javanese art of decorating and dyeing pieces of cloth used as garments. The thus decorated pieces are also called *batik*.

system of drinking- and at the same time cooling-bowls, 271
among poor and rich alike.

Our host spoke with longing of beautiful, rich Java and of 167
the good years that he had passed there, and it was obvious that he would have liked to return there but for leaving his family behind, for the Ḥaḍramī woman does not leave her country with her husband. It was clear, from the friendly farewell, that I had not been wrong in thinking that my years passed as a civil servant in Netherlands India would facilitate my travels in Ḥaḍramaut.

They all went a little way with us to see us off and were 133
photographed at their own request. We followed the broad 312
sēl-bed [1] crossing the plateau surrounded by terraces of about 300 feet high. There, where the plateau ends, lies, at a height of 50 feet the village of Ḥimem on a hill at the edge of the wādī to which it gives its name. At the foot of the hill, there are very tall coco-nut trees, the last that we shall see for the time being, for the altitude is already 3000 feet. A conduit full of water, fed by little springs at the edge of the wādī, irrigates fields of *dhura* and of neatly-planted and well-cultivated tobacco. It is true that it is not first-class Ḥumūmī tobacco that is raised here, but even so it commands a good market price.

The evening falls and we are obliged to camp soon after 133
leaving Ḥimem. The valley has here penetrated into the sand- 271
stone and the conglomerates under the eocene limestone. Here at a height of 3000 feet the nights are already cold. According to our Bedouins, who are good water-tasters, the water also improves in proportion as one gets further away from the coast; all salt and bitterness gradually disappears from it.

In our bivouac at Ḥimem we had to put away again a great 136
harvest of plants and insects; the swallow-tail butterfly was also found here.

The mayor of Ḥimem came to visit us in our camp. He told 249
us that his village of 200 to 300 inhabitants grows tobacco,

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[1] The bed through which the water flows for a short time after rain.

249 which is its chief source of livelihood. Only three of his men have emigrated to Java, but he has heard so much good of that land of promise that he wishes to go there himself, though it would mean leaving a family of six children behind. To my question as to whether he had performed the *ḥadjdj*[1] his answer was in the negative.

000 We have met very few travellers on the way from Makalla to Ḥimem — only a few camels and donkeys laden with bananas and other fruits for the Makalla market.

On the 11th of May, directly after breaking camp in the morning, we began by ascending a long *ʿaqaba*[2] and it was two hours before we reached the top. A little farther on we passed a place called Kubr, which our Bedouins pretended was the last spot for hours ahead, where we should find water, and they urged us strongly to take the afternoon's rest here. Immediately after I had agreed to this, it dawned upon me that the story about the water had only been invented in order to call a halt. The spot was very unfavourable, for water had to be fetched from some distance away out of the 20 feet deep bed of the wādī, where there was a well. We were obliged to seek shelter from the sun, in a fissure of the rocks which hardly gave room enough.

133 Von Wissmann used the opportunity to climb the steep precipice leading up to the plateau, in company with one of the slave soldiers. The eocene limestone, of which the 60 feet thick upper stratum is formed, falls away everywhere in a perpendicular drop, so that it is difficult to find a scaleable
000 spot in it. Our Bedouins did not believe that the *Efrendjī* could get up it in his shoes, and his attempts were watched with curiosity from our bivouac. When Von Wissmann, born and bred among the rock-mountains of Styria, conquered a very hazardous bit of wall and his soldier could only follow

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104 [1] The *ḥadjdj* is the pilgrimage to Mecca, one of the five pillars of the religion of Islam.

[2] ʿ*Aqaba* (عقبة) is a road over or up, or down, or over some part of, a mountain; cf. Lane, *Arabic-English Lexicon*.

with difficulty, his popularity with our Sēbāni people was established for good. From thenceforth he was named *Ḥarmal,* a name of good companionship, which stuck to him as long as he was in Ḥaḍramaut. Ḥarmal is a corruption of Hermann; it is at the same time the name of one of the most common plants in Ḥaḍramaut, a plant inedible for cattle and, consequently, worthless. 000

My name they could not keep in their memories, so from this time on I was called Konsul. Bedouins are a very democratic folk: whenever they had anything to ask or to say they did not lie in wait for a favourable opportunity, but would shout out from the rear of the caravan: "Yā Ḥarmal!" or "Yā Konsul!" I would then immediately reply in an equally loud "Yā ḥādjdj!" or "Yā Sēbānī!" Then came the question, to which, whenever possible, I gave a jocular reply. They enjoyed laughing, and if one could manage to maintain one's hold on them by keeping them in good humour, it was possible to crack many a hard nut. It seemed to me very necessary to be good friends with one's Bedouins, but at the same time to keep them at a distance and to make one's authority felt.

Up above on the edge of the plateau[1] Von Wissmann had 133 a fine, distant view. To the south were esh-Shiḥr and the sea, to the north the highest mountain of Ḥaḍramaut, Kōr Sēbān, a great massif of eocene limestone. On the east and west were the endless plain and, still visible close by, the deep-cut wādīs, and higher up the long horizontal line of the table-mountains. Several kinds of acanthus were growing close to the rock-wall 137 and crossander, with blue-green leaves. *Cadia varia* appeared here for the first time, but later on was often to be seen in the wādīs.

When the sun began to penetrate into our rocky cleft and 000 the temperature rose to 33° C., we were forced to break camp, although our Bedouins were not yet inclined to do so. It took a great effort to wake them up, and, while they were trying to find their camels, which had wandered off in search of food, we sauntered on ahead. At first the way wound along

[1] [See preceding page -- Analyst]

000 the fairly steep slope of Wādī Ḥimem, high above the *sēl*-bed. We looked down on the fresh green of small trees and shrubs; a shepherdess with her flock of goats was occasionally to be seen amongst them. The path then dropped down towards the wādī; walking over the grey-white boulders and under small acacias with scanty foliage, we made our weary way to the end of Wādī Ḥimem, in and beside which we had been journeying for days past.

4. THROUGH WĀDĪ LUṢŪB TO THE GREAT ROCK PLATEAU. THE CAMP AT EL-ḤISĪ.

133 We came out onto a high plateau, but soon entered the wide,
361 shallow bed of Wādī Luṣūb, which was fairly well covered
312 with vegetation. Small, poor houses lie scattered here, like cubes of stone, with very primitive little gardens. The people live principally by breeding sheep and goats. We made our quarters for the night just beyond the houses, forming the hamlet of el-Ḥisī, beside a large well of masonry within which one descends by stone steps to the surface of the water. The well had been dug in the *sēl*-bed and was therefore protected by a thick wall, as high as a man, against the water floods which appear after rain. In el-Ḥisī lived the family of Mautor, the leader of our caravan, and hence the dawdling which characterised this day; on no account were they prepared to go beyond el-Ḥisī.

245 All bickering was forgotten now and our Bedouins radiated
262 contentment and willingness. The people of el-Ḥisī set to work cutting up food for our animals, all the inhabitants came to have a look at our camp, and, afterwards, Mautor took all his comrades with him to feast in his village. He brought us, beforehand, a cloth full of *nibq* fruit. The *nibq* tree, also called *sidr* or *dōm*, is of intrinsic importance in those parts of Ḥaḍramaut where there is too little water for the cultivation of the date-palm. There, wherever one is dependent on the *sēl*, the water which only comes after rain, and where the subsoil

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Acacia trees, further inland in Wādī Himem.

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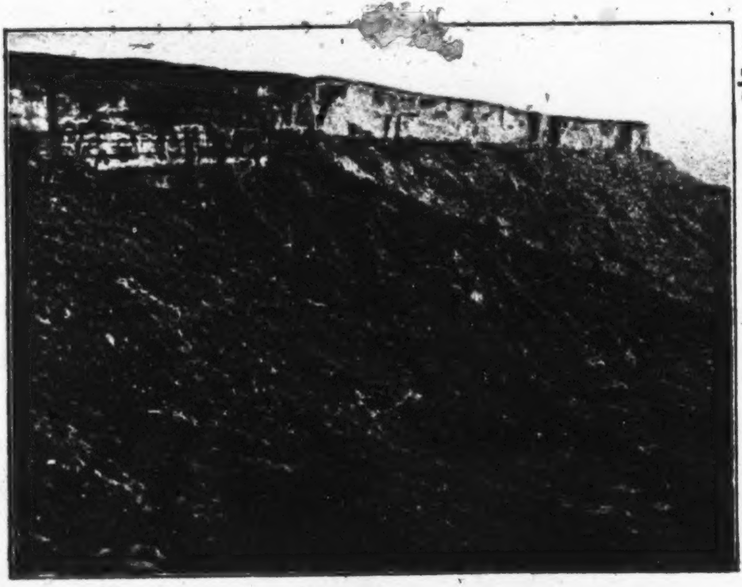


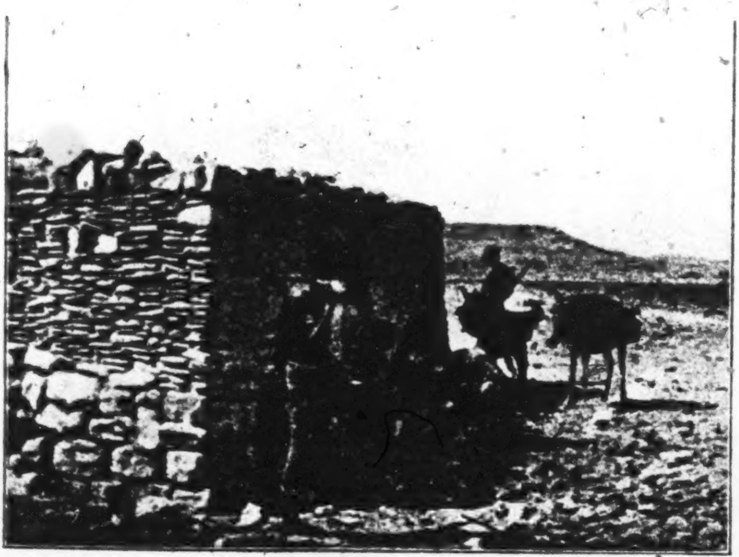
The slope of the Kōr Sēbān.

1 [See pages 46 and 47 and pages 50-51 --Analyst]

p.48(A)

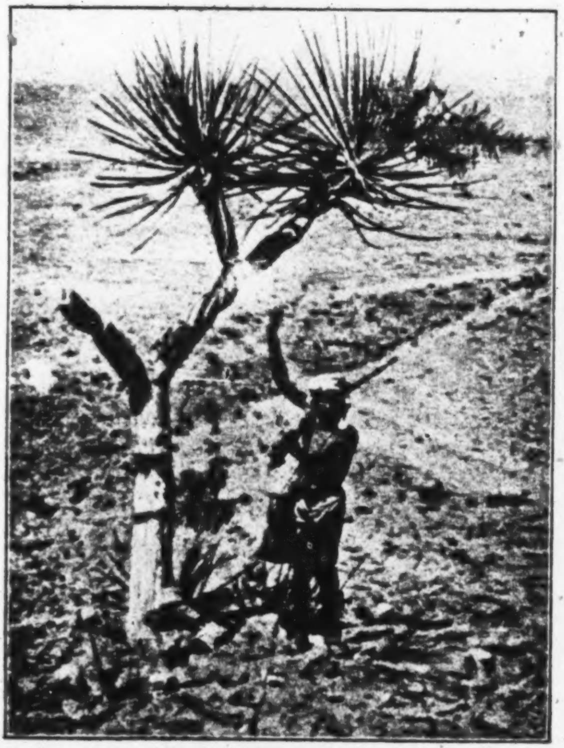
See pages 48 and 51

312



Bēn el-Djibāl. Our party resting at the first *murabbaʿa* alongside the first *neqāba.*

137



On the top of the Kōr Sēbān .... a solitary dragon's blood tree.

p.48 (B)

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The border of the *djōl*, with some vegetation (euphorbias and acacias).

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A view over the *djōl*.

p.48 (C)

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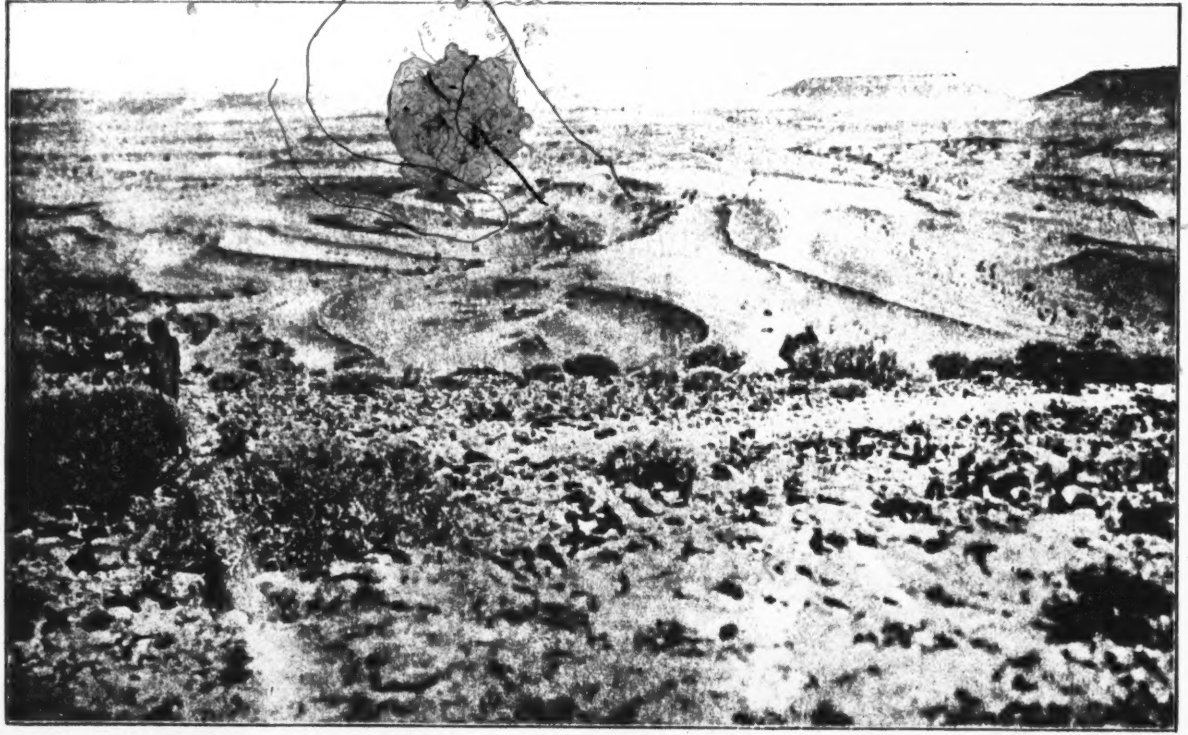
p.48(D)



The *djōl* with the long horizontal lines of the table-mountains in the distance.

water is too far below the surface to serve for the regular 245
irrigation of a plantation, the *nibq* can still live quite well, 262
and even if there is no rain for some years it does not die. The
fruit of the *nibq* is as large as a marble and has a stone of the
size of a pea. The taste is sour-sweet and refreshing. The fruit
can be dried and kept for a long time: it is then crushed fine,
stone and all, and with the meal bread is baked or a sort of
porridge made. This small fruit is the chief food supply of
many in times of drought, and in times of scarcity many
Bedouins live on *nibq* and milk and do not look ill on the
diet. The shepherdesses carry the *nibqs* with them in small
oval, prettily woven baskets.

The wood of the *nibq* tree is reddish-brown and hard, and [313]
is used for beams and supporting pillars in the big, many- 314
storied, mud houses of the rich. The branches, thick with 262
thorns, are used in the date plantations when the bunches of 231
dates approach ripeness. They are bound in a wreath round
the trunk just below the clusters of fruit, to prevent the dates
from being stolen. Finally the green leaves of the *nibq* are also
useful: when, during a long drought, there is hardly any more
food to be found for the sheep and goats one sees the agile
shepherdesses, in spite of their flowing, black garments, clambering
up to the top of the *nibq* tree and knocking off the
leaves from the branches with long, thin sticks. The flock
stands below the tree in expectation of the godsend of food to
come. We have only a mild admiration for the *nibq* fruit: one
must do much chewing for little nourishment and for little
taste.

They also brought us from el-Ḥisī a few handfuls of the 262
roasted larvae of white ants. The taste was not bad; Von
Wissmann ate up a whole helping with the result that, shortly
afterwards, he had a pain in his throat and could not utter
a sound, a condition that lasted for about two hours.

El-Ḥisī lies about 4500 feet above sea-level, and the 133
evenings are quite cold. While there, we examined the bundles 600
of plants which we had already collected and pressed. Great

was our disappointment on finding that many of them were mildewy. It was a long and very disheartening work to remove the damaged plants and to replace the damp paper with new. We were now in high-lying dry country and from henceforth might expect to have no further difficulty with the already decreasing quantity of plants collected. After this, we always opened the presses during the afternoon rest and laid stacks of the papers which contained the plants, held down by stones, to dry in the fierce sun and hot wind. Thus the collection of plants was safeguarded against decay.

5. KŌR SĒBĀN, THE HIGHEST TOP OF HAḌRAMAUT.

The camp at el-Ḥisī lay at the foot of Kōr Sēbān, which of course Von Wissmann wanted to climb. We arranged that he should start early on the following morning with one of the soldiers and a Bedouin guide, whilst I, with the other soldier, should attend to the timely breaking up of camp and the speedy advance of our caravan. We were to meet again at the afternoon halting place.

The night in el-Ḥisī was so cold that, towards morning, sleep became impossible, so that early rising was quite easy. On this morning of May 12th we marched from half past six until eleven o'clock. Our way lay smoothly over high-lying level ground, remarkably flat limestone plateaus, into which the wādīs cut vertically and where the lateral wādīs begin.

133 So little rain falls here that the origin of these steep-banked wādīs, already cut so deep from the beginning, cannot be sufficiently accounted for by the erosive action of rain-water only. The Bents have assumed that these wādīs were formed by the sea and that this is the explanation of the likeness, everywhere to be found, in the outline of the walls on each side of the wādīs.[1] This supposition does not appear acceptable. It seems to us that Caetani's theory of the drying-up of Arabia and possibly of the whole world might offer a plausible

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[1] Bent, *op. cit.*, p. 90.

explanation of the facts. More rainfall on this bare table-land, 133
where all water immediately streams away, must have caused mighty floods streaming with elementary force through the wādīs to the sea. In this way wide, deep ravines in the plateau can have come into existence. The monotonous likeness in their outlines is to be ascribed to the fact that the ground, in which the erosion takes place, always shows the same composition and that the climatic conditions of the interior are invariable. A horizontal stratum of limestone, 50—100 yards thick, lies on a similar horizontal sandstone stratum. The limestone layer has, at the edge of the wādī, an almost perpendicular incline as has the sandstone layer also at first, but it then merges into the slopes of rock débris, which reach quite high up the walls of the wādī. [361]
The little towns and villages lie, in the narrow wādīs, on these slopes of débris, while in the broad wādīs, as also in Ḥaḍramaut Proper, the towns and villages are built in front of the débris.

Kōr Sēbān is the highest mountain of Ḥaḍramaut though its altitude is not more than 7088 feet. The summit is a gradual elevation, rising out of the high-lying plateau surrounding it. The eocene limestone strata are 1200 feet higher than the plateau, yet fairly horizontal, as is the case with Djebel Ghurēba, visible in the distance. Violent tectonic disturbances must have taken place here. A camel path leads upwards to the flat top of Kōr Sēbān, from where one has a fine view over the Wādī Ḥuwēre, which makes a deep cutting on the further side of Kōr Sēbān and lies quite 3000 feet lower than Wādī Ḥimem. Djebel Ghurēba, which is certainly not much lower than Kōr Sēbān, also appears to be separated from the latter range by a deep valley on its southern side. Djebel Baraka, two days' march distant, must be about the same height.

On one of the highest points of Kōr Sēbān there was 131
growing an *arab,* apparently a *dracaena,* with large clusters of reddish blossoms. The trunk had been mutilated by the removal of pieces of bark, and living boughs had also been hacked off. On the summit plateau there was seen for the first time a semi-

137 globular shrub, an *euphorbia* which is *not* succulent, but has a green bark. Although this plant had flowers and fruit, it had, at the moment, no leaves. It occurs frequently.

312 From the top of Kōr Sēbān there stretches westwards
104 a slightly-furrowed plateau, intersected by good camel paths, and where cisterns for catching rain-water, called *neqābas,* have been made. The *neqābas* are cellars cut out of the limestone rock, with a narrow, round opening, three feet in diameter, and a shaft which soon broadens out to an underground cavity nine to ten feet deep and fifteen to eighteen feet in diameter. The rain-water is led there by means of low dykes. The narrow opening prevents much evaporation, and the water in the cellar remains cool. In suitable places, where there is much traffic, one finds as many as six to ten *neqābas* close together. The water in them can remain there for quite three years, but the disadvantage is that it generally has a brackish taste. There are also often simple, small, square buildings close to the *neqābas,* with walls of natural stones, loosely put together, and with flat mud roofs. They are called *murabbaᶜas* and serve as shelter for travellers and their animals against the fierce sun by day and the cold wind by night. Moreover, one often finds ramparts and fortified observation posts close to the *neqābas,* recalling the many wars taking place in this barren and unpopulated land.

The *neqābas* make it possible to travel over the dry, stony plateaus. Were they not present one would have to follow the winding bed of boulders in the wādīs or else descend into them frequently and with difficulty to fetch water. Now one journeys from *neqāba* to *neqāba.* Occasionally one is found empty owing to the long-continued drought and that causes great disappointment, but one always comes upon another before long. The Bedouins of these districts generally know quite well what the condition of the different *neqābas* is and settle their route accordingly. The *neqābas* take the place of the *siqāyas* in the wādīs and in the mountains not of table

formation. They belong to the plateau called *djōl* (جول), 312
lying between the mountainous coast region and the great 104
depressions of inner Ḥaḍramaut.

6. THE DJŌL.

Our way now led over the *djōl* as far as Wādī Dōᶜan. The 133
djōl consists of vast table-lands of reddish-brown limestone, where flat-topped, horizontal mountains, the remains of old, still higher plateaus, stretch like long wings. The wādīs are cut deep into them. We also often descend into flat, basin-shaped, wide depressions, passing over the crumbling edges of the plateaus, and afterwards have to climb laboriously up again, towards the boulders at the edge of the opposite plateau, quite half an hour away. Wherever one looks one sees the same long, horizontal lines of the table-mountains, with everywhere the forked, precipitous incisions made by the wādīs. The plain is strewn with sharp fragments of limestone, dark-brown and black in colour, which ring like metal whenever the passer-by kicks pieces of them together with his foot. Vegetation is al- 136
most absent. Towards the edges of the plateaus, against which 137
clouds sometimes seem to break, there are a few shrubs of small, crooked, gnarled acacias. One finds no trace of animal life except a few lizards and sometimes a solitary bird. It is very warm on the *djōl* during the day, the sun scorches, and the wind is hot and dry. During the night this same wind is cold and penetrating, so that one wakes up and remains awake longing for the warmth of the sun hours before it rises; then an hour later it is torment again from the heat.

The endless monotony is the great enemy of the traveller 000
over the *djōl*. The light is fierce and is reflected a thousand times in the metallic shining stones. The narrow camel path winds like a smooth and shining ribbon through the unruffled and almost unchanging expanse. The stones have been pushed aside by the feet of the camels which, in the course of so many years, have passed that way. The limestone of the plateau

000 has been rubbed flat and polished by the pads of horny skin under the feet of Bedouins and camels. Every caravan in its turn follows the same, scarcely necessary windings.

The *neqābas* and *murabbaᶜas,* where we take our afternoon rest and where we are joined by the climbers from Kōr Sēbān, are called Bēn el-Djibāl, "between the mountains".

In the afternoon we continued our way over the watershed between deeply cut fissures to right and left, making great bends round table-mountains. From Neqābat el-Ghāṭ we saw the mountains of the southern coast for the last time. We made a short cut (*muqriba*), by clambering down along a deep wādī-bed, which, to our great surprise, appeared to be thickly overgrown with shrubs and small trees and where there was the smell of jasmine, which was growing wild. Our quarters for the night, el-Qumra, lay behind Qāret el-Mūle, the only mountain with a peak. Mautor and his comrades did not seem to find the place safe and sent men out to reconnoitre the surroundings, and, during the night, a sharper watch was kept.

147 Directly the sun went down we shivered in our thin clothes and hurried to put on something warm as soon as possible. Our Bedouins have nothing warm, not even blankets to cover them when asleep. They sit in the wind with the upper part of their bodies bare and it does not seem to hurt them. It is
533 true, they make a fire round which they sit until far into the night, telling their tales or singing their *dānā-ā-ā* improvisations. Their rough voices affect us disagreeably, their melodies, whose cadences are strange to our ear, are sombre and plaintive. They sing one somewhat cheerful song, to make men and animals go at a double-quick pace, and it is remarkable how long they can keep this up and what an encouraging effect the song has on the animals. Not only the camels, but also the donkeys, begin to trot and do not allow themselves to be caught up by the Bedouins, who follow singing and skipping.

000 The night was cold in el-Qumra; it was long next morning before energy returned to our stiffened limbs. A long march lay ahead, and one would suffer for starting late in the morn-

ing by having to toil along in the tormenting heat. There was 000
no need for hard climbing and descending, the way lay smoothly over gently sloping plateaus, allowing a view on low, flat table-mountains and not very deep wādīs. In the surrounding mountains we saw many horizontal lines, ancient plateaus or geological strata. Vegetation became scantier and scantier as we went further. We only passed by two small villages with an insignificant bit of cultivated ground, entirely dependent upon rain-water. At the first village, Dahma, we rested for the afternoon in a *murabbaʿa*. Here a few people from the village came to ask us for medicines. Kneeling beside the medicine- 164
chest in the burning sun, I tried to doctor the patients: eyes closed up tight by inflammation were cleansed with cotton-wool and boracic water, after which I used protargol, drop by drop; aspirin was given, in a cup of hot tea with lemon, for headaches and fever; festering wounds were cleaned and then bound up with Peruvian balsam; castor oil, worm-cakes and quinine were also dispensed more than once. The population as a whole gave an impression of health. Although they wash [515]
their bodies but seldom and smear them with *samn* and indigo, it is surprising how little one sees of itch and other skin troubles. The only malaria which occurs on the *djōl* is brought in from the lower-lying districts.

The Bedouins are mostly small and slightly built, but they 147
have great powers of endurance and do not give the impres- 262
sion of being underfed. The boys who belonged to our caravan ran the whole day long, helped energetically morning and evening, and ate only two meals a day (some dates, rice and a piece of dried shark's meat, sometimes unleavened bread baked in hot ashes).

Dahma appears to consist of twenty or so small houses, the 361
lower parts of which are built of rough stones, and the upper parts of dried mud. A large, square tower, entirely built of stone, serves as a defence for the village and as the residence of its mayor. On the border of the village is a mud-built, communal threshing-floor; there are also ovens for baking meat,

361 that is to say, small piles of stones on which a fire is made till they are hot and on which meat can be roasted.

[164] The number of people in this village who seemed to be afflicted with blindness or with other diseases of the eye was startling. The cemetery, which lies outside the village, is large; rows of graves covered with little hillocks of stones give the impression of not yet being old. Dahma has, apparently, been decimated by an epidemic. The neatly cultivated fields lie awaiting the rain. Two date-palms as well as some *nibq* trees increase the parched and barren impression of the place.

000 Apparently we are over the watershed here and in the river-basin of Ḥaḍramaut Proper. The landscape looks dryer and emptier of vegetation. The *euphorbia* bushes have neither fruit nor blossom, and the few grasses are dried up. After passing Dahma we saw an artificial pond, at present dry, made at the cost of much labour, which is intended to hold the water after rain.

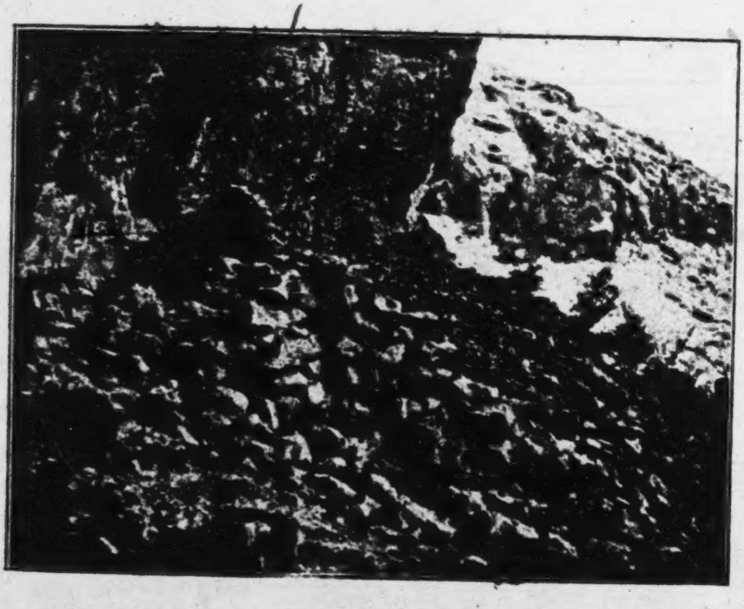
Half an hour after sunset we reached Bureyyira, our quarters for the night, situated close by a small village.

7. AN EXCURSION TO THE RUINS OF THE PEOPLE OF ʿĀD.

172 There were great things on the programme for May 14th.
173 We had often questioned our Bedouins about ruins and inscriptions, and they understood what we meant, for all of them knew about the remains of the towns and graves of the people of ʿĀd and Thamūd, the original inhabitants of the land, whom Allah had swept from the face of the earth, in punishment for
172 their many sins. The groups of ruins are actually situated more towards Ḥaḍramaut Proper, with their centre in the direction of the Yemen. Probably we were setting foot here on the borderland of Sabaean civilisation. Old Aḥmad, one of our Sĕbānī Bedouins, attracted by the promised reward, said that he had pondered well over it and remembered that there were inscriptions, painted by the people of ʿĀd, on a wall of rock in Wādī Thiqbe, not far to the north-east of our route, and that, besides

133

Trekking over the *djōl.*



172

The Dār ʿĀd, ruins dating probably from Sabaean times.

[facing p. 56]

this, there were the remains of the houses which these people 172 had inhabited in the days of the preaching of Hūd, the prophet of Allah. It was arranged for the caravan to go ahead as usual and for us to rise early and set out on a rapid excursion to the ʿĀd remains, without losing a day of the time on our schedule.

The night in Bureyyira seemed very cold, yet in the morning 060 the temperature was only 18° C. The night-wind and the great contrast with the heat of the day make one feel the cold very much. We set out at 5 o'clock under the leadership of Aḥmad and the protection of the soldier ʿUbēd. We went first by the road on donkeys for some hours and then, leaving the animals with their attendants behind us, we struck into a side-path that led over massive rocks to the source of Wādī Ghār. The wādī is very soon deeply hollowed out and we climb with difficulty high up along its steep wall, but luckily that does not last long, and we approach the wādī-bed. Occasionally our way is blocked by great, greyish-white boulders. All sorts of interesting plants grow against the wall of rock as, for example, *anisotes,* which is also to be found at el-Ḥisī. We followed the bed of this narrow, deep wādī for a long time, and our eyes were refreshed by the colour of many an acacia. After strenuous 153 climbing we reached the broader Wādī Thiqbe, where 312 we had to circumvent immense blocks of rock. The *sēls* must have formed waterfalls here by which deep basins have been hollowed out of the rock, which in several places still held some water, though rather thick and brown. Now that the sun is so high that its rays reach the bed of the wādī, the temperature rises very quickly, and the prolonged and hard exertion makes us very thirsty. The water-supply that we brought with us is soon exhausted, but these basins of brown water arouse aversion. There is some shadow given by a number of trees, among which are some large *nibqs,* and that is the spot where we rest. Aḥmad really knows the way well. He brings us to a deep pool, hidden from sight by rocks, which has straight walls and is quite full of brown water. Though we dare not 825

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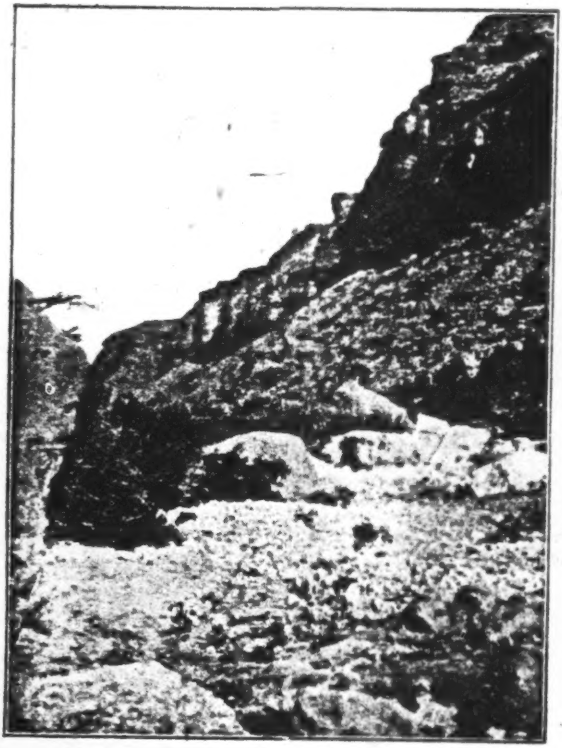

Wādī Thiqbe, close to Dār ʿĀd.

[facing p. 57]

825 drink it, we will, at least, swim in it! Our guide urgently advises against doing so: according to him, there are large snakes in the water. We do not see the dangerous reptiles and do not believe the story, but wish to treat with respect the superstitious awe with which the Bedouins have shown us this beautiful bit of nature, so we forego our bathe.

172 Not far from this place there rises a high rocky precipice which, more than has been the case hitherto, makes the wādī like a real cañon. The people of ʿĀd must have had their dwellings up there, where the perpendicular part begins. Some climbing along the steep rock débris at the foot brings us into the Dār ʿĀd, the region of ʿĀd. We see, clinging to the base of the partly overhanging wall of rock, the remains of very simple dwellings about ten feet long by six feet high. Holes in the rock-wall are, in places, closed up with stones, but in others are open. They go fairly deep into the wall, but, on examination, have nothing remarkable to show. They attain a height of about one foot. One can see also a row of small holes where the rafters of the roof were supported. There are drawings in red paint in several places higher up on the wall of rock, which look like alphabetic characters, and some can be recognised as Sabaean. They are only in a state of preservation in such places where neither sun nor rain can touch them.

The copies which we made were deciphered by Professor Mordtmann of Berlin, who found that these inscriptions consisted exclusively of proper names.

The houses can be identified over a space of about 450 feet. The walls which still stand are made of natural stones bound together by means of mud; they do not look very old and can well be of later date than the drawings.

000 The Dār ʿĀd lies just at the junction of Wādī Menwe with Wādī Thiqbe. We continue our climbing along the rock-wall of the former to the noon halting place of our caravan, by the Murabbaʿa Bā Khemīs, where we arrive an hour after midday.

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

8. APPROACHING WĀDĪ DŌᶜAN.

We notice that we are approaching the great ᶜ*aqaba* leading 484 to Wādī Dōᶜan; some long caravans with rice from Makalla 133 pass us, and about twenty villagers on donkeys, bound for Makalla, come towards us. We start off again at half past three, crossing the dry, high table-land, with a distant horizon vanishing into a blue mist, against which are outlined the low, far-stretching mountain plateaus — an extraordinarily monotonous, colourless and formless landscape. The next day, when we descend into Wādī Dōᶜan, we shall take leave of it for 000 a while. Thus it will be the last night of bivouac with our Sēbānī people.

At Ḥumḥār we camped behind the edge of a plateau, where there was some shelter from the wind. On the way, after some bargaining, our men have bought a sheep. The prospect of the feast reduces them to such confusion of mind that they unload the camels some distance from us. We notice this too late, but try to insist that they shall reload them; however, we have finally to content ourselves with the promise that they will carry to our camping place the pieces of luggage that we need. They let us wait: the sheep is killed and made ready and they all go out to collect the firewood and it almost seems as if they will take no further trouble about us. To avoid this, Ṣāliḥ and the soldiers carry all the Bedouins' food away to the spot where we have established ourselves. We wait in suspense to see what will happen! The Sēbānīs return from all directions, throw their wood in a great pile and light a fire, which is to heat the stones upon which the meat will shortly be roasted. Meanwhile, when they want to prepare the dough for the bread, they discover that all the food has disappeared. The merry excitement abruptly ceases, and, after a moment of amazement, indignation bursts forth in effervescence. Mautor approaches us with two companions to demand the return of their food supplies. They speak first with our soldiers and with Ṣāliḥ, who treat them to a torrent of reproaches, but

DOO who are in their hearts afraid that the power of the Bedouins may turn against them. The messengers return to their comrades: Mautor apparently defends our attitude, anyhow, he is attacked from all sides. After a while he comes back with the ḥādjdjī. They come straight up to me and lay heir rifles at my feet with the words: "We surrender to you. Pronounce judgment upon us!" They then withdraw and sit waiting. I let them wait a little and then talk to Mautor, once more pointing out his short-comings. Both sides are relieved when the leaders have their rifles again, peace is restored and the bags of flour, rice and dates are taken back, and the feast can begin.

After the night in Ḥumḥār there follows a journey of hours over brownish-yellow, stone-strewn, high table-lands. We can see all around us for a distance of many days' march, endless brown fields of stone and an almost flat horizon. There is nothing of the great Wādī Dōʿan to be seen. We do not understand, but advance along the narrow path winding through the stony expanse of country. Struck silent, the caravan moves steadily forward. It is nearly twelve o'clock when we reach the long-expected *ʿaqaba* (steep ascent or descent) leading to the wādī.

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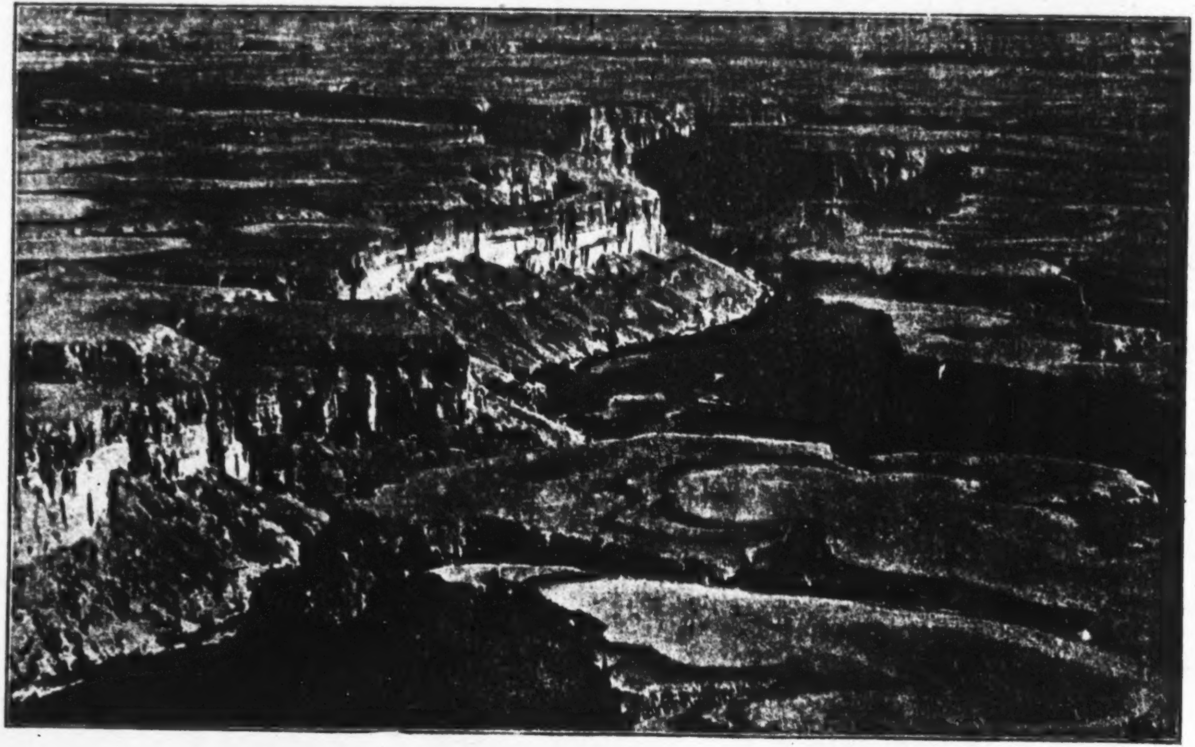
[facing p 60]



The stupendous, perpendicular depression of Wādī Dō'an.

See page 6

CHAPTER IV.

WĀDĪ DŌᶜAN.

1. THE DESCENT.

The stupendous, precipitous depression of Wādī Dōᶜan can 133 only be seen when close at hand, for the high table-land continues unchanged on the further side. The walls have a sheer drop of more than 900 feet to where the bottom of the valley is pressed in between the slopes of débris, at the base of the rocks. We approach a little breach in the wall through which 000 it has been possible to make the camel path. Sayyid ᶜAluwī without pausing goes on ahead with the advance guard, longing as one does, after wearisome travel, to enter again the civilized life of a town.

For the time being we remain up above to take bearings and photographs. Where the descent of the rock path begins there is a fortified tower of solid stone.[1] We see a similar one on the other side at the edge of the ravine. There are continuous military posts which watch over the safety of the rich wādī below. We cautiously approach the overhanging, crumbling edge and gaze down below, full of awe. We see around us endless, grey-brown fields of stone, plantless and odourless, opposite us exactly the same as far as the eye can reach, and immediately at our feet glittering, yellow walls of rock, and then, down below in the depth, a marvel of colour and charm. The sun shines right into the wādī, where no life or movement are to be seen. Between patches of gay yellowish-green, formed by the fields of *dhura,* maize and lucerne, lies unruffled the broad, shining, grey-green strip of date-groves. Through it there winds a snow-white ribbon, the sandy bed of the *sēl.*

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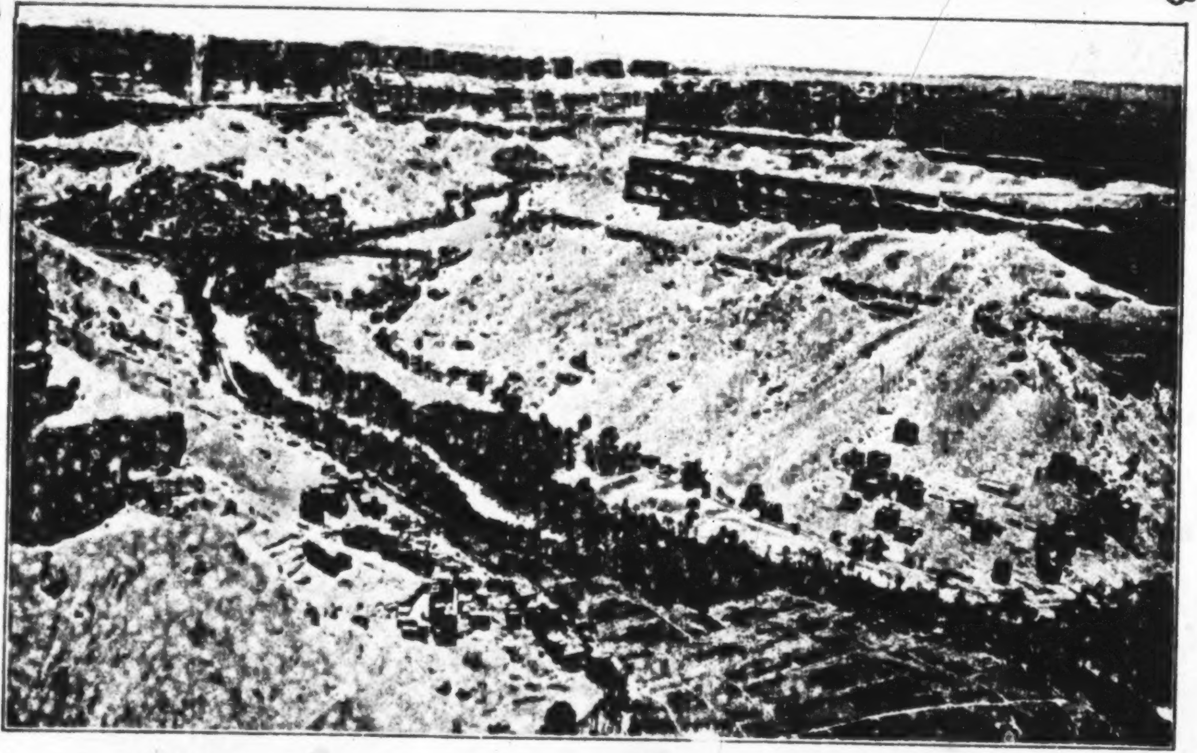
[1] Here called *kūt* (كوت), plur. *akwāt,* a word of Persian origin. 104

[facing p. 61]



Wādī Dō'an. A green river of date-palms and the snow-white ribbon of the sēl-bed.

361 Small towns, little more than groups of tall mud houses, of the same brown colour as the ground beneath them, stand close up against the steep slopes of rock débris. No sound from below rises to us, no trace of life can be espied; Wădī Dōʿan lies there between its high rocky banks, safely shut off from the world, like an unreal, forgotten bit of paradise waiting for the Day of Judgment. This is the reward
000 of weary travellers in the desert. We are filled with joy. We stand, lost in admiration, on the borders of our "land of promise". We have not dared, nor been able, to think of it as being so beautiful. And this is not yet Ḥaḍramaut Proper, although it is, in fact, its outer gateway. Alone we stand on the border of the precipice and silently work our cameras. In spite of the heat, we cannot tear ourselves away from the spell cast by this valley full of fertility and beauty, in the midst of an endless desert of barren rock and stone.

484 Meanwhile the camels have arrived at the *ʿaqaba* and have been unloaded. The beasts must be thoroughly rested before the difficult descent can be risked. Seen from above, it looks impossible for animals, whose feet seem to have been created for the plains, to be able to climb down, especially when burdened with heavy loads. Nevertheless, the Sēbān Bedouins know their high table-lands and *ʿaqabas* and the capacity of their camels. It is not often that a camel has an accident on an *ʿaqaba*. The animals are now divided into groups of three with a Bedouin in front. They seem to know what awaits them, for the plaintive, anxious, guttural sounds continue without stopping. Many cries and, finally, many scoldings from the leader are required to induce them to move. Traffic between Makalla and Ḥaḍramaut passes for a great part over this *ʿaqaba*. There are other ways and there is also a direct route from Shibām, but it is easy to see on this path that the feet of thousands and thousands of camels have helped to polish the rock. When the path becomes very narrow and steep and the camels hesitate, the leader speaks words of encouragement to them: their singsong cries of warning and of cheer echo con-

tinually along the wall of rock. They move slowly and very 484 cautiously, and the whole caravan reaches the bottom of the wādī without mishap.

The advance guard with the donkeys has long since arrived. 000 A crowd of boys stands waiting for us, and in the background, in the shadow of the date-palms, there are a number of women, who do not wish to let slip this chance of seeing Naṣrānīs. The Governor, Bā Ṣurra, has sent a few soldiers to show us the way to his castle. They look like Yemenīs and, indeed, come from the western highlands. The villages and towns are 361 situated close up against the slopes of débris above the cultivated fields. The houses are high and well built, often against steep inclines. Only a few of the rich have allowed themselves the luxury of a whitewashed top storey. The path winds through date-groves to the *maṣnaʿa,* the castle of the *Dōla* (Government). The date-palms are strong, fine trees; 245 heavy clusters of yellow and red dates hang downwards from their crowns. Each tree is surrounded by a mud wall, so that, when the *sēl* comes, the roots are not washed bare, and a considerable amount of water is kept inside the little wall. Even in the deeply shaded plantations our feet sink in a thick layer of dust as fine as powder, for there has been no *sēl* for a long time.

2. BĀ ṢURRA, THE GOVERNOR OF WĀDĪ DŌʿAN.

The path leads steeply upwards through the village of 342 el-Maṣnaʿa to the castle, which stands on the top of a rock high above all the other houses. It looks like a great mediaeval fortress with corner-towers, heavy triple gates, with stables, soldiers' quarters, halls and living-rooms. The stout wooden gates are magnificently carved, and decorated with metal plates and nail-heads. The first gate is opened by a guard of soldiers. We pass through a passage to the second gate, and then through a stable, past some calves, to the third. Then we are led through a hall, full of soldiers, to a narrower one, really

348 [623] a passage, opening onto roof-terraces where, at this time of the day, one is conscious of a breeze. The old blind Bā Ṣurra sits there surrounded by his counsellors and the chiefs of the allied Bedouin tribes. Bā Ṣurra rises with difficulty and gropes his way forward in order to greet us. He is a stately figure with a long, white beard, and his mind is still active and
574 his voice clear. We are very tired and warm, and gratefully
264 enjoy the small cups of bitter coffee and the endless glasses of hot, sweet tea which succeed them. The young slave, who makes the tea in a samovar, asks whether we wish for Ceylon or Java tea. Lumps are broken off a sugar loaf with iron pincers and are dropped into the glasses. Afterwards we are offered dates and tinned pine-apple. Bā Ṣurra gives us the choice between lodging in the castle or in a house in the town. We decide upon the latter and go there in procession, accompanied by soldiers and by grandsons and grand-nephews of the *Ḥākim.*[1]

342 The house is five storeys high and stands at the edge of the village of ʿŌra, and from our roof we look down upon the crowns of date-palms. Our quarters are uninhabited and clean; Bā Ṣurra has had carpets laid in the room, which we share with
000 Sayyid ʿAluwī. All our hangers-on follow us upstairs and remain to watch and see what wonderful things emerge from our luggage. The fine, clever-looking descendants of the Governor put many questions to us and tell us much, and seem to be quite comfortable in the packed and stuffily hot room. It is with difficulty that we get rid of the crowd. The boys help in this, but, having accomplished it, do not dream of taking their own departure! They only stroll off at last under the promise that they may return in a couple of hours' time.

After the lapse of an hour three little boys come and will not be denied; they have an urgent message for us, they say, and with self-assurance they relate that their father has the

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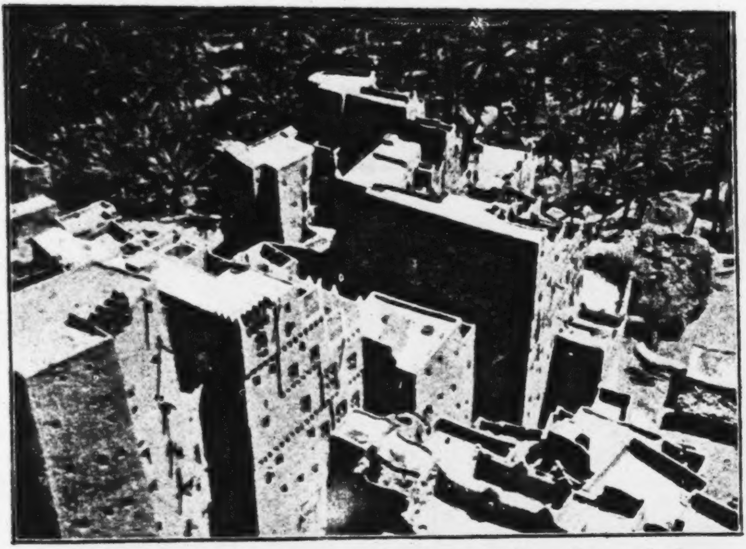
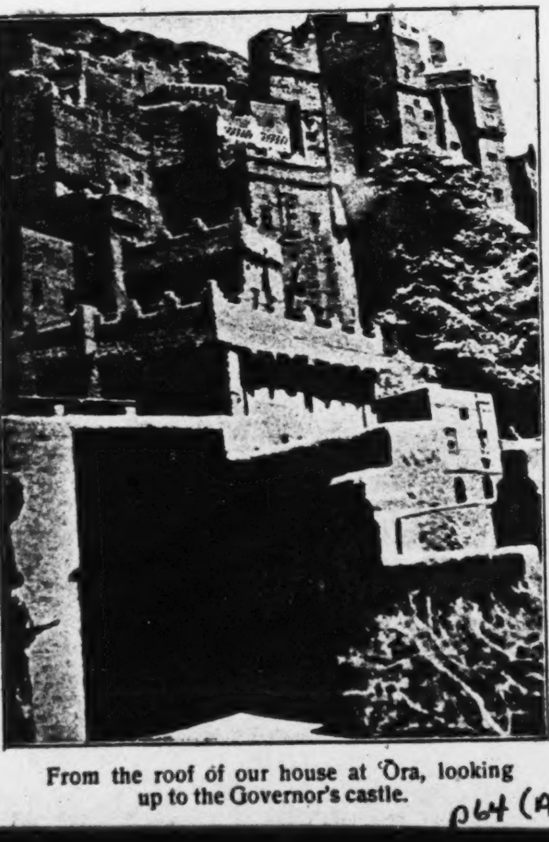
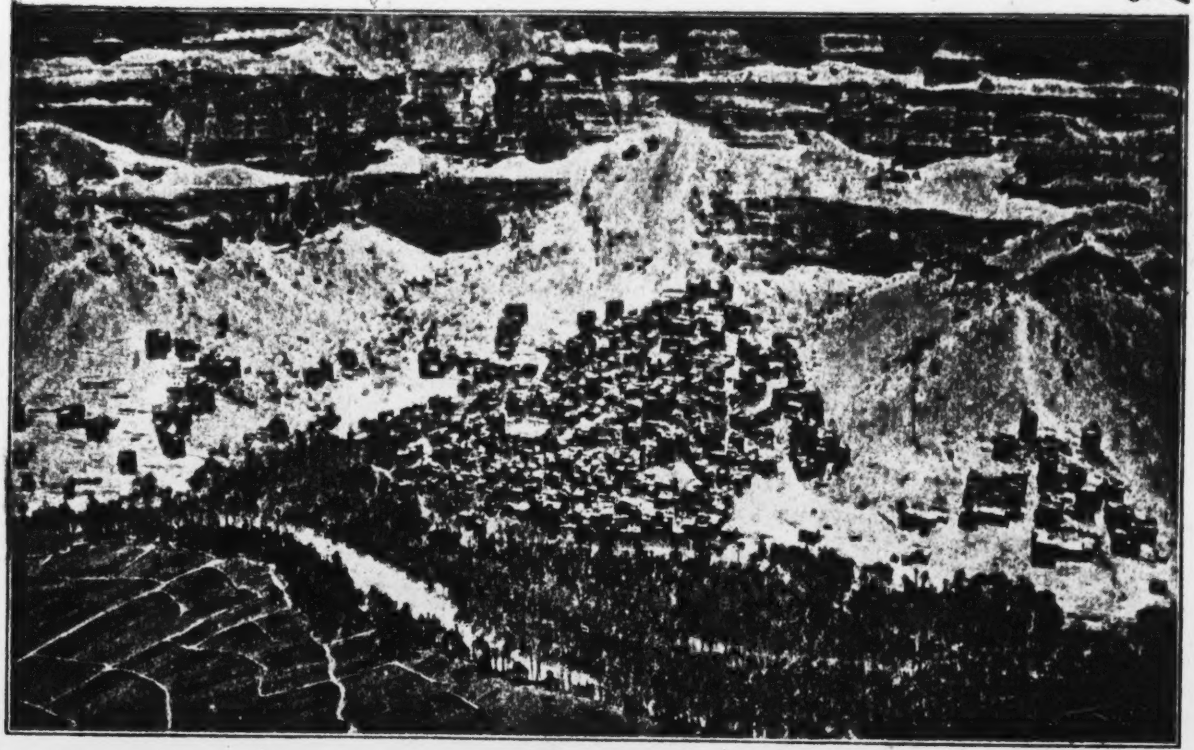
104 [1] *Ḥākim* (حاكم), governor, magistrate.



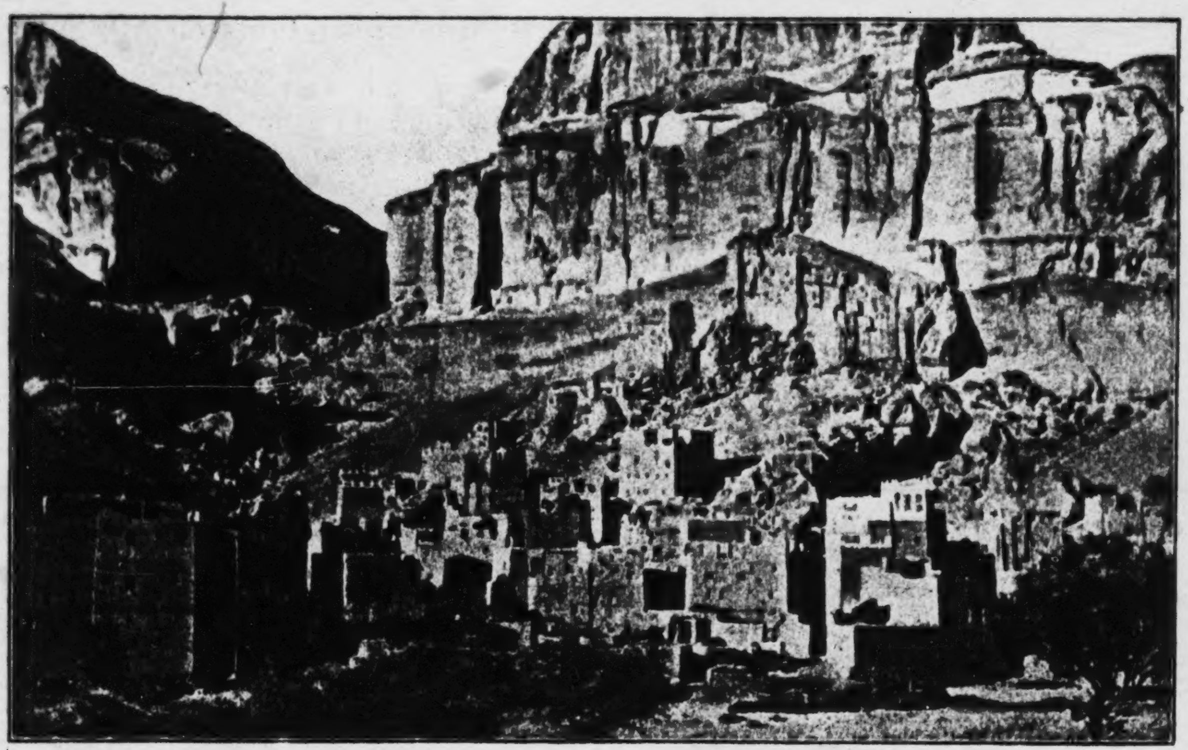
‘Ōra the village where we stayed, seen from the roof of Bā Ṣurra's castle.



From the roof of our house at ‘Ōra, looking up to the Governor's castle.



Khurēba, the principal town of Wādī Dō'an.



The Maṣnaʿa of Bā Ṣurra, standing like a mediaeval castle high up against the rock-wall.

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See page 63.

p64(c)

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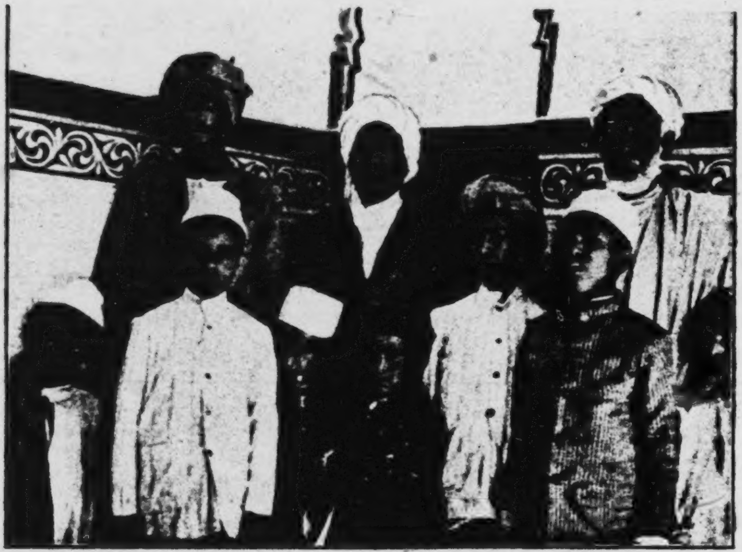

Sayyid el-Bārr with some of his children and servants.

137

Sun and shade in the palm-groves of
Wādī Dōʿan.

p 64 (D)

finest house in all Wādī Dōʿan and that we must come and ODD see it without fail. They were born in Addis Abeba of Abyssinian mothers; there, by trading in skins, their father had made the money with which he had built his house. The boys refused to be sent away until they had extracted a promise that we would come on the morrow.

3. THE DAYS SPENT IN WĀDĪ DŌʿAN.

The nights in Wādī Dōʿan are said to be cool; 34.2° C. 136 is certainly not cold, but the atmosphere is dry and we can 132 all sleep on the roof though mosquito-nets are necessary. The bathrooms and lavatories in the houses make good breeding-places for insects. Flies also, during the day-time, are more numerous than we could wish.

On the following morning, May 16th, Bā Şurra sends us 262 a real Arabian breakfast: a heavy bunch of fine dates in a basket, a tin entirely filled with honey in the comb, the famous [431] honey of this country and one of its few articles of export, further, pine-apple in water made in a Chinese fruit-preserving factory at Singapore and, in a flat basket, a pile of Ḥaḍramī bread, thick pancakes of flour, just baked and still warm from the fire. This bread is saltless and rather heavy, but has, a clean taste, but when cold it is as tough as leather. It tastes better and is more digestible than the bread which the Bedouins make, and bake in hot ashes. This latter is of the size and shape of a man's hand (thus about an inch thick) and is generally burnt outside and underbaked inside. It looks red or yellow according to the kind of *dhura* or *dukhn* of which it is made. After breakfast we go together to the 000 *maşnaʿa* to negotiate arrangements for our further journey and to collect, in the course of our talk, information about this region. Our Sēbānī people will remain here with their camels and donkeys, for we must take with us animals accustomed to go through the wide, level wādīs.

622 At the castle we found Bā Ṣurra again seated between two
623 sons, in the midst of his counsellors and the Bedouin chiefs;
162 there are also present some soldiers somewhat in the background, the grandsons and other offspring in our vicinity, and the slave who makes the tea.

The old *Ḥākim* and his family are photographed in a large group on the terrace close to the *madjlis*. Then begin long conversations in which our endless questions are patiently answered. Bā Ṣurra himself tells us that the whole of Wādī Dōᶜan and its tributary, Wādī el-Ēsar, are under his jurisdiction. In about fifty villages there are 20.000 inhabi-
871 tants. There are only two small schools, both of them founded and maintained by that remarkable sayyid of Terīm, Abū Bakr bin Shēkh el-Kāf. It is certainly extraordinary that this leading personage of the Āl Kathīr district should be the founder and supporter of most of the schools in the territory of el-Qeᶜēṭī. Many of the schools in Makalla and esh-Shiḥr are also due to el-Kāf's generosity. Khurēba, the old centre of Wādī Dōᶜan, has a school with seventy to eighty pupils, and the other is in Qēdūn, with from twenty to fifty pupils.

346 There are in Bā Ṣurra's province nearly 200 mosques, some
167 among them very fine ones, which are often the property of
556 rich sayyids and connected with their houses. The fortunes of these rich men are always made in foreign lands. Every district of Ḥaḍramaut has its own particular countries to which its people emigrate in swarms to make money; from Wādī Dōᶜan they go to Abyssinia, the coast towns of the Red Sea, and the coast of East Africa. Barely a hundred have gone out from here to Java, though from Wādī el-Ēsar, on the other hand, quite 500 have done so.

162 There are also 1500 Bedouins under Bā Ṣurra's jurisdiction,
622 among them the whole Sēbān tribe from the Qibla region (*i. e.* from the North). The chief of the Deyyin tribe, ᶜUthmān bin Muḥammad el-ᶜAmūdī, the ruler in Rēdet ed-Deyyin, is

much with Bā Ṣurra and is present now. The Deyyin are 162
said to be a wild and primitive tribe, but their chief makes 622
a congenial impression. We did not know at the time that we should pass through his territory on the return journey, otherwise we should have used this opportunity to make some arrangements in advance. The *Muqaddam*[1] of the Deyyin claimed to rule over 2500 Bedouins and maintained that to him who stood under his protection no harm from man could come, but only that which came from God.

The unbroken groves of palms in Wādī Dōʿan appear to 439
produce only enough dates for home consumption and for the use of the neighbouring Bedouins. The export of dates does not exist. Barely 400 to 500 camel-loads of honey are sent every year to the coast. There is much import trade, however, *e. g.*, in rice, sugar, flour, kerosene, coffee, tobacco, materials for clothing, etc. The trade balance is consequently rather unfavourable. The situation can, however, be maintained, thanks to the money earned abroad, much of which is sent into the country.

The rest of the morning we spent in sauntering through 342
the plantations of date-palms and the little villages which lie beside them, standing out against the sunny hill-side. When we passed by el-Qarrēn the young sons of Sayyid Muḥammad bin ʿAbdallāh bin Ṭāhā el-Bārr el-Munṣib dashed up to lead us in triumph to their father's house. It is, indeed, worth the trouble of a visit. Although it is new, the fine old style has been adhered to. The wood-carving on doors and windows and the ornamentation of tin-coated iron plates and nail-heads is true Ḥaḍramaut. The house is built of mud on a foundation of boulders bound with mud. The inhabited floors are whitewashed as are also the filagree, stone-work balustrades of the flat roofs and their corners and decorative borders. Built close to these rich houses there is nearly always a mosque with a minaret, both of them dazzlingly white. In such a case,

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[1] *Muqaddam* (مقدّم), the first, the chief, the leader. 104

342 passages connect the house with the lower portion as well
as with the flat roof of the mosque. In the hot season the
sunset and evening ritual prayers are always performed on the
roof, and the *ʿālim*[1] sits here in the evenings, teaching the
556 recitation of the Koran to a circle of lads. A sayyid who has
782 made his fortune abroad will first build a mosque in his native
771 village and afterwards a big house for himself. For does he
not owe the privileged position in his own country to religion,
and to Allah's help the riches that he has successfully amassed
in foreign lands? The abnormally large number of fine mosques
in the poor country of Ḥaḍramaut is the result.

353 As in the other houses, the passages and stairs in Sayyid el-Bârr's house are plastered with light-brown mud mixed with finely chopped straw. The floor is always ribbed in a design of waving lines imprinted into the mud whilst it is wet. There are wooden pillars in the large rooms as there are no strong supporting beams for the construction of the roofs, which are always made of the split trunks of date-palms. The fibrous, brown stem of the tree is often plastered over with mud or covered with a wattle-work made of the split ribs of the leaves of the date-palm. Rust-red, black or white are the tasteful colours used in such wattle-work and, indeed, also on the layer of mud.

353 One usually enters the *madjlis* or reception-room by a door
352 in the middle of the shortest wall. On either side of the
door there are great wooden chests, in which the sleeping-mattresses and pillows are hidden away during the day-time. These heavy, finely carved chests, decorated with tin-plated iron, are frequently the only ornament of the room. The window openings are small and close to the ground. In the houses of the rich, the wooden shutters and framework of the windows are carved. The floors are covered with simple mats of plaited palm-leaves over which the rich people lay carpets.

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104 [1] *ʿĀlim* (عالم), a learned man, in this case, a man who thoroughly knows the religion.

Against the walls there are cushions on which to recline. The 353
ugly modernity of mirrors fixed into the ceiling has been introduced 352
into el-Bārr's house. Also, the old Ḥaḍramī colours of rust-red, black and white, which harmonize so well with the brown wood and with the lighter brown mud, have had some ugly new ones added to them.

In order to give pleasure to the family we take some more 567
photographs of grown-ups and children. The household slaves and their jet-black children are with us in the *madjlis*; they serve round coffee and tea and many sweets, and talk with us, but nevertheless remain modestly in the background.

One can see from the many negro types in the streets and plantations that there are a great many slaves in Wādī Dōʿan. They are employed for work on the land and as domestic servants.

In the afternoon we did what we could to treat a great 000
number of patients, who came to us to ask for medicines or to have wounds and ulcers attended to. We could do little, however; and what, in any case, is the use of but one treatment?
In all Ḥaḍramaut and its surroundings there is only one 759
doctor with a western training. It is again the progressive Sayyid Abū Bakr el-Kāf who has got this young Indian doctor to come here; but his work lies in far-away Terīm. The rich go sometimes to Aden to consult a doctor, and the Mission Hospital at Shēkh ʿUthmān near Aden is also known to a few.

Towards evening I stroll with Sayyid ʿAluwī to Qāret Āl 834
el-Miḥḍār, half an hour distant, where lives Sayyid Muṣṭafā 609
bin Aḥmad el-Miḥḍār, to whom we have a letter from the 595
Vizier at Makalla. Our reception is particularly friendly. The old sayyid has seen something of the world, and he compares life in Wādī Dōʿan to sleep, which is something like death. I am urged to talk constantly and the atmosphere grows so friendly that he takes me with him to his other and larger house and shows me all over it, having first, with his own hands, shut in his young wives behind bolted doors and hung the keys on his belt. The wives take their revenge by having a good look at the stranger from the flat roof

000 a good look at the stranger from the flat roof! The roomy, high and well-lighted kitchen is a sign that this house has many inhabitants. Dinner is served on a roof-terrace, after the sayyid and the male members of his household have returned from the *ṣalāt el-ᶜishāʾ* [1] in his own adjacent mosque. The son of the Vizier at Makalla is sent for by his old uncle. We have also a letter for him and he, after having read it, invites us to be his guests on the following day. We accept for breakfast, after which we must go on to our next stopping place, Ṣīf.

Whilst I was making these visits, Von Wissmann had made an excursion via Khurēba, to climb the *ᶜaqaba* which is opposite the spot where we had descended.

361
103 Khurēba is a little town with a small, narrow bazaar-street and four large, and twenty small mosques. It is the largest and, probably, also the oldest town of Wādī Dōᶜan. As the meaning of Khurēba is "ruins", some geographers [2] have assumed that the original site of the town of Dōᶜan, after which the whole wādī must surely have been named, lay here. We find mention of this town as early as Ptolemy; Pliny speaks of the Toani. [3] The heretical Ibāḍites had their centre here and it is certain that the town was destroyed when they were exterminated.

701 The way by the western *ᶜaqaba* leads to Wādī ᶜAmd. Two fortified towers guard this entrance to Wādī Dōᶜan. These towers are always manned by guards of Yāfiᶜ soldiers as the wādī at this point borders on land outside the Qeᶜēṭī domain.

000 On May 17th our day begins early. We take leave of our Sēbānī Bedouins and of Mautor, who takes with him a bag of letters for Makalla. The baggage must be got ready, to go ahead by camel to Ṣīf. Afterwards, in the *maṣnaᶜa*, we bid

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104 [1] The late evening ritual prayer.

[2] Cf. M. J. de Goeje, *Hadramaut*, *Revue Coloniale Internationale*, II. (1886), p. 106.

[3] Cf. A. Sprenger, *Die alte Geographie Arabiens*, Bern, 1875, p. 163.

farewell to Bā Şurra, his sons and grandsons, and then we 000
start off again on donkeys through the glorious groves of date-palms to Huwēbiya, three quarters of an hour distant, where the Vizier of Makalla has estates, now managed by his son Sālim.

We ride most of the way on the tops of the mud dykes 312
which lie alongside of the irrigation canals. The palm-groves are intersected by many deep channels which distribute the water from the *sēl* over the land under cultivation, and whose high, though narrow, mud dykes are made to protect the plantations from damage by the swiftly flowing water. The actual *sēl*-bed is dammed, here and there, between barrages of piled-up boulders.

The Vizier has a fine house, well situated close to the 000
green wādī. The cream-coloured mosque near by it has a minaret, which is a beautiful bit of Ḥaḍramī architecture.

The old Sayyid Muṣṭafā puts in his appearance soon after, 609
and there is also a Ḥaḍramī who has done well as a merchant in Djedda. Conversation turns on the World-War and the events resulting from it. One feels them, as always, groping for the weak spot in the West, for the seed of destruction in the wordly and spiritual power which dominates and enslaves the lands of Islam. It comes out clearly how positively our listeners count upon a vigorous recovery of Germany, who will revenge herself for defeat in a new world war which will put an end for good to the dominating position of the whole West. They are all aflame for war from so-called pure sympathy for Germany or antipathy for Albion. It is difficult, not only to run directly counter to that kind of anticipation of the future, but also to bring forward some arguments for the love of peace and of mankind, transcending differences in religion, in such a way that, at least, they will not be immediately forgotten again.

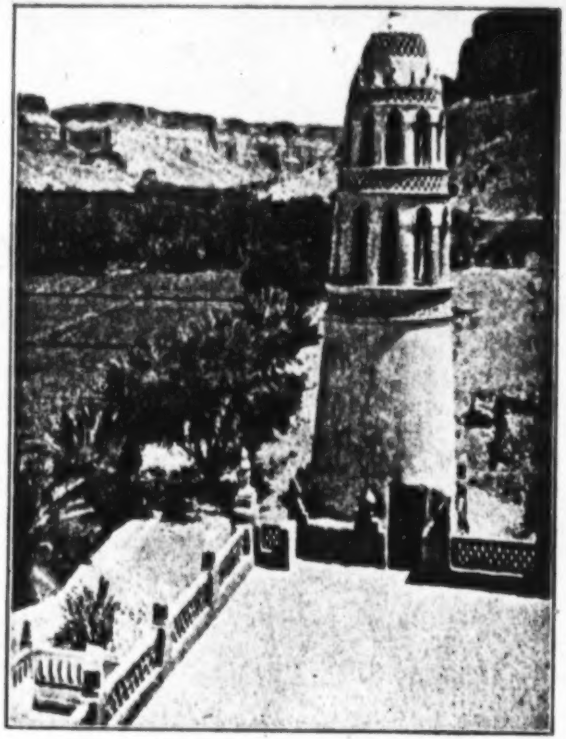
After a breakfast of hot bread-cakes, *samn* mixed with 262
honey, poached eggs with onions, tinned pine-apple and pears, the conversation is taken up again with renewed vigour. We 000

060 are not allowed to leave like this; we have also to accept the invitation for the midday meal. Our hosts see that we are tired and they themselves suggest that we shall lie down and have a sleep. After the midday meal we are also able to rest a little and then we part as the best of friends, in spite of the great differences in our views of life and anticipations for the future, which have come so clearly to light.

[facing p 72]

The authors as the guests of Sayyid Muṣṭafā bin Aḥmad Āl el-Miḥḍār.

291



The mosque of the Āl el-Miḥḍār in Huwēbiya, Wādī Dōʿan.

346

See pages 69 and 71.

CHAPTER V.

THROUGH THE WĀDĪ TO ḤAḌRAMAUT PROPER.

1. ṢĪF THE INHOSPITABLE.

It is warm, — 39.5° C. — even in the shadow of the date-palms through which our way now leads for hours to come. 245 262 We go on in the direction of Ṣīf, alternately up over the dyke and through the dried-up bed of the irrigation canal. Finally vegetation grows less and less and so does the number of villages on the slopes of rock débris. As time goes on one sees in place of date-palms more and more *nibq* trees. Their thorny branches are dragged in bundles to the date plantations, where they are bound to the trunks of the trees below the bunches of fruit, so that it is very difficult to get at the ripening fruit. In order to protect the dates, now becoming soft, against birds and other animals, bags made of plaited palm-leaves are pulled over the large clusters of fruit and then tied round their quite long and strong stems. On our way we meet donkeys laden with these bags, and also men and boys dragging after them bundles of branches of the *nibq* tree. The date-palms are excellently cared for. The dry leaves are cut away close to the trunk, and the clusters of fruit hang almost immediately underneath the crown of leaves. The date harvest is the great, happy event of the wādī. The fortunate possessors of date-trees drop down into the plantations from the *djōls* and side-wādīs. Those who are earning their living out of the country try to return home in time for the date harvest, and they all postpone their departure abroad until it is over. Yet this is more an affair of reverence and tradition than of economic importance. The local date is of no consequence as an article of commerce,

p.73

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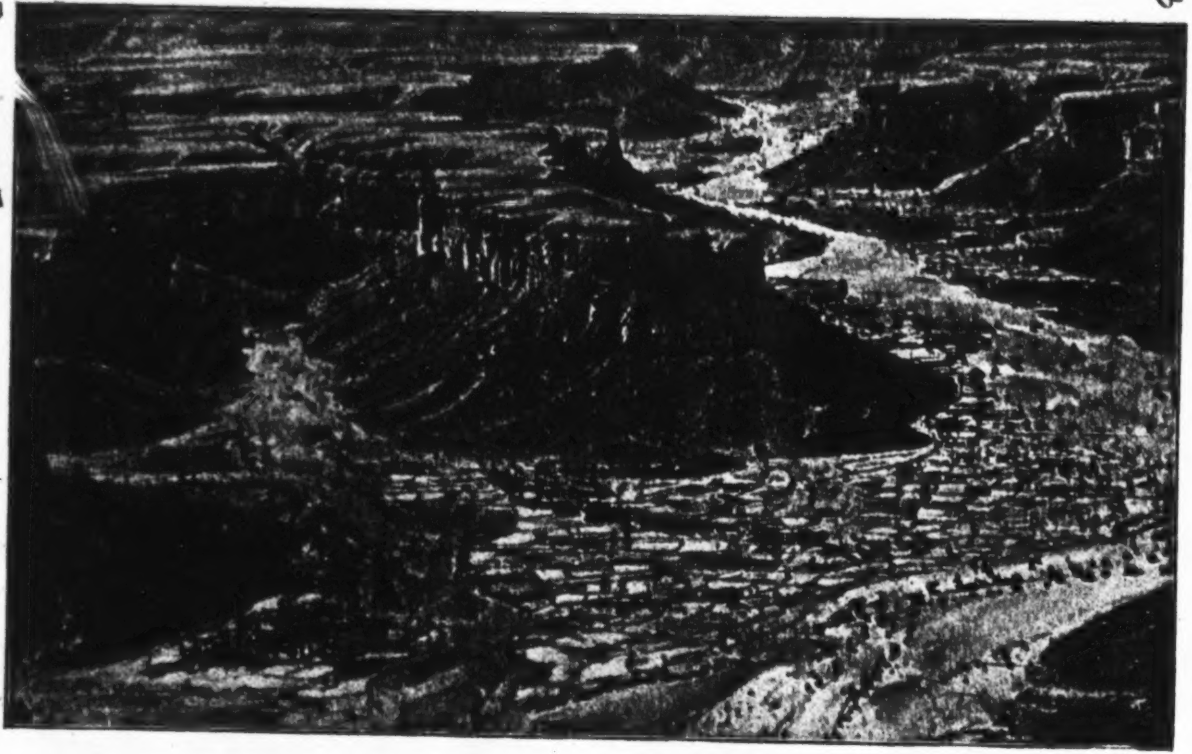
[facing p 73]



Wādī el-Ēsar debouching into Wādī Dōʿan near Ṣīf.

See page 77

245 and is only important as part of the food supply of the common
262 people. The slave and the Bedouin consider the Dōᶜan date as the really good one; the imported one, from Baṣra, they regard as inferior. The sayyids and notabilities who have made money abroad do not set much value on the date as an article of daily food. They keep on their date-groves in order to have a summer pavilion and a swimming-bath and to enjoy the shadow, the twittering of birds, and the old, familiar squeaking and creaking of the wooden wheels over which run the ropes drawing the water for irrigation from the wells to the surface. The family domestic staff and slaves with their wives and children find work in the date-groves, where they earn the food from which they chiefly subsist. The date plantations of the rich in this country are under present conditions no longer a source of income.

245 The fields which are dependent on the *sēl* go on beyond
241 the tract where the date-palms come to an end. They lie, well tilled, waiting for the rains higher up. Sometimes there is only one *sēl* in the year, but if it is a good one, its supply of water suffices for a successful harvest of dates. In the open spaces between the dates *dhura* is grown in summer, and *burr* [1] in winter. Most of the *sēls* occur in autumn.

There are fortunately plenty of *siqāyas*, on the way to Ṣīf; it is true, the water is not always clear or odourless, but we are so tormented by thirst that we pay no attention to that.

Already long before Ṣīf cultivation ceases in the broad bed of the wādī, and our narrow path winds over bare stones.

361 Towards sunset we see Ṣīf lying on a broad slope of rock débris just where the wādī is very wide and the rocky bank is broken and retreats. The little, walled-in village looks rather poverty-stricken; the houses are not high, and only a few of their inhabitants appear to be well enough off to allow of their dwelling-floors being whitewashed, and of having a gay border to the balustrades of the roof-terraces.

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104 [1] *Burr* (بُر), *triticum vulgare* Vill., cf. Schweinfurth, *op. cit.*, p. 172, 175.

We approach the dead little place, stumbling over the boulders. 600 We have been spoiled in the days that lie behind us by being received as esteemed and welcome guests by the authorities and persons of note. Nevertheless, we are here still under the protection of the Qeʿēṭī régime, and the great Bā Ṣurra has given us a letter of introduction to the *Ḥākim* of Ṣīf. It is true that the Miḥḍār family have warned us that the Governor of Ṣīf is a poor man, well versed in religious lore, but ignorant and incompetent in matters of worldly administration. The people are fanatical and poor. But we count upon the Governor's willingness to allot us a roof-terrace for the night, and we ask no more, for we wish to start again as early as possible on the morrow.

Ṣīf looks unfriendly, plantless and colourless, and the inhabitants 609 stare in a hostile way at our little party as it passes through the narrow, dirty, small streets. The guard leads us to a low stable, and after having passed the inner courtyard, where cows are standing, we climb up to the roof by a narrow staircase. Tall, miserable-looking houses surround us, which shut out all refreshing breezes, and also from all the little window openings and from the flat roofs we are spied upon. Tom, Dick and Harry swarm into our stable and climb up to our roof so that before long we are in the midst of a crowd. The soldiers, all from the Yāfiʿ tribe, who receive us in the name of the absent governor are very friendly and beg us to make shift with the little that they can offer us. They even bring a lamb and a kid, between which we are to choose our supper. The soldiers enjoy this variation in the monotony of their lives, and they are so friendly that we acquiesce in the inevitable and fix up our night-quarters on the stable-roof. We do not see any of the notabilities of the town; apparently they will have no dealings with the *Naṣārā* (Christians). The street-arabs and the youths of the place show all the more interest. With the help of the soldiers and a great deal of bad language, we manage to clear some space on our roof and to put up our camp beds. A group of Malay speaking inhabitants

609 is announced. They have outgrown the fanaticism of the people of Ṣīf through their residence in Java and know and value the Netherlands' Government and, whispering, agree that our reception here is not a fitting one. The *Ḥākim* is poor and has no authority; through his pretended absence he has escaped the duty of offering us hospitality.

522 We make our notes and do other necessary work in the midst of all kinds of commotion. The Ṣīf soldiers sit with our following till long after midnight, enjoying the roast kid and boiled rice, whilst with their harsh voices they exchange all manner of anecdotes and news.

609 Von Wrede's attempt to penetrate into Ḥaḍramaut came to grief in this gloomy Ṣīf. He had the misfortune to arrive just one day before the *ziyāra*[1] to the grave of Shēkh Aḥmad bin ʿĪsā el-ʿAmūdī. Thousands of Bedouins were gathered there, who saw in him an *Efrendjī*, a spy of the English in Aden, and he narrowly escaped death. Ill-treated, robbed of his money and possessions, he was obliged to quit Ṣīf and return to the coast.[2]

Hirsch passed Ṣīf without difficulty[3]; the Bents, however, had to threaten with the power of the Queen of England. They speak of the inhabitants of Ṣīf as "a most unhealthy, diseased-looking lot".[4]

000 The night's rest at Ṣīf was of short duration, for at four o'clock the Governor, who is at the same time the *muʾadhdhin*[5], comes to call our Sayyid ʿAluwī to the *ṣalāt*. We immediately begin asking for information about animals for riding and transport. The answer consists of fine promises, but long after

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104 [1] *Ziyāra* (زيارة), visit; here the yearly visit on the date fixed for that pilgrimage, when tribal wars stop for some time, and a fair is held close to the saint's tomb.

[2] A. von Wrede, *op. cit.*, p. 254—258.

[3] L. Hirsch, *op. cit.*, p. 154 *sqq.*

[4] Bent, *op. cit.*, p. 94 *sqq.*

104 [5] *Muʾadhdhin* (مؤذن), the man who calls out the *ʾadhān*, the invitation to prayer at the beginning of the five times fixed for the obligatory ritual prayers.

000

the sun has risen no animals have appeared. It is no longer endurable on our roof, which is without any shelter against the heat of the sun. We stand for hours by our baggage, waiting. Our spirits sink. What shall we do, if animals for riding and saddles are not soon provided here? We cannot remain in this town, with unmannerly street-boys and lazy soldiers crowding round us. When at last the governor shows himself again he is treated to a torrent of reproaches. We send the soldiers themselves out to arrange matters and so, at last, albeit much too late, shake the dust of Ṣīf from off our feet with a sigh of relief. Two extra soldiers accompany us, after we have obstinately refused to accept more. These two soldiers, paid by the Qeᶜēṭī Government, are mercenaries from Yāfiᶜ in the hinterland of Aden. Ṣīf appears to be unhealthy, the soldiers look pale and ill. Further, there is nothing to be earned in that poor little place, and their pay does not suffice to feed them properly. Both soldiers ask to be taken into service and to go abroad with us. One of them had served in the Arab regiment of the *Niẓām* of Hyderabad and knew Hindustānī.

2. A TIRESOME WALK FROM ṢĪF TO HADJARĒN.

The bed of the wādī near Ṣīf is wide; the walls are not so steep as at Dōᶜan, and, consequently, the slopes of rock débris look higher and broader. There are some cultivated fields in the wādī, but no more date-palms. Our path winds over extensive fields strewn with round boulders to the other side of the wādī. Walking is easier as soon as we reach that part of the wādī where the soil is chiefly loess. The path is covered with a thick layer of dust, as fine as powder, which is soft to our painful feet, but, on the other hand, the dust which whirls up makes our thirst worse. Up hill and down dale we go in the loess and our gaze searches for the familiar white, cupola-shaped little roofs of the *siqāyas* which, fortunately, are not lacking here. Vegetation is scanty; only a few

000 *nibq* trees are scattered over the wādī. Shepherdesses with their little herds of goats seek shelter in their shadow from the heat of the sun. Sometimes we see them, with long sticks, busily hitting off the leaves, which the goats eagerly nibble.

After a march of quite two hours, two irreproachably dressed sayyids approach us, messengers for Sayyid ᶜAluwī el-ᶜAṭṭās, who is of our party, to inform him that his relations in the valley of Ḥaḍramaut had heard of our coming arrival, but had expected us to be already further on our way, and that Sayyid Abū Bakr el-Kāf of Terīm has sent two cars for us in the direction of Ḥurēḍa, the town of the ᶜAṭṭās family, as they expected this to be our first goal. We now go on with fresh courage. We cross the wādī again to the left bank, the side on which Ṣīf lies. Our Yāfiᶜ soldiers insist that it is not safe here, and they beg us to wait for the camels and then proceed further in company. It is very hot, 39° C. in the shade, and the mountain against whose slopes Hadjarēn is built is still not in sight. In silence we trudge on over the hillocks of loess, which are higher than those we have passed. The rain-water has washed many channels into them. At last Djebel Hadjarēn, with its peculiar, sharp-edged, flat ridge comes into sight, and in a shimmering haze lie the palm-groves, like a green ribbon, at its foot. We push on now with fresh determination, in spite of the oppressive heat and the exhaustion of our animals. We think we are already there when we reach the edge of the cultivated land, but there is still a good distance to be covered, and walking through the dry irrigation canal is exceedingly hot and close.

271 At the first houses we ask for a cool drink; a porous earthenware bowl is handed to us, which we pass round and lift to our mouths with both hands, enjoying its cold contents
000 in long, greedy draughts. For a long time the way lies on top of the dyke, and then again through the dry irrigation canal. The donkeys can barely keep going any longer and we dismount. One of our Yāfiᶜ soldiers takes my beast by the bridle and leads it along in our rear-guard, but, once there,

he tries to mount it unnoticed. We have seen, however, and call out to him to get off, because we have just dismounted out of pity for the animal. His Yāfiᶜ comrade, who is walking in front of me, calls to him *not* to obey. I angrily bid him be silent, with the remark that I have paid for the donkeys and that, consequently, the command over them lies with me. At his insolent reply: "Hold your tongue!", he gets without further ado a box on his ears. He turns in fury, his rifle clenched in his hands. 000

"Shall I let myself be struck by you?"

"You shall obey me, you are under my command."

ᶜAbdallāh sulkily vanishes into the rear-guard, while we all keep our eyes on his rifle. His comrade comes to me before long to ask forgiveness for him. "Do not be angry with him, he is a little mad." Who can be angry for long with these rough children of nature? Towards evening, when the heat is over and thirst and fatigue no longer torment, both Yāfiᶜ soldiers get their so much desired remuneration and part with the two *Naṣrānīs* as the best of friends.

Close to Hadjarēn we passed a mosque at a saint's grave, and all sought the cool shadow of this place, forbidden to unbelievers. We were allowed to stand for a breathing-space in the porch. There is an earthenware jar full of water in the building, but we may not go inside, so our Makalla soldiers fetch water for us. A few peasant women who are passing by also come for the sake of the shelter. Their wide, dark-blue, rough, cotton garments leave their faces uncovered. However, as soon as they see strangers, they draw their head-cloths over their faces. They wear straw hats, with pointed crowns and wide brims, as a protection against the sun. 778 784 291 834

3. AN UNFORGETTABLE RECEPTION IN HADJARĒN.

From here the way mounts towards the foot of the mountain close up against which lies Hadjarēn. A steep, paved, zigzag path leads at last to the gate of this town, which by 000

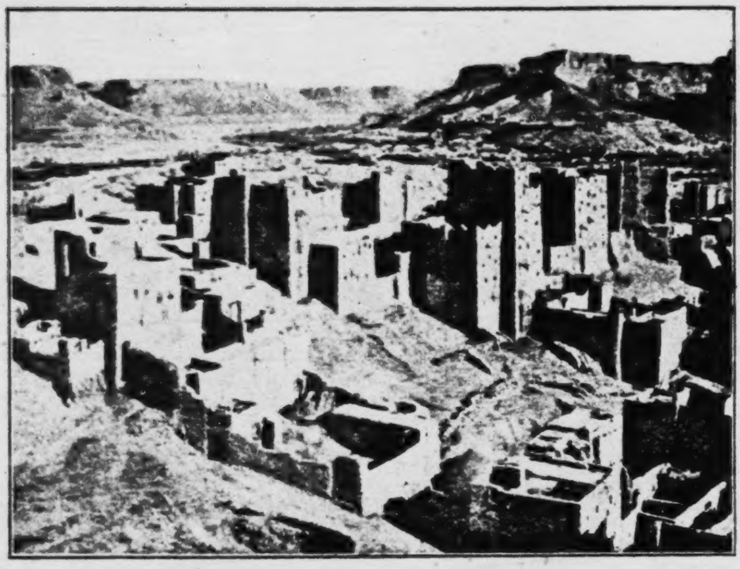
000 its fine strategic position once commanded the great route from the coast to Ḥaḍramaut. Within the gate the streets also mount steeply. The town gives an impression of decay; there are few tall or fine houses, the white colour of prosperity is to be seen on hardly a single one of them; the town is grey-brown as the mountain against which it stands.

We stop in front of a double house that is built over a small side-street. Sayyid Muḥammad bin Sālim bin ʿAbdarraḥmān Āl Qāf, the man to whom we were given an introduction by our host in Dōʿan, is said to live here. The letter is taken in, the door closed again, and we wait in the shadow of the
585 narrow, overarched street. Time passes and we ask ourselves
834 anxiously whether the *Efrendjīs* are perhaps not welcome in this house. No, that is not the case, but a double wedding is being celebrated at this moment, and the house is therefore full of women, who have to be removed and shut up, before our company can be allowed to enter. At last this stage is
000 reached and we are taken to an apartment which shows signs of having been very much inhabited. It is warm there and not clean, and, although we already fill the room, a number of inquisitive people force themselves in. The master of the house himself as well as his snivelling small son appear to have economised water for all other purposes than washing. But his friendly glance and hearty welcome make everything all right at once.

609 It is perhaps here timely to pay grateful tribute to the
574 wonderful hospitality of the Arabs. Who, in the West, would hide his disappointment at having a wedding feast broken in upon by a whole caravan of tired and hungry men? Who amongst us would immediately throw open his whole house to the travellers, "the sons of the road", himself bring water to slake their thirst, and immediately prepare food to strengthen them?

181 Life is democratic here. In the reception-room, which is
609 chock-full, sit slaves, servants, children and master all together, who drink out of the same bowl and pour out coffee

361



A part of Hadjarēn.

172

Along the ruins of Ghēbūn, near el-Meshhed.

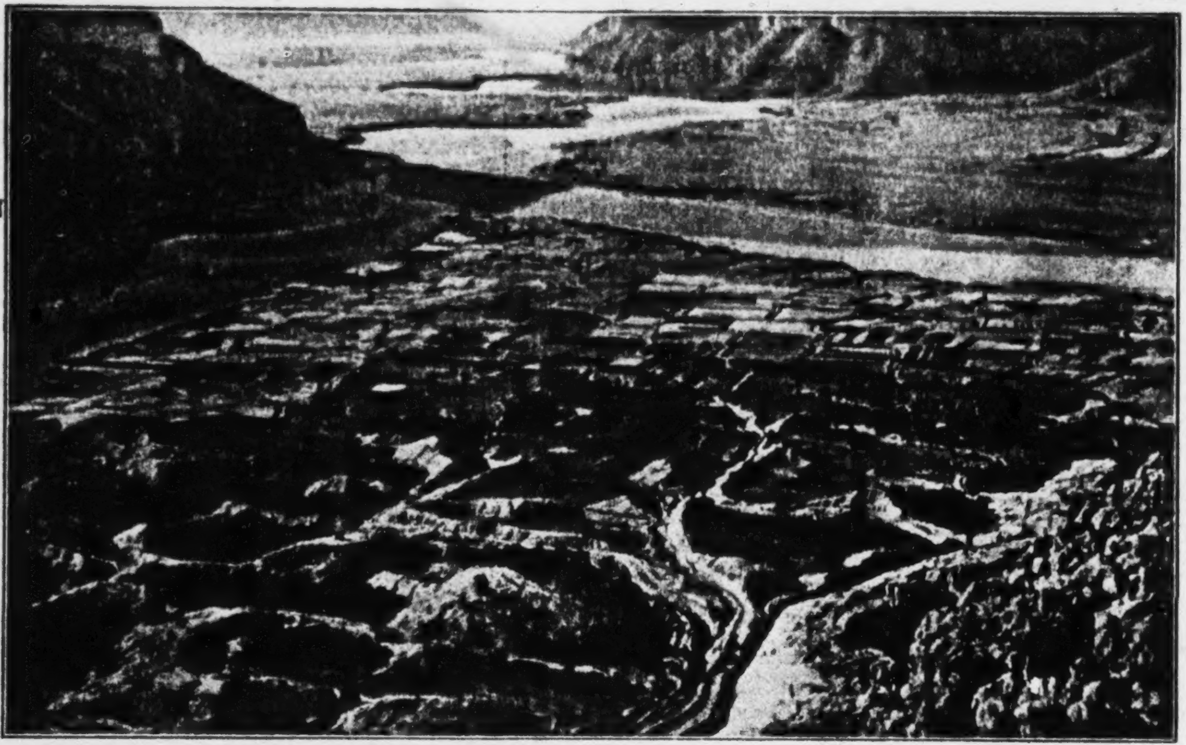
[facing p 80]

See pages 78 and 83.

for themselves in each other's unwashed cups. Our host 181 devotes himself entirely to us; he frequently absents himself 609 to see that preparations are made for a meal without delay. Sounds of music and song reach us from the women, who are making merry in the adjoining room. In spite of the sweltering heat, the song with its refrain, the concerted clapping of hands and dancing to the monotonous music are carried on with great enthusiasm. Our host invites us urgently and repeatedly to spend the night with him. Sayyid ʿAluwī el-ʿAṭṭās, who is with us, has, however, so great a longing to see his family in his own country that, on his account, we decide to start for el-Meshhed in the afternoon. Meanwhile our delicately solicitous host has quietly had a room made ready in a distant corner of the great double house. He sees how tired we are and whispers to us to follow him so as to escape from the interest and curiosity of the constantly changing visitors. These fellow townsmen, against whom one cannot protect oneself, will not penetrate into this quiet room; we can stretch ourselves out on the floor on the simple mats and rugs, and our host will see to it that we are not disturbed for an hour. Then the meal is brought up to us 262 without a sound, and we are only awakened when the yellow-coloured rice awaits us, ready served in flat dishes, on the round eating-mat, along with dishes of boiled mutton and gravy. A round flat bread-cake lies in front of each of our places on the mat. Our host apologizes for the scarcity and simplicity of the food offered to us, but we fall to with a thankful "In the name of Allah." The practice of spicing the rice and [171] meat very strongly must have been introduced from Java and India. They overdo the seasoning to such an extent for foreign guests that, after the first pangs of hunger have been appeased, it is a real effort to continue eating.

Our host speaks Malay by preference and likes to talk 167 about Cheribon on the north coast of Java, where his family 556 [1[illegible]] rose to prominence and where he hopes to return in a few months, after the date harvest. His father possesses 20 houses

[facing p. 81]



A panorama of the cultivated fields of Hadjarēn.

169 there. He knows as many as 150 men who have gone from
556 Hadjarēn to seek their fortunes in Java. The little town has now at most 3000 inhabitants. Before we leave, I have to look at the Dutch passports of our host and his relations, make a note of their adresses, and promise to look them up later on in Cheribon. They have fully earned any small attention from our side; we stand amazed over the simple, genuine kindness that we received in this house, especially after our sad experience in Ṣīf.

609 At our departure all sorts of Malay speaking Hadjarēners endeavour to exchange a few words with the white government official from their second fatherland. And, instead of being surrounded by faces with expressions of hate and contempt, and malicious, insulting remarks about *Naṣrānīs,* who should not be allowed to pollute the land, our exodus here is a small triumphal procession, crowded round as we are by the exuberant youth of the streets, all trying to air their knowledge of the Malay language.

4. ACROSS THE NEUTRAL ZONE BETWEEN EL-QEʿĒṬĪ AND ĀL KATHĪR TERRITORY.

622 Guides of the el-ʿAṭṭās clan have offered themselves to
172 take us to el-Meshhed, the first place in the domain of the
131 Āl Kathīr, which is, however, actually under the supervision of the el-ʿAṭṭās family. Our caravan divides, as Von Wissmann, with a couple of young sayyids, the Yāfiʿ soldiers, one of our *ʿabīd* (slave soldiers), and a whole band of street-arabs sets out to ascend Djebel Hadjarēn to see whether the ruins, of which we have been told, are really to be found, to take photographs and to survey. The territory of the Qeʿēṭīs ends just beyond Hadjarēn. Further up, in the midst of Ḥaḍramaut Proper, there lie, like islands, the districts of Ḥōra and el-Qaṭn-Shibām, which are subject to the Qeʿēṭī régime. The neutral zone, which we now enter, is an ideal hunting-ground for robbers and thieves.

After descending the slope on which the town lies, we 241
enter a wonderfully ploughed area of loam soil. The brown 361
hills of loam rise up, completely bare, out of the deep green palm-groves and the fields of *dhura*. An extensive system of irrigation canals with their side-channels provides for the distribution of the *sēl* water over all the cultivated land lying between the hill-ridges. The further we go beyond Hadjarēn the larger grows the number of defence and watch towers on the hill-tops beside the groves. The number of date-palms decreases, the fields are, at first, green, but, at last, only the loam dykes indicate that, given sufficient water and adequate safety, one can sow here as elsewhere. A stretch of half an hour's going forms the neutral zone between the Qeʿēṭī and the Kathīrī territories. From now on, in view of the risk of being held up, the caravan must keep together. The bed of the wādī remains wide, yet becomes wild and devoid of vegetation. Here and there the loess is covered by sand and stones. There must have been a large town here in ancient times, for the way to el-Meshhed runs between ruin mounds. The sun is setting and we are to reach el-Meshhed before darkness falls. The donkeys are sent back to fetch the tired party who have climbed Djebel Hadjarēn.

5. EL-MESHHED, A CENTRE OF RUINS.

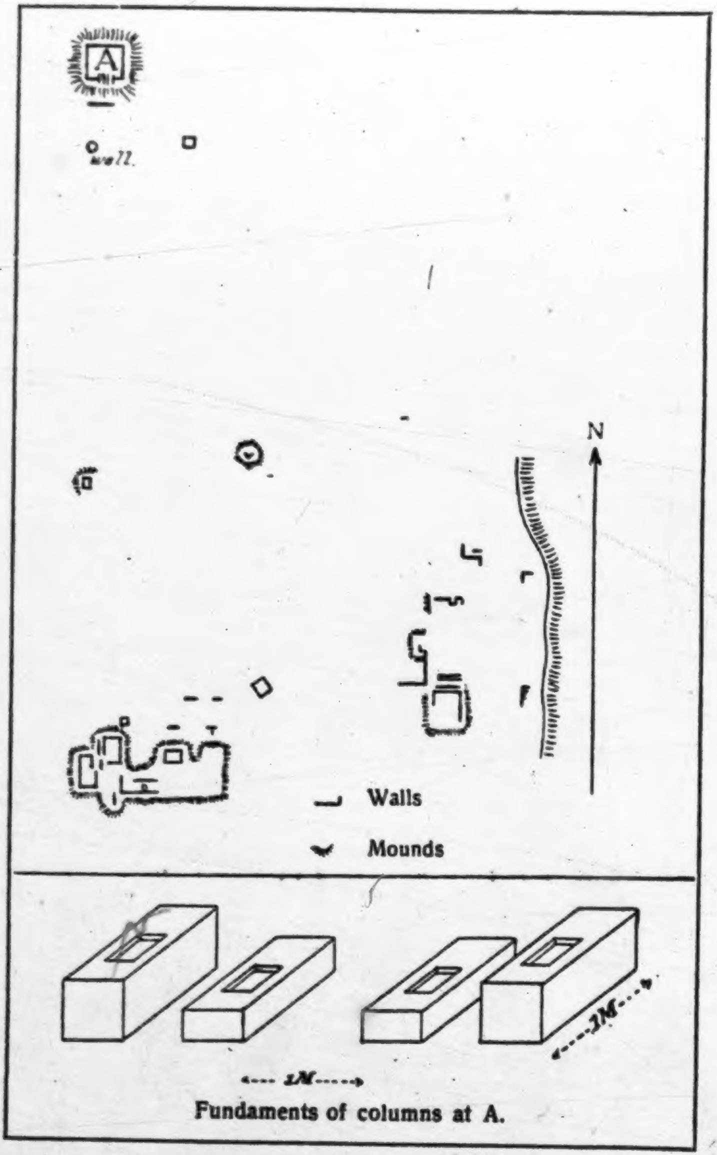
El-Meshhed is an extinct small town situated in the midst 361
of the plantless, desert wādī. The meaning of the name el- 103
Meshhed is "the place where a martyr died". It is impor- 438
tant for a yearly fair and as a place of pilgrimage. During the days in the month of Muḥarram, fixed for that purpose, the place must be full of buyers and sellers lodging in the houses and temporary shacks; now most of the houses are empty.

The Governor of el-Meshhed is not in town, he prefers 662
residence in the larger, more prosperous Ḥurēḍa, where he has also a house, a family, and groves of date-palms. His sons are

662 fine young men, who represent their father in the duties of host most admirably. The el-ʿAṭṭās family has a big well-kept guest-house for relations passing through el-Meshhed. The roof-storey has been recently whitewashed, the mud staircases and passages, the bathroom, lavatories and everything are clean. It is a luxury for us to be able to have a bath and to put up our camp-beds on the clean, white roof-terrace, high up above the dirty smells, which pervade every Arab town. What a difference from the stable-roof at Ṣīf!

172 On Tuesday, May 19th, we begin a detailed examination
212 of the inscriptions at el-Meshhed and of the ruins of Ghēbūn, which are near by, to the south and south-west. We were shown stones with Sabaean inscriptions, built into houses, saints' graves, mosques, *siqāyās* and into the large, very deep village well. The material is not favourable; the limestone which is used is taken from the neighbouring mountains and is brittle, and, consequently, there remain only fragments of most of the inscriptions. A longer and more minute research than we could undertake would most certainly bring a great deal more to light. Ten minutes' walk out of el-Meshhed to the south-west lies the group of ruins of Ghēbūn. They are ascribed by the inhabitants to the fabulous people of the ʿĀdites and are probably on the site of a Ḥimyaritic city. One sees hillocks as much as thirty feet in height, and on their tops the remains of walls built up of great, hewn blocks of stone, which have been bound with a sort of cement. On one of the first hills we see the remains of four stone foundations with square impressions, probably the bases of pillars. Towards the slopes we find many fragments of stone with characters inscribed on them. On the next hillock there is an old well, thirty feet in diameter and quite sixty feet deep. The upper part of its wall consists of a layer of piled-up stone, while the lower part is of mud. The well is partly filled with rubbish and was probably much deeper originally than it is now. The subsoil water-level here is quite 180 feet below the surface of the earth. Many fragments of simple pottery lie

172


A
well.
N
Walls
Mounds
1M
1M

Fundaments of columns at A.

RUINS OF GHĒBŪN. NORTHERN BUILDINGS.

172 amongst the broken stones of the ruins, also little bits of
212 rough, dark glass.

A quarter of an hour's walk distant there is another group of ruins that they call here "the Graves of the Kings". All those who are following us out of curiosity drop behind, when we go on through the suffocating heat between sand- and loam hills on the way to the Graves of the Kings, which lie in a great square S. S. W. of el-Meshhed. We find few inscriptions here. The hills are separated from each other, and have on their tops the foundations of solid walls forming a thirty feet square enclosure. The stones are not very large and are well and smoothly hewn. The ruins here are generally covered with piles of loam, very possibly the remains of the mud upper parts of the buildings. Many red-brown fragments of pottery lie among the stones.

172 The assumption made by the Bents[1], that the ground has
114 been raised more than thirty feet by drifting sand and that thus the old buildings are to a great extent buried, seems to be incorrect. The opposite supposition is more likely, namely, that the *sēl*-bed became more deeply washed away when the barrages and irrigation canals were no longer kept in repair. The ruins now all lie upon the hill-tops, the loess around them having been all washed away.

609 Sayyid Ḥasan el-ʿAṭṭās, the eldest brother now in Ḥaḍramaut of our companion Sayyid ʿAluwī and the energetic head of the family in Ḥurēḍa, came from el-Meshhed to meet us. The father in Batavia had sent telegraphic instructions to give a good reception to the first envoy of the Netherlands to Ḥaḍramaut. Directly he received news of our approach, Sayyid Ḥasan mounted a *hadjīn* (riding camel) and set out to meet us. Being in his own country he dared to wear the khaki sun-
000 helmet of the *Efrendjīs,* when riding. Everything, later on, showed his progressiveness, his energy and daring. Sayyid Ḥasan acted henceforth as our host, and we had a good time under his guidance. Had he had enough time to accompany

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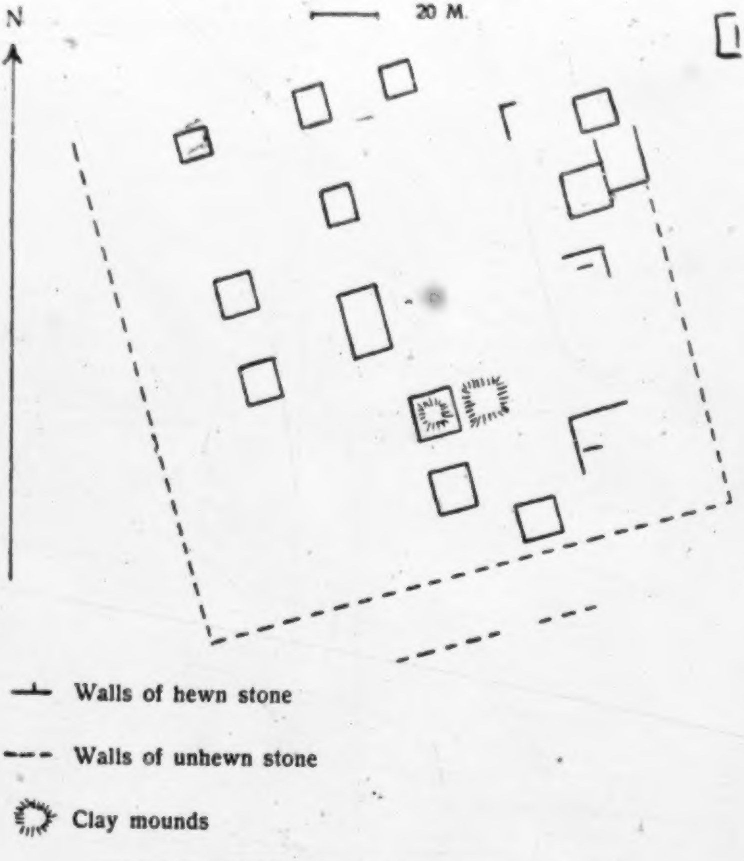
[1] Bent, *op. cit.,* p. 104 *sq.*

us on the return journey, many disappointments would most certainly have been spared us. 000

Our help had been asked for by several sick old women and men in el-Meshhed, and we now returned there. There is much surprise when we refuse to give medicine for a *sherīfa* (the daughter of a sayyid), because we are not allowed to see the patient.

758

[172]


N
20 M.
Walls of hewn stone
Walls of unhewn stone
Clay mounds

RUINS OF GHĒBŪN. SOUTHERN BUILDINGS.

CHAPTER VI.

ḤURĒḌA, THE CENTRE OF THE EL-ᶜAṬṬĀS CLAN.

1. FROM EL-MESHHED TO ḤURĒḌA.

133 In the afternoon we leave el-Meshhed under the guidance
361 of Sayyid Ḥasan, and travel through the great, wide, plantless wādī to the mouth of Wādī ᶜAmd. The bed of the wādī is here called Baḥrān, "the two streams", as the *sēl*-beds of Wādī Dōᶜan and of Wādī el-ᶜĒn, to the left and the right respectively, separated from each other by a plateau of sand and loam, meet at this point. The villages of Sidbe, which lie like tall castles at the foot of the mountain, get the water for their palm-groves from Wādī el-ᶜĒn. To the right in the far distance there lies the village of Ḥōra with a great castle and a watchtower on a hill. It is a small Qeᶜēṭī island in the midst of an Āl Kathīr sea.

When we reach the mouth of Wādī ᶜAmd and there take an inward bend in a south-westerly direction, the sun is setting in a magnificent glow of light. We feel diminutively small in the broad river-beds of sand with their far-away high banks. We have passed from one *siqāya* to another. We enter Wādī ᶜAmd, following closely the rock-wall on its south-western side. High up against that wall, which is in a somewhat crumbling condition here, we see a few fortifications and towers. In the wādī there are some tilled, but still bare, fields in the midst of the sand; *nibq* trees and bushes grow
[609] scattered here and there. Sometimes also we pass a few date-palms and little settlements, the inhabitants of which call out to us in suspicion as we go by. As soon as they hear that *sāda* (*i. e.* sayyids) of the el-ᶜAṭṭās family are with our party, the words of salutation ring out *"Yā ḥayya!"*, an abbreviation for "May Allah give you life!"

r 88

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Wādī ʿAmd, at its juncture with Wādī ʾl-Kasr, looking eastward.

p88(A)

See pa

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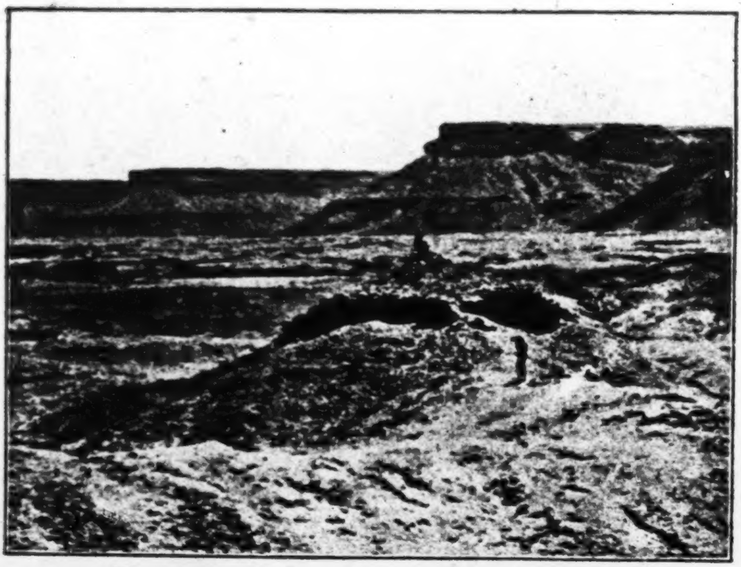
172



The "Graves of the Kings".

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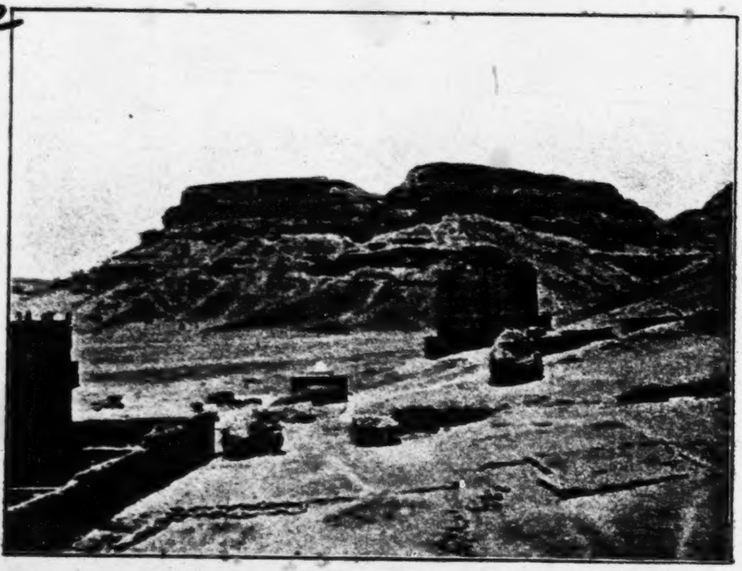
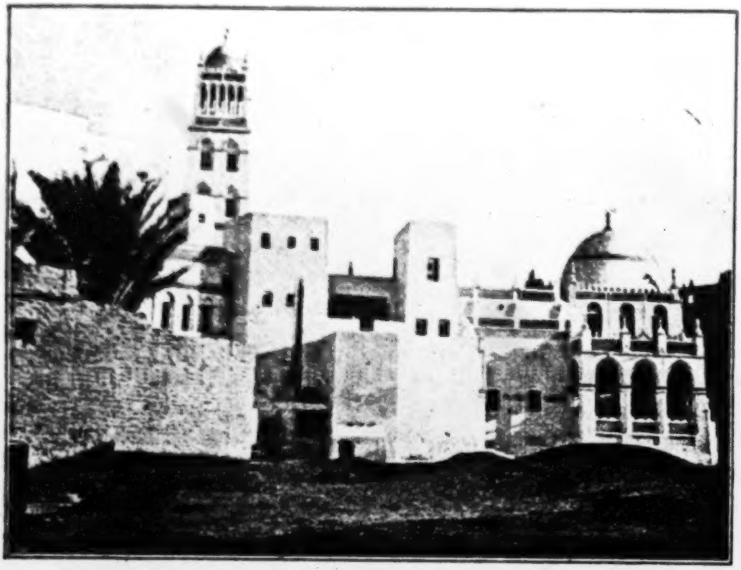


The el-ʿAṭṭās house in Ḥurēḍa.

p88 (b)

See pages 86 and 90.

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2



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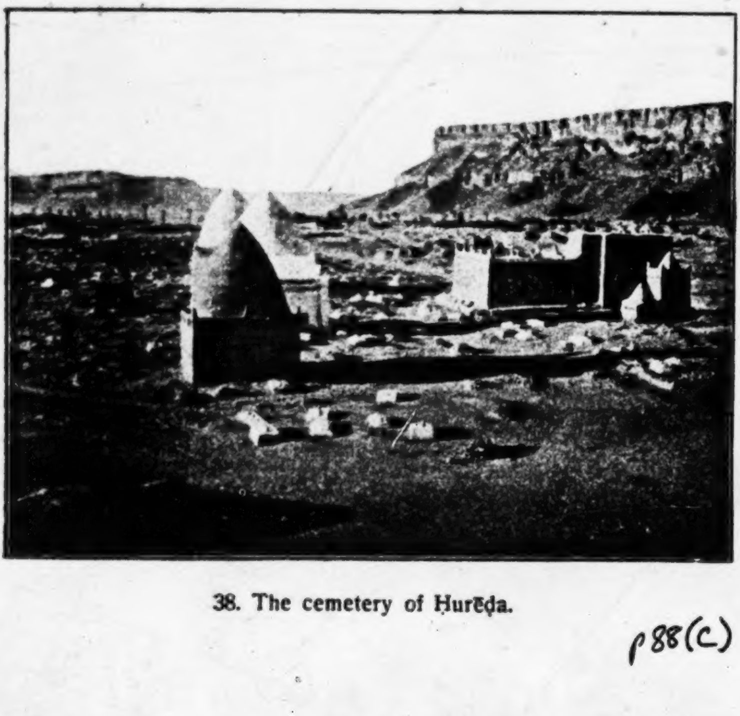
The principal mosque of Ḥurēḍa.



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38. The cemetery of Ḥurēḍa.

p88(c)

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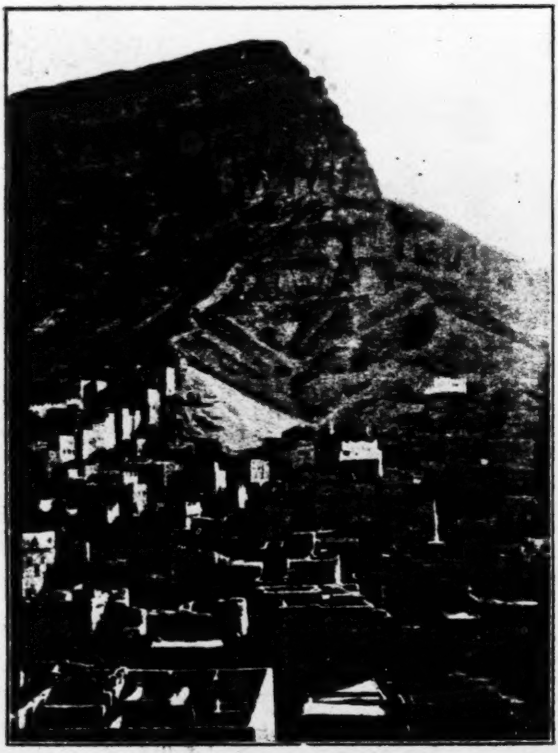

Ḥurēḍa.

p88 (D)

See page 89

We march on for hours under a gorgeous heaven of stars. 000
The great promontory towards which we are setting our
course is Djebel Ghumdān. Only when we have passed it do
we see the lights of Ḥurēḍa. The nearer we approach the more
messengers with lamps, and people filled with curiosity come
out to meet us. Youth especially is well in evidence, handsome,
frank youngsters, who accompany us pushing each other aside
and talking busily. Quite soon the boys try to put a few 191
questions in Malay. When the answers come also in that lan- 871
guage, questions follow thick upon each other, and these
wordly-wise youths, born in Java and sent here to get a real
Arabian education, become objects of admiration and envy to
their fellows.

"Do you find it pleasant here?"

"No, not at all. It is much finer in Java. This is a dreadful country of poverty, heat and boredom."

They are home-sick for Java, where their parents are and where they would like to return at once.

We dismount at the entrance to Ḥurēḍa, which is un- 622
walled, for we see, by the light of many gasoline lamps, 609
the white figures of the notabilities of the town awaiting us. [291]
The Governor of el-Meshhed comes forward as spokesman.
He says that the people of Ḥurēḍa are grateful for, and feel
themselves honoured by, the first official Dutch visit. It is not
so long ago that foreigners were denied entrance to Ḥurēḍa,
but now opinion has become much more modern. In the whole
of Ḥaḍramaut there is sympathy for Holland and gratitude to
that country for the hospitality and good treatment enjoyed
by the Ḥaḍramīs in the lands under her rule. Hope is expressed
that an enduring contact between Ḥaḍramaut and
Holland may spring from this visit.

The many lanterns light up fantastically this unusual spectacle on the outskirts of Ḥurēḍa, where the first Europeans, weary and dirty, with limbs stiff from long riding, make their entry into the little town, hand in hand with its notables in their clean, white garments. The Governor has solemnly taken

622 the Dutchman by the hand, and Sayyid Ḥasan walks on
609 his other side. Von Wissmann is accompanied in the same way by two notables, and then begins the slow entry into the town. A splendid white mosque looms up out of the darkness and then vanishes into it again; for the rest, there are brown mud houses, which seem to have been built without much order. After about five minutes we have passed through the place and see, against the slopes of rock débris, the great el-ᶜAṭṭās house with its many small windows lighted up. The house has just been rebuilt and enlarged, and, therefore, the upper storey has not yet been whitewashed. A brother of Ḥasan and ᶜAluwī comes with an uncle to greet us. This brother has had a Dutch, ᶜAluwī an Egyptian, and Ḥasan an Indian education. The uncle was an officer in the Ḥaḍramī regiment of the *Niẓām* of Hyderabad. The reception in the great *madjlis* is of short duration, and we then go upstairs to have a meal on the spacious roof-terrace in company with the nearest male members of the family.

2. SOME GOOD DAYS IN ḤURĒḌA.

554 A fine, clean guest-house is assigned to us for our quarters during our stay in Ḥurēḍa. This has the great advantage of giving us a place of privacy and rest, as we only meet visitors in the family-house of the el-ᶜAṭṭās. On the next morning (May 20th) a gathering takes place there to introduce us to the inhabitants of Ḥurēḍa. These things are done democratically here. High and low, old and young are present at such a meeting, even the Bedouins of the caravan, the guard of soldiers belonging to the house, our slave soldiers, and the younger members of the family. The only thing is that the young people and the subordinates keep somewhat in the background and take care not to make any noise that might
575 disturb their elders. The old and wise men of the place are
177 together. The young men's group has, however, an important
554 place, being organized by the driving power of Sayyid Ḥasan

into an association of the el-ʿAṭṭās family. The idea of the 575 197
association is an importation from Aligarh, where Sayyid 554
Ḥasan studied at the Muslim University; it brings a modern element into the public life of Ḥurēḍa.

There is much discussion over the political situation in Egypt, 648
the Yemen, the Hedjaz, Netherlands India, and in the country itself. This last subject is the most painful. Of course the question is put, under general attention, whether Holland is prepared to appoint a consul in Ḥaḍramaut. My answer to this is that Holland would like nothing better, but cannot do so. She would wish it, in order to strengthen the bonds which have existed for centuries past with the most distinguished families of Ḥaḍramaut, and also for the extension of the trade of Java and Holland with Southern Arabia. But it cannot be, because there is no unity here and no responsible ultimate authority. To whom should our Queen turn and who would be able to take the responsibility for her representative? This argument is well understood and it is a matter of grave pre-occupation to them. To relieve the painful situation thus created, I express my appreciation of the unexpectedly favourable conditions that I have found here after two weeks' journeying through very primitive regions. One observes here the influence of men who have seen something of the world. And yet I cannot help saying that those people achieve more in other countries, for example in Netherlands India, than in their own land. It is with great circumspection that we advise them to concentrate on reaching harmony amongst themselves and to devote their attention and energy to their own country. The "Hip! hip! hurrah!" mood is somewhat lowered by these conversations, but our contact with the large circle of attentively listening visitors is strengthened.

In the afternoon the notables come to show us the town. 000
In front and hand in hand with the Governor of el-Meshhed, who seems to be the most influential man here, and followed by Von Wissmann conducted by Sayyid Ḥasan, we saunter to the great mosque which is rightly the pride of the people

100 of Ḥurēḍa. There are eight large, fine mosques in this little
162 town of not more than 2000 inhabitants. Two of these are
871 connected with excellent school-buildings, where the male
youth of the place gets elementary instruction, followed by
training in the recitation of the Koran and some dogmatical
tuition. The mosques and schools have been erected at the
expense of men of Ḥurēḍa who have become rich in foreign
346 lands and who also supply the funds for their maintenance. The
first mosque they showed us was the work of an Indian architect. To our great amazement we were invited to take off our shoes and to enter: this is the first occasion on Arabian soil that I have been permitted to enter a mosque. We hear criticism among many bystanders and murmurs of disapprobation, but our escort give but short replies to these and simply take us in with them. The great, open space in the centre is entirely paved, in places with Italian marble. Behind it there is a closed room where the *ṣalāt* is performed in winter. Behind that again is the space containing the tomb of the donor of the building. The coffin as well as the doors and beams are of beautifully carved *nibq* wood. This at least is true native art in this building of non-Arabian architecture. The tomb stands underneath a separate, cupola-shaped roof which is attached to the mosque. The donor's wish was that there should be a library and study for theological sciences above his grave: thus, under the cupola-roof and above the grave, there is a roomy, cool hall, where there are books indeed, but where students, however, are generally lacking! Nothing is omitted in our inspection. We are allowed to see the arrangements for performing the ablutions. We ascend to the minaret passing by two large, expensive English clocks. From the mosque a door gives access to the school, where there are at present no pupils, as it is holiday time on account of the date harvest.

We go on in procession to the second, older mosque of Ḥurēḍa built by a local architect and, thus, in the beautiful, severe Ḥaḍramī style. Then we go round the town to a lovely, brand-new mosque built for a plutocrat from Djohore, who is going to erect a house for himself here and, in accordance 346 with the good custom, begins with the mosque. There are some fine houses in Ḥurēḍa whose owners live in Djohore, 167 Singapore, or Java. 511 The actual inhabitants seem to be very poor. Outside the town there are some fine date-plantations, it is true, but the total impression is one of decline. Everything that is fine and prosperous owes its existence to money that is earned abroad. The tie between a Ḥaḍramī and his birth-place [18] is very close, and if he is doing well, he returns from time to time, and when he sees the evening of his life approaching he longs to spend it in the little mud town where he was born, and, finally, to await the Day of Resurrection in Ḥaḍramī soil, which for him is consecrated ground. This is why there are here palaces and country-seats of sayyids and mighty castles of sultans, whilst the Bedouins live in rock-caves or lean-to shelters, always on the verge of starvation, and the home-staying town-dweller does not rise beyond a very poverty-stricken existence. We are only just at the portal of actual Ḥaḍramaut and soon shall see contrasts so moving, that it will sometimes be difficult to grasp the fact that we are in a real world, and are not dreaming after reading a centuries-old story from the "Arabian Nights".

3. THE SURROUNDINGS OF THE TOWN.

On May 21st we intended to see something of the surroundings 000 of Ḥurēḍa. Therefore, we asked Sayyid ʿAlī, the Bedouin member of the el-ʿAṭṭās family, to go with us. Most sayyids are not to be tempted for walks in the country at this time of the year! At the request of some of the notables we go to a spring which flows from out the mountain-wall a mile south-west of Ḥurēḍa, just at the spot where the limestone stratum rests on sandstone. Enemy Bedouins are said to have stopped up this spring, which formerly flowed much more copiously. The foreigners, held to be so proficient in all technical matters, [609] must say how the spring is to be put right. If there were

000 172 a chance of success some money could be spared for it. Close to this spring[1] lie against the mountain-wall the ruins of Khurēḍa, the town from which Ḥurēḍa is said to have taken its name. It may be presumed that these ruins date from well into pre-Islamic times, in spite of the fact that we found no inscriptions to prove it. There are remains of houses, namely foundations of stone, two wells, which are still very deep, and a cistern, which is plastered with a kind of cement. A fragment of an aqueduct of mason-work leading to the spring is still to be seen.

312 Tins of water are carried on donkeys from the spring to Ḥurēḍa. We advised that the spring and the rocky basin in front of it should be cleaned out right up to the massive rock, then cemented, and the water brought at least as far as the valley by means of a conduit of iron piping, thus saving much output of energy and minimizing the possibility of pollution and the spilling of water.

After this, under the guidance of the Bedouin Sayyid ʿAlī, we go through the palm-groves and over the dry irrigation canals to the other wall of the wādī, where, in a fissure of the rock, there is said to be a little pool which always has water. Sayyid ʿAlī does not much like the hot climbing, but we
529 persevere in it. After energetic scrambling over fields of stone and up slopes of rock we actually arrive at el-Baḥr, "the sea", a deep, rocky basin, full of water, with high, cavernous walls from which, after rain, the water must fall in spray into the basin. It is a splendid place for a swim. The temperature of the water is certainly high, but it is so broiling hot in the chasm that the contrast is refreshing. The basin is so deep that we cannot dive to the bottom. Sayyid ʿAlī performed one of his great feats, on the occasion of a picnic, by climbing up the high wall of rock and diving thence into the basin. That nearly all these men of the desert are good swimmers and daring divers certainly points to the natural giftedness of the race. Ḥaḍramīs who have never seen the sea enlist as pearl-divers or go as stokers on long voyages.

[1] A [ONE MILE S.W. OF HURĒDA -- ANALYST]

On the way back through the oasis we pass by a hamlet, 272 called esh-Sherdj, where we ask for water at a poor cottage. The familiar earthenware cooling-bowl is handed round, but, at the same time, we are so pressingly invited to stay for a cup of coffee that we all sit down together in a circle in the simple room, to watch the host at the solemn business of roasting a few coffee-beans, pounding root-ginger, and then bringing the concoction to the boil in a brass kettle with a long spout, on a fire fed with some sprigs of dried weeds. It is 000 grillingly hot out of doors and equally so indoors, but here we are protected against the fierce light. Our eyes gradually accustom themselves to the twilight in the brown, mud-walled room, where dark men sit quietly along the wall and where, from time to time, a naked, chubby child disturbs the subdued conversation. Our help is asked for a comrade who, a few days ago, was shot in the leg and whose wound has now festered. Warfare amongst the tribes continues thus right up to the stronghold of the el-ʿAṭṭās Sayyids.

4. HOME LIFE IN A ḤAḌRAMĪ TOWN.

In the afternoon I had the opportunity of a long talk with Sayyid Ḥasan el-ʿAṭṭās, the energetic eldest son and, with his father's brother, the leader of the el-ʿAṭṭās family in Ḥurēḍa. In his boyhood he and his father did not get on well together and for this reason, quite early in life, he tried to make his own way in the world. He studied at the Muslim University of ʿAligarh, living in poor circumstances and supporting himself by manual labour. When Imām Yaḥyā of the Yemen, with the co-operation of the German firm of Junkers, started an air-service in his country, Sayyid Ḥasan, at his own request, was taken into his service. Under German leadership he learned still better how to go the right way about things and to take risks. When the Junkers' experiment came to grief, Sayyid Ḥasan returned from Ṣanʿāʾ to Ḥurēḍa by way of the dangerous overland route.

162 581 According to my informant, Ḥurēḍa has now about 2000 inhabitants. There are some 4000 people living in Java who originally came thence. During the last 20 years from 300 to 400 men have left Ḥurēḍa to try their luck in Java. The successful ones come back occasionally for short periods and then return again to their business in the Indies. When they can afford it, they send their sons to Ḥaḍramaut, where they remain for five or six years to become intimate with their family, language, religion and traditions. The daughters *never* come from Java to Ḥaḍramaut just as the women here *never* go to Java. Consequently the children born there are always of mixed race. Sayyid Ḥasan could only remember one Ḥaḍramī woman who had succeeded in carrying through her wish of accompanying her husband to Batavia. Generally the wives do not wish, nor have they the courage, to do so. 167 463 162 I learned later on that Javanese and Chinese women are, however, brought to Ḥaḍramaut. They are said to be very much sought after as housekeepers and cooks. Purely Javanese boys, who have come to study the religion and language, are not to be found in Ḥurēḍa, and only a few in other towns of Ḥaḍramaut. Sayyid Ḥasan estimates the number of Ḥaḍramīs living in Hyderabad to be at least 13.000, for the greater part serving as men and officers of the *Niẓām*'s Arabian regiment. Many of the families of note here have Hyderabad officers among their ancestors.

[162] 565 In Shibām, Sēwūn, Terīm and ᶜĒnāt there are, according to my informant, 6000 sayyids, and another 4000 in Wādī Dōᶜan, Wādī ᶜAmd, Wādī Rakhīya, and Djibāl Hadjaz. Three divisions of the Ḥumūmī Bedouins are sayyids. Originally their leaders were sayyids, who were gradually absorbed into the tribe of which they have come to form a part. All sayyids in Ḥaḍramaut belong to the ᶜAluwī branch. The founder of the family was ᶜAluwī binᶜUbēd Allāh bin Aḥmed (who came from ᶜIrāq) bin ᶜĪsā bin ᶜAlī el-ᶜUrēḍī bin Djaᶜfar eṣ-Ṣādiq bin Muḥammad el-Bāqir bin Zain el-ᶜĀbidīn bin Ḥusēn bin ᶜAlī bin Abī Ṭālib. In Ḥaḍramaut Proper the sayyids have still an in-

fluential, privileged position, though abroad this position is 565
constantly attacked, and with increasing violence. Western colonial governments make no distinction between the *sāda* (plural of *sayyid*) and those who are not descended from the Prophet, but here this kind of democracy is neither understood nor respected by the *sāda*. It was the only objection that I heard raised against the Netherlands' Colonial Government. 565

In their own land they are the maintainers of religion, and in 782
no other Muḥammadan country are there so many and such 554
beautiful mosques. Also I have seldom seen the *ṣalāt* performed with so much devotion as among the *sāda* in Ḥaḍramaut. Their influence on the government of their land is great: the Sultans are financially dependent on them, the Bedouin tribes are governed by them both by means of money and by religious influence. If they were not so hopelessly disunited among themselves, the political conditions in the "country of the *sāda*" would be much better. It will be seen from what follows how distressingly bad these are at the present time.

The place of honour is given to the sayyid in daily life; 565
he takes the lead during the performance of the *ṣalāt* and sees 554
that it is duly carried out. He is greeted with a respectful kiss on the hand, a salute which even the Sultan does not evade, at least in appearance; the sayyid shows his appreciation of this by drawing back his hand and making as if he will kiss that of the Sultan. This game of make-believe is carried on for quite a little time, for people in Ḥaḍramaut have plenty of time to spare and cling with great respect to the decorum of life. For the non-sayyid of distinction it also suffices if he makes a pretence of kissing the hand.

In Ḥurēḍa all worldly authority is subordinate to that of the sayyids. The Governor is a poor young man who is completely dependent, financially, on the el-ʿAṭṭās family. The schools, mosques, wells and other objects of public utility are maintained by the sayyids.

Water-supply for Ḥurēḍa is a matter of difficulty. We saw 312
great wells lined with masonry, which are about 55 *qāma* deep

312 (that is a little more than 300 feet). Groups of sturdy male and female slaves, singing in unison the while, raised the water-bags by a pulley and emptied the contents into a conduit which led to a cemented basin. Cheap labour on the one hand and capital earned abroad on the other make it possible to keep such places as Ḥurēḍa in condition. The palm-groves are kept alive by the *sēl,* but seem to be on the decline and, on their borders, to be giving way to accumulating heaps of sand.

648 On the evening of the 21st of May, I was officially received in the simple dwelling of the Governor of Ḥurēḍa. The Governor of el-Meshhed and Sayyid Ḥasan el-ʿAṭṭās, however, acted as hosts and leaders of the meeting. The Governor is a quiet, friendly, young man and the whole atmosphere is particularly gentle and kind. A youthful poet of the el-ʿAṭṭās family had composed a song of welcome. Sayyid Ḥasan makes a speech in which the poem is recited and in which he welcomes us as the first Europeans to visit Ḥurēḍa. As Dutch subjects, they are very much delighted that one of us is an envoy of the Netherlands Government. In my reply I said that it seemed right and fair to me that the Dutchman has preceded the Briton in Ḥurēḍa, for with the Dutch in Java exist the more long-standing and intimate relations. In Ḥaḍramaut, along with agreeable surprises, I also found disappointing conditions. We considered the energetic Ḥaḍramīs, whom we know in Java, to be capable of improving the backward conditions which exist in their fatherland.

I seized every opportunity that was offered to me to point to the necessity of independent activity and thus to answer the repeated requests for Dutch or other foreign help for the achieving of better conditions.

172 My companion, with the Bedouin Sayyid ʿAlī el-ʿAṭṭās, climbed Djebel Ghumdān to investigate the wonders that are told of this historic summit. There should be ruins, and a deep well on the top was said to have a subterranean connection with Bīr ʿAlī on the coast. The ruins of defensive towers on

the Ghumdān appear to be of recent date. The well is also 172
found, and plucky Sayyid ʿAlī has the daring to go down into it, in spite of the gruesome tales of snakes and other monsters which are said to haunt its depths. The pit appears to be a shaft of karst about 90 feet in depth; in the lower part of it there is a transverse passage into which Sayyid ʿAlī penetrates over a few yards, with a loaded revolver in his hand. Then the squeaking of bats fluttering around him becomes too much for him and he returns to the shaft, where Von Wissmann has followed him. No traces of human activity nor of hidden treasures can be detected by the light of their electric torches. Both of them climb up again out of the pit without mishap, but with great effort.

Henceforth Sayyid ʿAlī feels drawn to Von Wissmann by the 000
friendship of admiration. Of course he wishes to go with us into the valley of Ḥaḍramaut to the great Sayyid el-Kāf in Terīm and then to accompany us further to Qabr Hūd, there, with his friend "Ḥarmal" (corruption of Hermann, see p. 47), to explore the mysterious Bīr Barhūt. He who dared the descent of Bīr Ghumdān shall also venture the hell's mouth of Barhūt, and the name of Sayyid ʿAlī shall be handed down in honour for generations in the annals of Ḥaḍramaut. Drunken with pride and joy Sayyid ʿAlī accompanies Von Wissmann through the darkness back to Ḥurēḍa. He relates his tale, which grows ever finer in the telling, until deep into the night. My companion's fame precedes him into Ḥaḍramaut. Sayyid ʿAlī will introduce him with pride: "Ḥarmal, the German airman (look at his knee that has been shot away), the man who fears no height nor depth."

On the morning of May 22nd we have another invitation, 484
this time to take tea with Sayyid Ṭālib, who is introduced as 595
the Sindbad of Ḥaḍramaut. He has travelled pretty well all 431
over the Islamic world, where as a sayyid and son of a race of theologians he was everywhere welcome, and he has returned wealthy from his travels. This Sindbad's beautiful house is jestingly called "the little Yildiz". He is old by now, but listens

484
575 with amusement while his younger guests relate how, every
[342] year, he marries the prettiest girl to be found in Ḥurēḍa. We
perfume ourselves with incense, the host doing so the most
431 thoroughly of us all. He keeps the smoking censer under the
[272] wide folds of his garment. The tea with dishes of a confection
of ginger is served. Sindbad, with his crafty face framed in
a white beard, the extreme points of which are dyed orange
with *ḥinnā*ʾ, tells about his travels. The youthful audience feasts
upon the witty tales of this enjoyer of life — a vanishing
figure of the typical sayyid society of Ḥaḍramaut.

We exchange keepsakes with Sayyid Ḥasan el-ᶜAṭṭās in lasting remembrance of our visit to Ḥurēḍa. The lavish, kind welcome given us and the friendly feeling shown us here have smoothed the way for us through Ḥaḍramaut.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ENTRANCE TO BEAUTIFUL ḤAḌRAMAUT PROPER.

On the following day the first car arrived in Ḥurēḍa. Bin 000 ᶜAwaḍ Martaᶜ of Hēnin, a wholesale merchant from Surabaya, has succeeded in finding a way hither through the region of hillocks of loam and sand. In the afternoon we depart in his car, which we fill to the utmost. Not only is it unbearably hot, but, moreover, a scorching wind appears to come up in the afternoon in these broad, sandy wādīs. Several times the car stalls in the loose sand, but our united efforts set it free again, and, seeking and twisting, we continue on our way through the lonely, baking hot desert. No one is on the road at this hour of the day; the little mud villages that we occasionally see in the distance look as if they were dead. Scanty date-palms glimmer now and then through the curtain of sand which hangs stagnant in the air.

1. DIYĀR ĀL BUQRĪ, A CENTRE OF WAR.

After about two hours we reach the mouth of Wādī ᶜAmd in the Wādī 'l-Kasr. The soil is firmer here, consisting, in fact, of hillocks of loam. The wādī, at this point, rather resembles a great plain, in which the driver of our car steers, keeping in sight some promontories of the far-off high rock-wall, looming up from time to time out of the mist of sand. We twist and turn continuously among the loam-hills. Bin Martaᶜ is certainly a clever driver. After a time the high, 721 greyish-white castles of Āl Buqrī, which are situated in about 712 the middle of the wādī, become visible through the haze. They

721 are the centre point of a country at war, for two groups
of villages have been fighting each other here for the last
eleven years. The brothers Āl Buqrī are the commanders on
one side. The castles are very high and armed at every point
against possible assault. The gardens are surrounded by mud
walls, in which are gates made of strong wood with iron-wrought,
ornamental plates. We are yearning for a drink and
for a place of shelter against the sand-storm. Soldiers' heads
appear over the balustrade on the roof in reply to the tooting
of our car, and they call out that we must turn to the other
side of the castle, as in this side we are liable to be hit by
enemy bullets. The enemy villages are about half a mile away.
The gate on the safe side is opened and we see the brothers
Āl Buqrī standing in the midst of their soldiers. They bid us
a friendly welcome and, crowded round by soldiers and
children, we are conducted to a large *madjlis* on the third floor.
342 The house is one of the largest and, above all, one of the
tallest that we have seen here so far. It is still new and finely
constructed, and is plastered all over with white, inside and
out. The outside is ornamented with dark-grey edges to the
windows and terraces, giving an effect which shows very good
721 taste. The martial individual who is the general is a tall, thin,
broad-shouldered man with piercing grey eyes and an aquiline
nose: a typical soldier. When we are seated and the
phrases of welcome are at an end, the General says: "War
is a man's business". This is his answer to our inquiring
glances along the walls on which rifles and cartridge-belts
are hanging, whilst below them, in close-packed rows, his
soldiers are sitting. Upon this follows a conversation from
which we learn that our host served with the British in East
Africa, where he learned his "man's business". He can, however,
take in good part a flat contradiction from us. After
an argument, followed with attention by the soldiers, the two
Buqrī brothers jump to the other extreme and express their
weariness of war and their longing for the end of this captivity
000 in their own house. Fighting is stopped by mutual

Fighting is stopped by mutual 728
agreement during three months of every year. It is the time of the yearly fairs, of pilgrimages and travels. Both parties belong to the Nahd tribe and would gladly see the end of their quarrel. There is, however, no central authority here, able to step in and enforce its decision.

We have become aware during these last days that the 721 insecurity here is a much more serious matter than we had thought when everything went so easily and, apparently, so safely. Now we know that we are in the midst of a people longing for a strong hand to create order and legal security. The el-ᶜAṭṭās family wished to present the best case possible as regards conditions in their territory. But Sayyid Ḥasan was obliged first to stipulate for a few days' peace in order to make possible our journey to and from Ḥurēḍa through a war zone.

The day before we left, a threatening letter came in from the Bedouins forbidding the passing through of the *Naṣrānīs*. The three Bedouins who brought the letter were clapped into prison and Sayyid Ḥasan threatened to call up all his Bedouin followers to wage war against those who should assail his guests, and then only were we granted freedom of passage. With the Buqrīs we were in the midst of a war zone; there were armed men all over the house; photographing and the taking of bearings from the roof were only allowed under a guard of soldiers and on the condition that we remove our pith helmets; loop-holes were in all the walls, even in the lavatories, and look-outs on the roof.

Whilst tea and preserved ginger are being served, the 721 brothers Buqrī, who know the world, continue the discussion 648 over war in the Malay language. The conflict arose through treachery on the part of the opponent; after that blood was repeatedly shed, and now no squaring of the account could be reached in this bloodfeud. Deliverance could only be brought by foreigners, British or Dutch. Why do they not do it? The Buqrīs would give the preference to Holland over England, in spite of its heavy taxes, because legal security is greater

721 and the police better in the Dutch colonial territories. This
648 same question was repeated again in the evening, in the reception-room of our host at Hênin. However pleasing I may have found these signs of appreciation for western colonial government on the part of an eastern Muḥammadan people, I continued to answer with evasions and urged them to take the matter into their own hands and to achieve unity, forced on by necessity.

2. THE OLD DYING TOWN OF HÊNIN.

It cost us much pains to decline the pressing invitations to stay longer and to continue the journey to Hênin in the afternoon.

The hot wind is still filling the wādī with a thick, high-driven mist of sand and dust. The Buqrīs, with their numerous soldiers crowding round them, accompany us till we are outside the gate on the side away from the enemy. Obviously they are all sorry we are leaving so soon and that this variation in their monotonous life comes to so early an end. Before our departure we promise, gladly and faithfully, should we return by this route, to spend the night in their high, beautiful castle. Before long Diyār Āl Buqrī has disappeared in the haze of sand and we travel in absolute solitude amongst the hillocks of loam. Bin ʿAwaḍ Martaʿ, steering a very twisting course, seeks those places where his car can pass between the line of hills. The lower parts are filled with fine sand that lies piled up by the wind so that we have to go by way of the slopes at the foot of the loam-hills. We pass a few tumble-down villages; of vegetation there is hardly a trace.

361 The number of settlements increases as we approach the
241 neighbourhood of Hênin. They are situated partly at the foot
134 of the mountain-wall which forms the northern bank of Wādī el-Kasr, and partly close by, in the bed of the wādī. Little dykes, which make rectangular divisions in the loam, are a sure proof that agriculture was once carried on here. It does not

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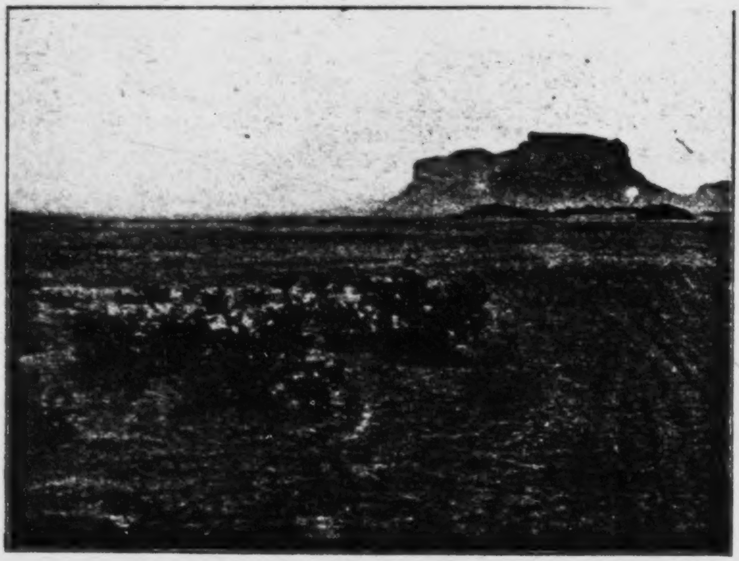
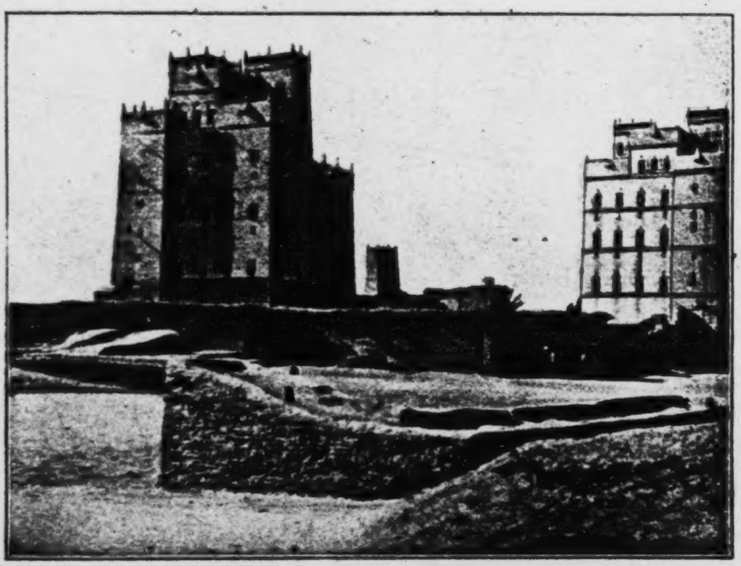


A sand-storm blowing up in Wādī 'l-Kasr.

342



A war centre at the portal of Ḥaḍramaut Proper:
Diyār Āl Buqrī.

P 104 (A)

See pages 101 and 102.

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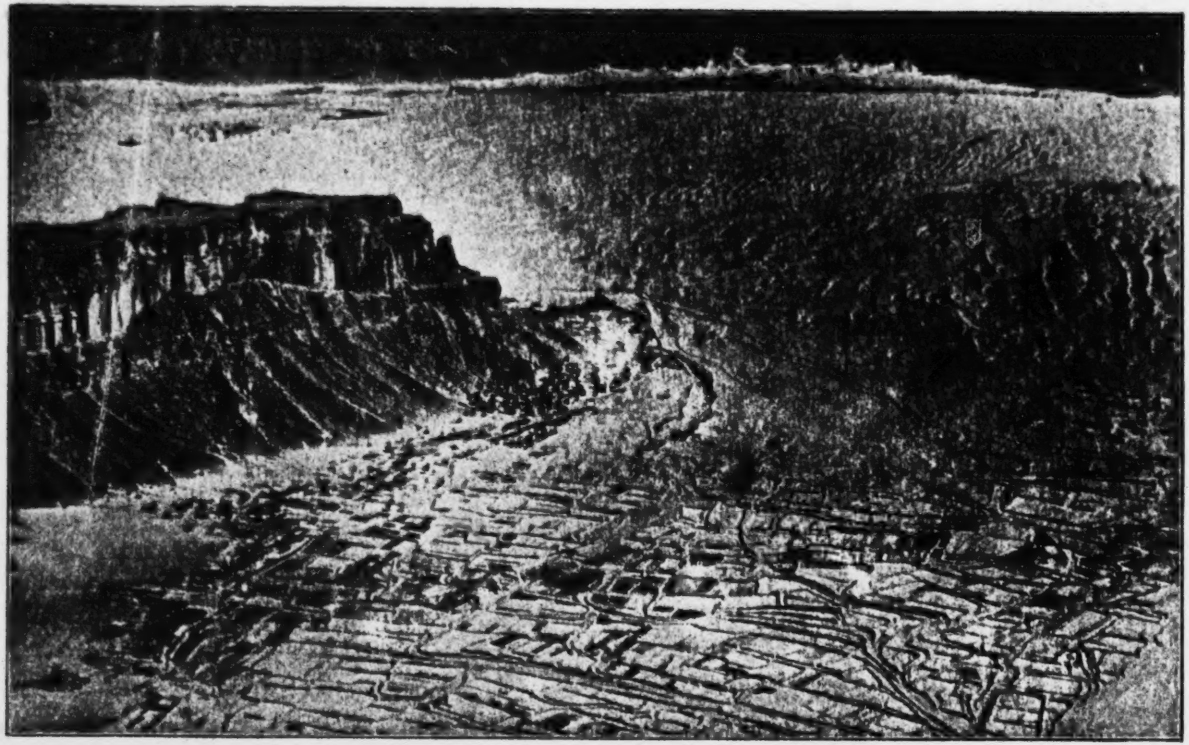
p104 (B)



The entrance to Ḥadramaut Proper. An ocean of sand engulfing the plantations and the town of Hēnin.

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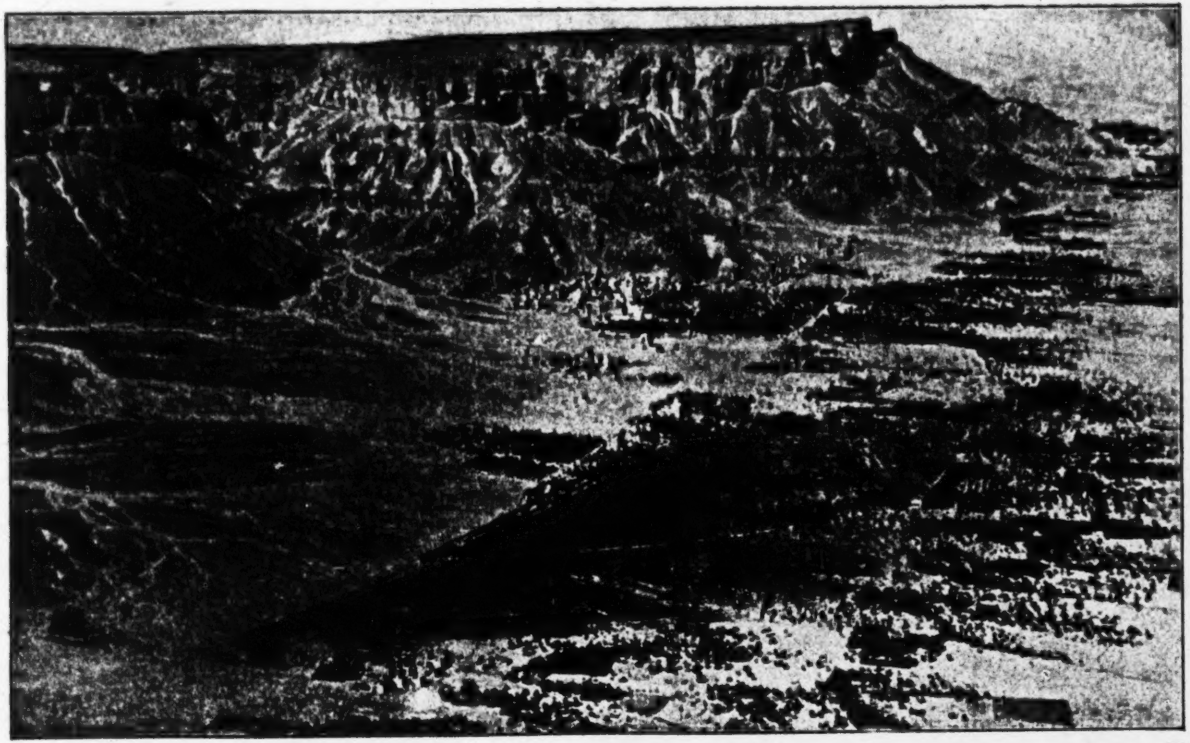

The el-Qaṭn district, with Ḥōṭat el-Qaṭn in the centre, at the foot of the rock-wall.

p104(c)

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24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

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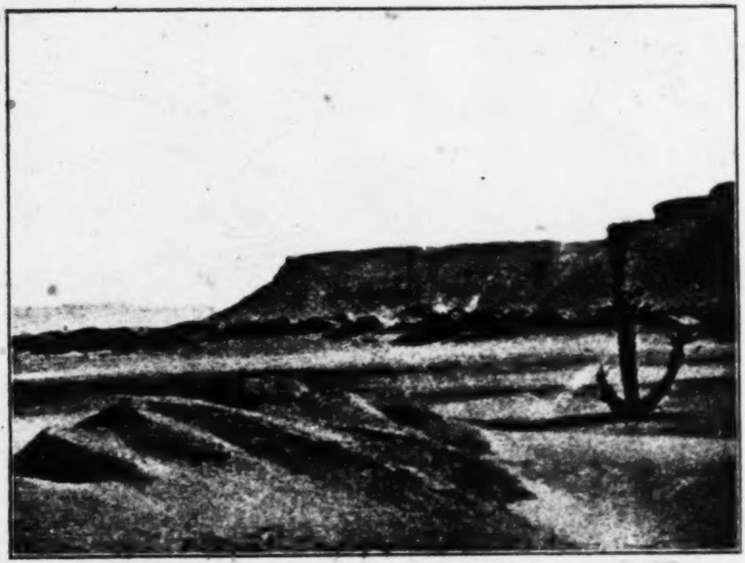

Hillocks of loam and sand near Diyār Al Buqrī.

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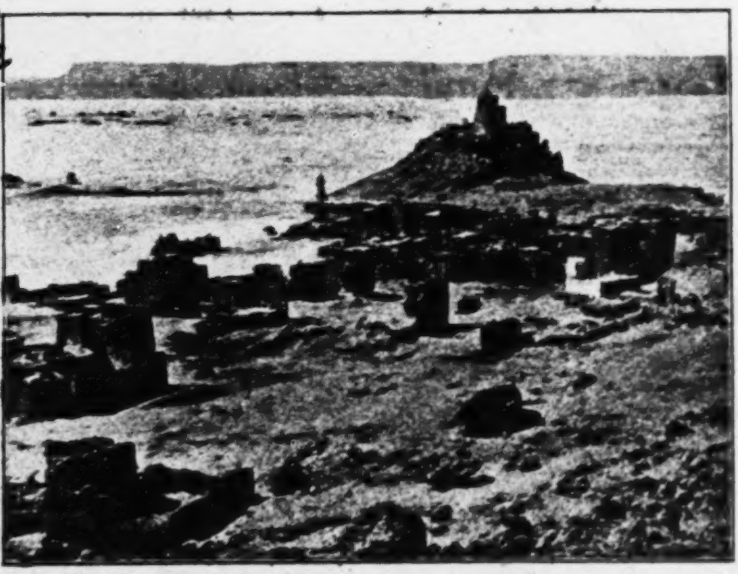

The old dying town of Hēnin.

p104(D)

See pages 104 and 105.

look as though this is still possible in any way; the drifting 361
sand has killed the date-palms and reduced to a minimum the 241
cultivation of *dhura* and the like. The hamlets are partially 134
deserted and the mud houses fallen in.

The very ancient town of Hĕnin [1] has shared this fate. The 361
place lies like a long line at the foot of the rock-wall. Castles 134
and defence turrets higher up have fallen into ruin as have most of the houses of this once important town on the road to the Yemen.

Bin ʿAwaḍ Martaʿ has returned to his fatherland from Sura- 241
baya with the resolve to try to check its decay. The family 134
house has been restored by him and a new storey built on to it. 312
He has brought from Java a motor pump which has been set up on the 70 feet deep well. The pump supplies 30 gallons of water for irrigation per minute so that, if it works for eight hours a day, it just suffices to wrench a few acres of *dhura* from the sandy desert and to keep alive the 200 young date-palms which are planted between.

Bin Martaʿ himself now also realizes that this is but a service 361
of love at a death-bed and that his motor pump cannot save 134
Hĕnin from decay and from the engulfing sea of sand. Hĕnin is like a little town destroyed by storm on the rocky coast of an interminable sea of sand which has first swallowed up its palm-groves and is now submerging the place itself. We have seen nothing of the Bā ʿAṭwah, the poet beggars of Hĕnin. [2] They have been driven by poverty to the prosperous parts of the valley of Ḥaḍramaut and to Java.

Hĕnin is nominally under Qeʿēṭī rule; the Sultan of Shibām 622
and el-Qaṭn protects the place and the insignificant little 511
villages surrounding it. That evening, in the great *madjlis* of Bin Martaʿ's house, we met the poor, simple shēkhs of the

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[1] Cf. el-Hamdānī, *op. cit.*, p. 85, l. 19*sqq.*, 86, l. 20 *sq.*, 88, l. 10 *sqq.*; De Goeje, *Hadhramaut*, in *Revue Coloniale Internationale*, II (1886), p. 110.

[2] C. Snouck Hurgronje, *Zur Dichtkunst der Bā ʿAṭwah in Hadhramôt*, in *Verspreide Geschriften*, v. (Bonn, 1925), p. 393 *sqq.*

622 neighbourhood and also the chief of the Ṣēʿar Bedouins. They
511 inhabit the *djōl* and the wādīs to the north of Hēnin. The
Ṣēʿar have the name of being very primitive and poor. Although the shēkh, who lives in the Rēdet eṣ-Ṣēʿar, was very friendly, he nevertheless avoided falling in with our request that we might be allowed to visit him in his *rēda*.

600 We spent the night at Hēnin in a room, as the roof-terrace, which was not yet completed, was taken up by the family. The heat and the mosquitoes, which owe their existence to the motor pump, made sleep impossible.

CHAPTER VIII.

ENTERING OUR "LAND OF PROMISE".

1. EL-QAṬN AND SHIBĀM.

On May 23rd our host would not allow us to depart until 000
we had partaken of the first of the two daily meals with him. There is no apparent objection to this, as Bin Marta^c will take us himself in his car to el-Qaṭn. The heat and the sandstorm are very unpleasant. It is now the time when the dates ripen. The heavy, bright-yellow or deep-red bunches of fruit, sometimes as many as ten on one tree, need those hot winds to bring them to ripeness. Travelling in the sandy plain is not only unpleasant at this time, but it is also difficult to keep in the right direction. It is true, Bin Marta^c will look after that, but Von Wissmann has great difficulty in making a drawing of our route, surveying the mountain-wall, which is just visible from time to time, and sketching in the villages.

After Hēnin we enter a real desert of sand. The soil is 133
loess, but a thick layer of sand has drifted over it in the lower-lying places. A few bushes of *rāk*[1] grow here and there on the loam-hills. The wādī is seven miles wide here, the villages on the other side of it disappear in the sand-storm. We shape our direction towards the S. W. wall of the wādī, to the spot where Wādī Menwab debouches into it. Soon after the rocks come in sight we also see the tops of the date-palms shining through the leaden-coloured curtain of dust.

Furṭ[2] el-Qaṭn, the beginning of the inhabited, cultivated 361

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[1] Classical *arāk* (أراك), *salvadora persica* Garcin, cf. Landberg 137
Arabica, N°. v. (Leiden, 1898), p. 39 *sq.*; L. Hirsch, *op. cit.*, p. 191, 211, 306.

[2] A *furṭ* (فرط) is a prominent top at the border of a mountain 104
range.

p.107.

361 district called el-Qaṭn, now stands out clearly against the foot of the rock-wall. The ground grows flat; the loam emerges freed from the layer of sand; rectangular patches point to occasional cultivation of the land during a favourable rainy season. There is a low-growing plant in the fields; it is a weed that is used as fodder for cattle.

361 · Furṭ el-Qaṭn is only a hamlet, but a continuous series of
241 palm-groves and fields of *dhura*, lucerne and sesame stretches from here until beyond Ḥōṭat el-Qaṭn, where the Sultan is resident. All actual cultivation is due to irrigation by means of wells. A broad strip of ground which is cultivated when there is sufficient rainfall stretches outside the date plantations. The level of the subsoil water is nearer to the surface here, as the wādī descends more rapidly than does the subterranean river. Beyond Terīm it comes above the surface for considerable stretches.

312 The wells and the tracks along which beasts and men go to
231 draw up water are mostly situated in the shade of the date-
241 palms. Where shadow is lacking, long strips of jute or other
564 material sewn together are stretched over the track to make
571 shade for men and animals. Donkeys and cattle are used for haulage, but mostly with the help of man's labour. The poor, hard-working and little honoured caste of the *ḍaʿfā* (the peasants)[1] have as their chief occupation this irrigation work[2], which really goes on almost all the year round. The *ḍaʿīf* walks backwards beside his cow or donkey, pushing at the hauling rope with the back of his thighs, in which way his weight has most effect. By the time they reach the end of the hauling track, the bag full of water, which is generally leaking considerably, has appeared at the rim of the well. The *sānī* draws the bag of water (*gharb*) to the rim by a thin rope,

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104 [1] *Ḍaʿfā* is the plural of *ḍaʿīf* (ضعيف), which name is given in Haḍramaut to the agricultural labourer class, cf. C. Snouck Hurgronje, *Verspreide Geschriften*, iii, p. 220 and v. p. 406.

104 [2] Here called *senāwa* (سناوة); the man who works it is the *sānī*. Cf. C. Snouck Hurgronje, *loc. cit.*

where it empties itself into a little mud basin, out of 312
which the irrigation conduits lead to the cultivated ground. 231
Work at the well occupies the whole family: father and son 241
guide the animals and walk with them in hauling ropes and 564
mother and daughters relieve them at this work. Two old 591
dames sit in the shade making ready food for the beasts, which consists of dry straw bound round with fresh green into bundles, that are pushed into the animals' mouths whenever they arrive at the top or bottom. I saw women continuing their mat-plaiting whilst, at the same time, walking backwards in the traces down the slope of the track. The work is very tiring: pulling whilst going down hill and then climbing up again. The path, on which their walk begins at sunrise, is as long as the well is deep.

2. TO THE SULTAN'S PALACE IN EL-QAṬN.

One sees the tall buildings of Ḥōṭat el-Qaṭn even from afar [361]
rising above its walls and the tops of the date-palms. The place 342
is not large and is situated, like the townlets in Wādī Dōʿan, 353
stretched out and closed in between date-groves and the rock-barrier. It is surrounded by a mud wall kept in good repair. At the gate of the town we see our caravan; it is on its way to Shibām with the baggage and is resting here during the heat of the day. Although we are informed that the Sultan is staying in Shibām, we wish to pay a visit of courtesy to his deputy at the palace; possibly he may allow us to make a survey and to photograph from the roof of this very high building. The palace has just been partially renovated and, consequently, has not yet the gay outside decoration of whitewash. A broad staircase leads to a large, finely carved door. There we give our letter of introduction to the guard and after some time we are invited to follow him upstairs. By way of broad passages and endless stairs, both plastered with dried mud, we arrive at the reception-room, which has just been finished. Much of the beautiful old Arabian style is spoiled here by

342 western importations. Genuine oriental carpets have been
353 replaced in part by others from European factories. The woodcarving is painted. The aristocratic old colours of brown, red and white are crowded out by more glaring and less harmonizing dyes of western manufacture. Coloured glass has been applied as an ornament above the doors and windows. Though the old be more beautiful, the new is more cheerful, lighter and cleaner.

701 A shy relative of the Sultan, of Indian appearance, receives us. Sayyid ʿAluwī had not had our visit announced long enough in advance and, consequently, we took him somewhat by surprise. Our request to take photographs from the roof is complied with. Our host even climbs with us up the many remaining stairs, and he appreciates our unfeigned admiration as we gaze around us over the magnificent country of el-Qaṭn. There is a large grove of date-palms behind the palace. The Sultan's mosque, completely white, stands out finely against the grey-green tops of the palms. Beyond, we see, walled off apart, the large palm-groves and the white country-houses of Yāfiʿ soldiers and officers enriched by service under the Qeʿēṭī Government. Soldiers and officers of former Sultans have been rewarded with grants of land. Some of them have become men of means, and they have founded a whole colony of Yāfiʿ here; they are under the obligation to give their help to the Sultan against his enemies in times of danger. The town, in which are some large, opulent-looking houses, lies close up against the rock-wall. We cannot stay too long on the roof, for, in so doing, we should oblige our host to stand with us in the burning heat of the sun. After Wādī ʿAmd and the journey through plains of loam-hills and sand, and the halting places of Diyār Āl Buqrī and Hēnin, this first acquaintance with the real, true Ḥaḍramaut is certainly a great surprise. Wādī Dōʿan was very beautiful, but this is grander and more spacious. Wādī Ḥaḍramaut reaches a breadth of five miles here.

000 We notice, when passing through the lower floors of the

We notice,

when passing through the lower floors of the palace, that a school is carried on there, in which some hundred and fifty boys receive elementary secular and religious instruction. The silent, but friendly representative of the Sultan shows us out as far as our car and allows us to photograph him with his own surroundings in front of the house. 872

3. THROUGH A SAND-STORM TO "THE TOWN" OF ḤAḌRAMAUT.

We now drive through the cultivated tract of land to its 000 sandy, outer margin. The sand-storm meanwhile has increased in violence and Bin Martaᶜ loses the way from time to time so that we make but slow progress towards Shibām. It is fortunate that we had clear weather in which to see this part of our route on the return journey and so were able to fill in the necessary details in describing it. Not far from Ḥōṭat el-Qaṭn the fertile strip of land becomes very narrow and later on quite vanishes. The villages look then like small green islands in the otherwise bare land at the foot of the mountain. Our way goes through sand-hills grown over with a kind of reed.

Not far from Shibām we pass through the fields of *dhura* and small palm-groves belonging to the villages of el-Hēme and Āl Shēkh ᶜAlī.

At this point the cultivated ground reaches the bank of the 133 deep *sēl*-bed. During the rains the *sēl* here threatened to degenerate from a blessing into a danger: rushing torrents of water forced their way through to the valuable palm plantations of Shibām and washed bare the roots of the trees. A cemented stone dam with sluices has been made in the *sēl*-bed to keep down the rush of water; it is quite half a mile long. Earlier dams have been destroyed, over and over again, by the *sēl*; this one has been made at great expense, and it seems to be capable of holding up and conducting the water.

The last part of the way to Shibām goes again over a plain, 137 bare of vegetation, where the hot sand-storm has full play. On 361

133 361 the right are fields and some groves of date-palms which seem to be dependent on rain, hiding themselves behind the wide curtain of dust. Suddenly we see before us something that resembles *fata morgana*: a square, grey mass rises high up above the desert, and its upper side looks as if it were 361 covered with snow. There lies Shibām, the New York of Ḥaḍramaut, one of her three great cities and the centre of her commerce for centuries past. It was probably an important town even in pre-Islamic times.~~[1]~~ High walls protect the palm plantations against the drifting sand; they are therefore invisible and the marvel of the great city looming up out of the desert breaks forcibly upon the stranger as he approaches Shibām from the direction of el-Qaṭn for the first time. No town of Ḥaḍramaut is built so compactly and of such high houses as Shibām. Nearly all the houses have a whitewashed roof-storey, which gives that wonderful effect of a brown cake powdered with sugar. The city is straitly enclosed by a high, strong wall which, to a great extent, is incorporated into the back of the houses. Just at a short distance from the wall the road passes over a bridge made of the trunks of palm-trees, which spans a waterless irrigation canal, and enters the date plantation. Everything is covered with a layer of dust. The drought has been so great this year that these palms, which are dependent on the *sēl*, have been unable to produce fruit. The road follows the wall round the city, then descends to the broad, level ~~sandy~~ bed of the *sēl*, in the middle of which is a series of wells from which the people of the town draw water. From here a wide sope leads to the high, double gate of the town. The car gets up the bumpily paved ascent with difficulty, and we pass through the first gate to another one, 90 feet further on. We are then in a square where camels are resting, which, terrified by our car, rear on their hind legs and try to run away, in spite of their being hobbled and their heavy loads. The square is shut in on the right side by the

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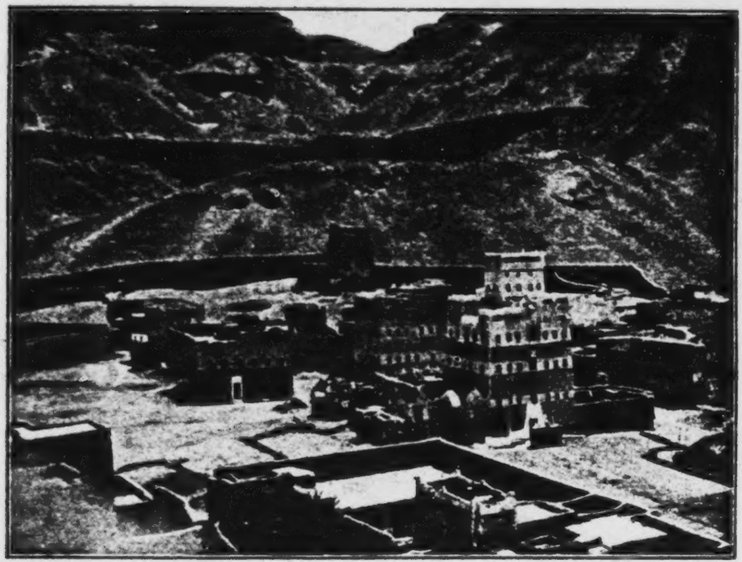
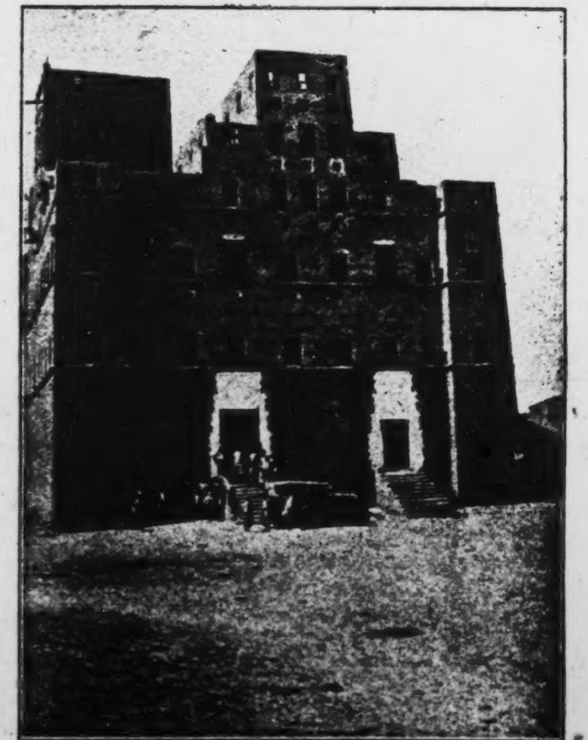
[1] Cf. el-Hamdānī, *op. cit.*, p. 86, l. 24, 25; 87, l. 3, 25; *Encyclopaedia of Islām*, Art. *Shibām*, 4.

342



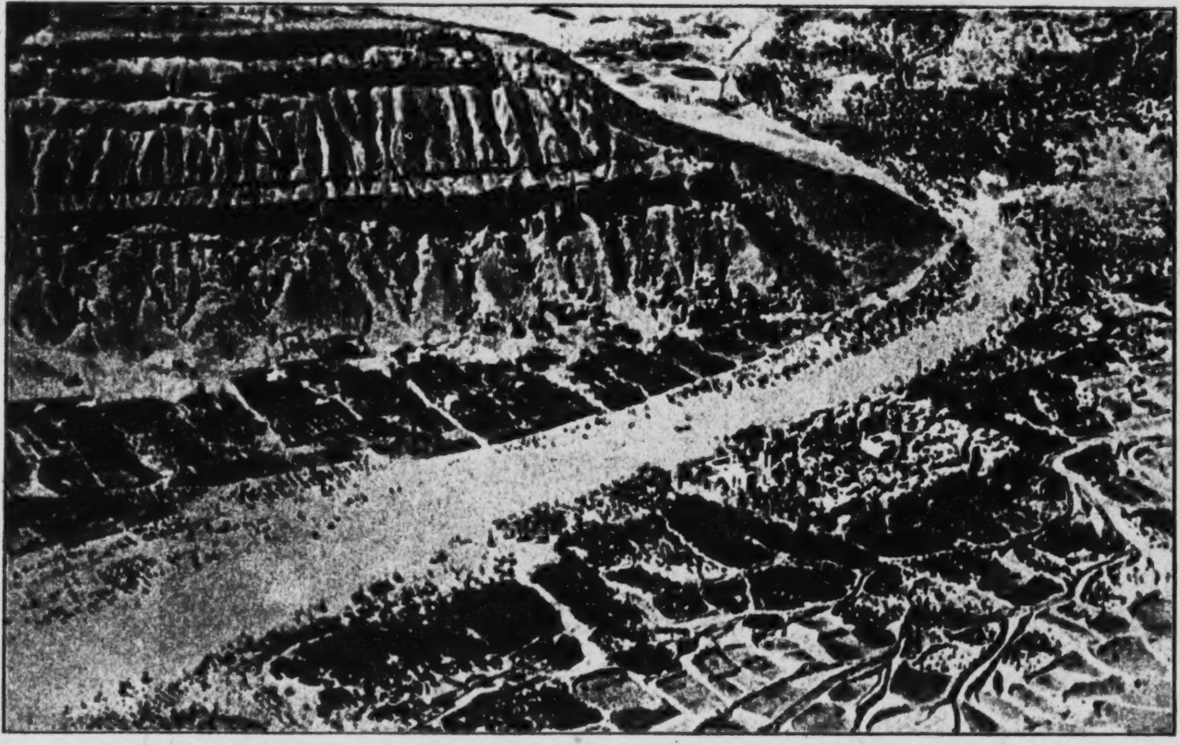
View of Ḥōṭat el-Qaṭn from the roof of the Sultan's palace.



The Sultan's palace at el-Qaṭn

p. 112 (A)

p112 (13).



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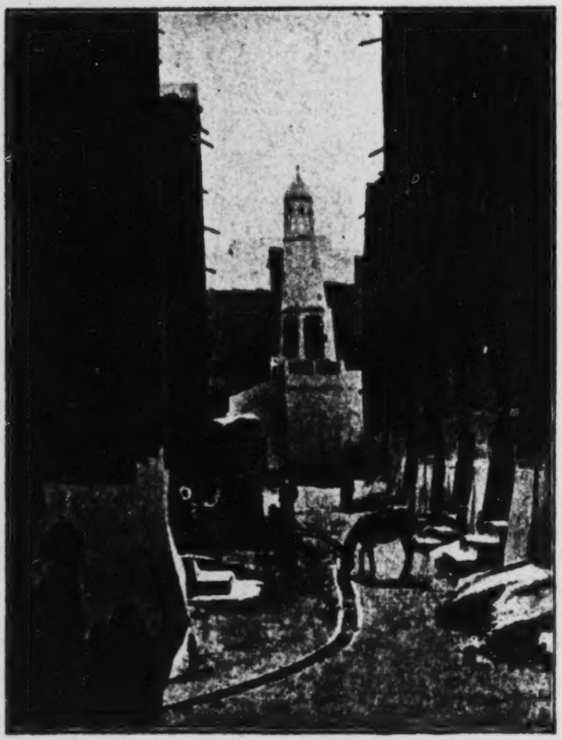
Shibām, beside the broad sand-river.

See page 112.

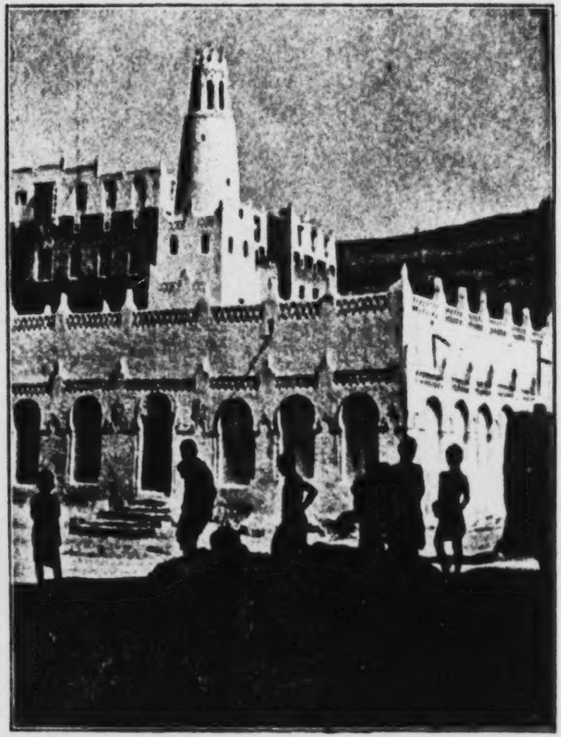
24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

p.112 (c)



Street-scene in Shibām.

361

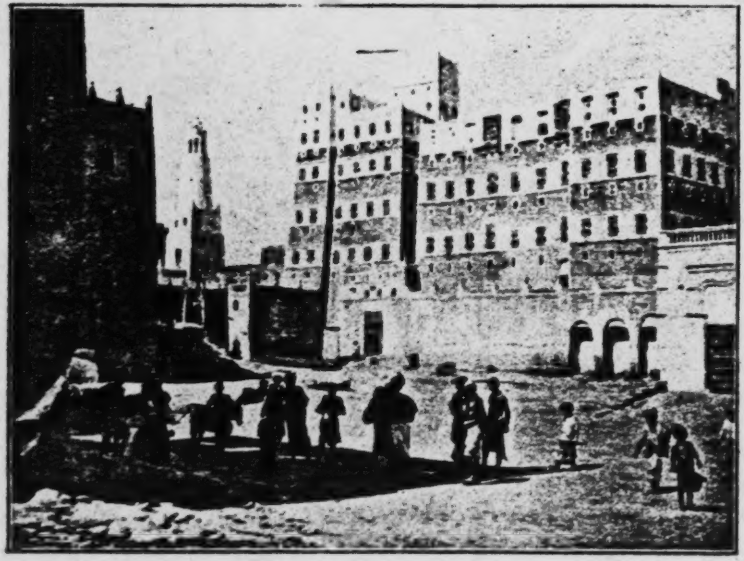


A gleaming-white mosque in gloomy Shibām.

342

See page 118.

342



The Sultan's palace in Shibām.

p112 (D).

See page 113.

Sultan's huge, high palace. The car stops before the comparatively small gate and our escort discharge their guns. The gate opens and soldiers accompany us up a long staircase running across the front of the building and behind the outer wall to the entrance proper. The impression made by the palace is one of neglect and dirt. This is because the Sultan lives in Ḥōṭat el-Qaṭn and only comes to stay in this palace for a few days from time to time to attend to affairs of state. At all other times it is entrusted to the very indifferent care of the soldiers who are lodged within it. 361

We are conducted to a simple room, where the carpets are old and dusty and where, on an European travelling rug, sits a tall, very thin young man, the Sultan of Shibām, ᶜAlī bin Ṣalāḥ bin Muḥammad bin ᶜUmar bin ᶜAwaḍ bin ᶜAbdallāh el-Qeᶜēṭī, the grand-nephew of the Sultan of Makalla. We are quietly and kindly received. The Sultan is very much displeased that our escort has not given him due notice of our arrival; if he had known in time he would have received us in his palace at el-Qaṭn, which is suitably furnished for receptions. Sayyid ᶜAluwī tries to apologize, but without success. In the meanwhile chairs have been borrowed in the town and placed in a large room. We can at last retire and try to wash the coating of clinging dust from our weary bodies. During these private operations we are not left alone: attentive soldiers keep watch and even allow immaculately dressed notables of Shibām to enter. These have heard of the arrival of foreigners and are on the spot at once to learn all about them. They have come in their magnificent new cars and with Arabian hospitality invite us to drive with them to the garden city in front of Ṣhibām and to have a cup of tea with them in their garden pavilions. It has an incredible sound to our ears, when, to add to the attractiveness of their invitation, they also say that we can swim in the mason-work swimming-pool in their garden. We accept with gratitude, on condition that the Sultan makes no objection to our leaving his hospitable roof for the time being. 643 609 644

4. A WONDERFUL RECEPTION IN THE GARDEN CITY SEḤĒL SHIBĀM.

491 The families of Āl Ṭuwēy and Laᶜdjam are on the best of
493 friendly terms with the Sultan and arrange matters with him.
A little later the great dark-red cars buzz through the gate and
cross the *sēl*-bed in the direction of the palm-groves, called
Seḥēl Shibām. Only in the last few years has the motor-car
penetrated as far as Ḥaḍramaut. Sayyid Abū Bakr el-Kāf of
Terīm has made this possible by the construction of motor
roads. Motor-cars can, with great difficulty, be brought from
the port of esh-Shiḥr to Terīm. The separate parts of the cars
have to be transported on camels for a great part of the way.
562 From the road one can see very little of the palm-groves
529 and the summer pavilions in their midst; high mud walls shut
576 off the gardens from the gaze of passers-by. There is one
exception to this, where the central point is formed by a new
building in modern style. This is the club of the young men of
Shibām; no women come here and so there is nothing to shut
312 off. A little further on the cars turn into the gateway that
342 gives entrance to the garden of the Āl Ṭuwēy and Laᶜdjam.
177 This summer abode of their joint families is still uninhabited;
351 the time for moving from town to country has only just come.
There is a well behind the house, from which oxen and
donkeys draw up the water, clear as crystal, though tasting
somewhat bitter. All around there are banana and papaya
trees, pomegranate and lemon bushes as well as date-palms.
The new summer pavilion is in the depths of the garden; our
host has devoted his leisure to building it. It is a product
of Ḥaḍramī imagination influenced by Singapore and Java.
For the outer walls chaste, simple white has been abandoned
and is replaced by soft green, rose and sky-blue. The great
windows are framed by coloured ornamentation. Connected
with the villa is a swimming-bath with a high parapet. One
has a great longing for colour in this sunny land, where it is
so lacking, and this fairy palace strikes a happy note among

the grey-green tops of the date-palms with the unchanging 342
yellow-brown rocks in the background. The contrast between 342
this part of Ḥaḍramaut and the desert of burning loam and 177
sand, which scorches up the small, dying villages, is certainly 351
great. To our regret we are only able to make a short stay in this land of enchantment, as the Sultan expects us at the palace for the evening meal. Our hosts take us back to the town and 000
ask the Sultan whether he is willing for us to stay with them in their garden villa for the night. Permission is given and the Sultan even promises to spend the next day with us there. We eat alone in the palace; the Sultan retires after inviting us to draw up to the dining mat and to fall to. Afterwards by moonlight we return to the garden. Tea and pomegranates are served on a terrace. The conversation, carried on in Malay, is not fatiguing; our hosts make us feel how welcome we are and how much they appreciate this break in their very monotonous existence. When we wish to bathe in the swimming-pool we are provided not only with spotlessly clean bathing-gear but also with combs and scent. The moon shines in calm, silent splendour on the dark crowns of the date-palms, the water is clear and lukewarm. We ask ourselves over and over again: "Is this real? Is this actually Ḥaḍramaut, the secluded, the fanatical, the poor?"

Sultan ʿAlī bin Ṣalāḥ came, as arranged, on the following morning. He at once made searching inquiries as to our further plan of travel. We are here on the farthermost limits of the Qeʿēṭī territory and naturally the question arises: "What will await us among the Āl Kathīr?" We told the Sultan that our experiences would determine our return route. We should now go first to see the famous Sayyid Abū Bakr el-Kāf in Terīm; if he approves and thinks it justifiable to take the risk, then I, at least, shall have to return by the shortest route, and that will be direct through the Ḥumūm territory to esh-Shiḥr. Sultan ʿAlī's advice is strongly against this, the road is dangerous and Sayyid Abū Bakr has only financial influence and no governmental authority. No, we must return to Shibām, 000 then stay with him in el-Qaṭn, and, whilst there, visit with him the Ḥimyaritic antiquities in the vicinity. He will then arrange for camels and donkeys, and we shall be able to return to Makalla through Wādī Ḥuwēre in six or seven days. What Sultan ᶜAlī says coincides with the advice given us by the Vizier in Makalla and represents the standpoint of el-Qeᶜēṭī. We do not wish to make an immediate decision, for we should prefer to return by a different route, but, on the other hand, wish to keep open the possibility of making the return journey through Qeᶜēṭī territory, so as not to cut ourselves off from the support of the authorities here.

5. SHIBĀM "EL-DJARĪMA, THE GRAND".

162 Shibām has as many as 500 towering houses and about
167 8000 inhabitants. The number reaches 9000 if one includes
361 the whole garden suburb and the workmen's quarter outside
471 the walls of the town. There is a school with about 250 pupils, which was founded and is maintained by our hosts. In the town itself there are five large, fine mosques, almost the only low buildings and also the only entirely white ones. Outside the town, but belonging to it, there are seven more. A quarter of the masculine population is travelling constantly abroad to make money, the greater part going to Makalla and Aden. About 100 are in Java and 50 in Singapore. The Āl *Ṭuwēy*, for example, have house property in Singapore, Batavia and Surabaya, and when times are good they also carry on trade. Altogether about 30 households live on this family property. All the house property of the Laᶜdjam brothers is at Singapore. The well-known capitalist Bā Swēdān, who is a great landowner and has hundreds of houses in Singapore and Batavia, also comes from Shibām. Sēwūn and Terīm, however, are the centres where the Ḥaḍramīs live who have made riches in Java, and there are a great number of Dutch subjects in these towns.

000 In Shibām no poll-tax is paid by the population as is the

In Shibām

no poll tax is paid by the population as is the 651

case in Sēwūn and Terīm. A tax of a quarter of a *riyāl*[1] is 643 levied on every camel load that enters the gate of Shibām; also 4 % on sales of houses or land is due to the Sultan. Of the produce of the fields which depend on rain, 1 % is earmarked for the state treasury, *i. e.* the Sultan's pocket. The Government levies no tax on lands that are irrigated by their owners' efforts. The Qeʿēṭī Sultan of Makalla owns much land in his kingdom: his tobacco fields at Ghēl Bā Wazīr, near Sheḥēr, bring in about 30.000 *riyāl* a year, and he owns many palm-groves in Wādī Ḥaḍramaut. Yet the greater part of his income comes from Bombay and Hyderabad, where he has extensive land and house property, and he receives 1500 *rupees* a month from the Niẓām of Hyderabad for his services as commander of the troops.

These great riches of the Qeʿēṭīs are the source of their 643 power. The existence of a central authority is, in spite of many abuses, noticeable in their territory. It makes itself felt whenever urgently necessary and has no difficulty in holding its own against the Āl Kathīr, who are divided amongst themselves and are lacking in strong financial support.

The Sultan of Shibām only receives a salary from the Sultan of Makalla, to whom he is bound by family ties.

The military forces of the Qeʿēṭī consist, in peace time, of 701 5000 soldiers, of whom 2000 are negro slave soldiers. In Shibām only 100 of them are in regular service, whilst some 500 are on reserve in case of need. These latter live, as a rule, in good houses all around el-Qaṭn.

The Sultan estimates the number of souls in Shibām, el-Qaṭn 162 and the villages between them, at 20.000. These are all the inhabitants of the State of Shibām, exclusive, however, of the Bedouin tribes who are allied by treaty with his Government.

We showed Sultan ʿAlī the books about Ḥaḍramaut that we 186 had brought with us and a few English air photographs. It was then apparent how little the ruler and his entourage knew

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[1] At the time of our visit a *riyāl* had about the same value as an Indian *rupee*. 435

186 about the land outside their own small territory. The Sultan knows neither Sēwūn nor Terīm; Hadjarēn was recognized by none of those present.

361 342 On this same day, before proceeding further, we return to Shibām to have a good look over this wonderful city. The streets form narrow, dark tunnels between high, grey houses built in rows. In the middle of the street there is a drain of masonry into which runs the dirty water from the houses, which splashes down into the street from many gutters made of the trunks of date-palms. Cats, donkeys and chickens are doing themselves well on the reeking brew. We are obliged to look upwards constantly to see whether an evil-smelling rain is not beginning to spatter down from one of the gutters. The houses are five or six storeys high; only the top storey is whitewashed and that cannot be seen from the street. The mosques stand in the open spaces and look indeed like toys made of sugar amongst the many tall, gloomy houses surrounding them. In the bazaar streets is a great crowd of buyers and sellers. These latter have either miniature shops or booths on the streets. The doors and windows in the houses of the rich are of magnificently carved wood. The keyhole for the huge wooden keys, which with their many wooden pegs look like brushes, is close to the door, about 4½ feet from the ground, and is usually shut off by a little shutter, neatly decorated. The dim obscurity, the stifling heat and the extremely foul streets offer, of course, good conditions of existence for flies, mosquitoes and other spreaders of disease germs.

1

CHAPTER IX.

SĒWŪN, THE HEART OF ḤAḌRAMAUT PROPER.

1. PENETRATING INTO THE ĀL KATHĪR TERRITORY.

The border of the Qeʿēṭī territory is a quarter of an hour's 131 walk to the east of Shibām. There, high up at the edge of the 712 mountain, is a fort and an observation post; there are also mud block-houses in the plain. Somewhat further along the mountain's ridge the white military posts of the Āl Kathīr are visible.

On the afternoon of May 24th, immediately after leaving 721 Shibām, we cross the sandy wādī diagonally towards the northern side, where there is least vegetation, but also least warfare. The whole southern side has the name of being unsafe. But even here on the north, soldiers dog our footsteps whenever we stop to take photographs. The villages are built 361 up against the mountain foot, and on higher points are the 312 ruins of fortifications. Following the margin we again enter 133 date plantations, which are, however, very thin and finally perish in the engulfing sand. Then we go on through sand-dunes overgrown with a kind of beach-grass. Close by Sēwūn we again have to cross the bed of the wādī, as this place is situated on the southern side. There is water, here and there, in the *sēl*-bed; it is, however, very bitter. The soil close to those stagnant pools is covered with a crust of white salt.

Sēwūn lies within a wide belt of magnificent palm-groves 241 and fields of *dhura*. The water-level is only eighteen to twenty-one feet below the surface; the water has a saltish taste, but appears to be exceptionally suitable for the irrigation of the gardens. We had not so far seen such vigorous date-palms and such luxuriant, tall-growing *dhura* as in this part of the country. The hot wind has already ripened the bunches of dates, which are comfortably hidden away by this time in their

241 protecting baskets. Sēwūn is said to be the finest and largest
town in Ḥaḍramaut. It well deserves its appellation "eṭ-Ṭawīla,
[105] the Long", but it could also be called "the Clean" or "the
342 Beautiful". The houses are lower and smaller and stand wider
361 apart than those of Shibām. Also dirty water and other iniquities do not simply rain down into the streets. They flow through open or covered gutters along the outer walls of the houses into closed-in cesspools of masonry. It is true, the streets are also narrow; our cars, from time to time, could only just pass through them, but there is plenty of light and no bad smells. At the gate of the massive palace of the Sultan we learn that the authorities are awaiting us in the summer residence 'Izz ed-Dīn. Sēwūn and this garden city have quite grown into one; many of the wealthy families live in their garden palaces the whole year round. Passing through a gate in a mud wall we drive up a great courtyard which is flanked by a long white building, only one storey high. The tops of the palm-trees overhang the edge of the spacious roof-terrace, which for the greater part is carpeted and where the Sultans of Sēwūn and Terīm await us, surrounded by their counsellors.

2. THE SULTANS OF SĒWŪN AND TERĪM AND *THEIR SURROUNDINGS.*

643 'Alī bin Manṣūr bin Ghālib bin Muḥsin Āl Kathīr, Sultan of Sēwūn, is a short, thick-set man, with one eye, with which, however, he looks at his guests with double friendliness. His brother and his two little sons are also among the great gathering there assembled; likewise his nephew, the Sultan of Terīm, a tall, slim, very dark-complexioned young man, whose name is Muḥammad bin Muḥsin Āl Kathīr. The Sultan of Terīm is generally in Sēwūn with his uncle; his small, graceful, white palace is almost opposite that of the latter; it is much more beautiful than the one in his official place of residence.

000 In the middle of the roof-terrace is a room, open on all

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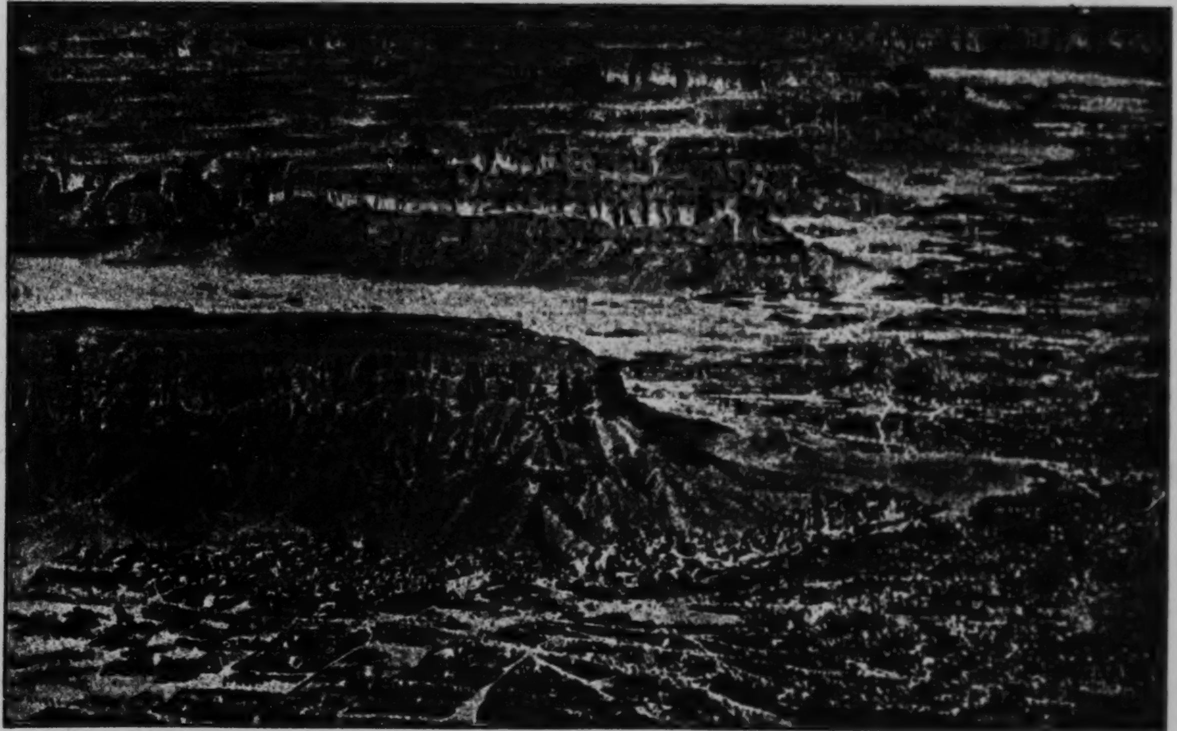
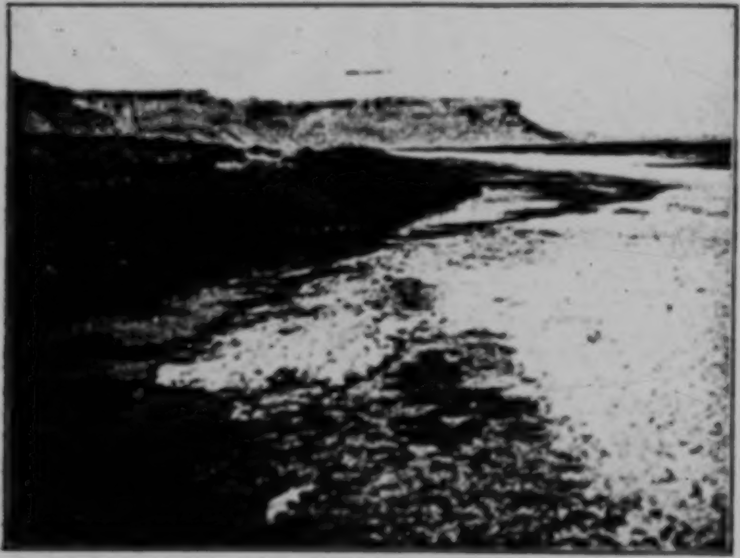


p120(A)

133

Sēwūn, the heart of Ḥadramaut.

133



A pool in the *masīla* near Sēwūn, surrounded by a white salt-crust.

p 120 (B)

See page 119.

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

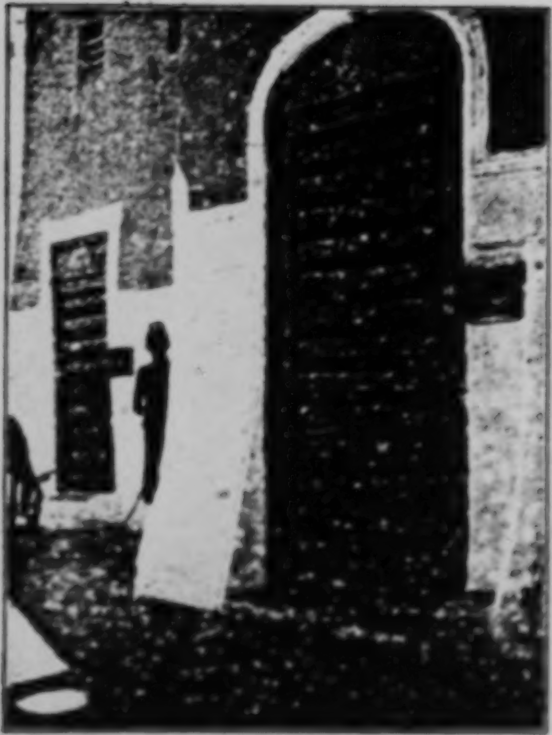
241

Sēwūn's garden city.

p120 (c)

See page 899

342



A carved door in Shibām.

p120 (D)

See page 118.

In the middle of the roof-terrace is a room, open on all 342
sides, but shady during the day, where meals are served. One 167
can see that we are nearing Terim with its refinements of 177
civilization from the iced water that is brought round here in 641
huge thermos flasks. Sēwūn is the mother city of many 191
Ḥaḍramis who have amassed wealth in Java and the Straits Settlements. There is oriental exaggeration in the Sultan's greeting: "You are really the Sultan of this land, for more than half of its inhabitants are Dutch subjects", but there is a kernel of truth in it, for Sēwūn is deeply under the influence of Indonesia. Is not Malay perpetually spoken in the Sultan's entourage? Does one not hear that language in the mouth of the children in the streets of the town? All sorts of words from Java have been absorbed into the colloquial. The meals [262]
served are real Javanese rice meals (*rijsttafel*). Even the few horses that Sēwūn possesses have been imported from Western Java. According to the Sultan, there are some thirty Javanese women who have been brought here by their husbands and who will never more return to their country. The mixture of [144]
races can also be noted in the shape of the faces and the features of the children on the streets.

Conversation flows smoothly and is only interrupted by the 648
ṣalāt and by meals. As the Sultan[1] has much trouble from enemies who work against him behind his back with the help of money earned in Java, it is not to be wondered at that he has many requests to make and much to say to the envoy of Holland. He would be glad to have the aid of Holland to subdue his enemies in Java. A Government edict threatening banishment from Netherlands India to all who should further a revolutionary movement in their own country would be considered sufficient here. During the following days there is a great deal of talk over this subject and others connected with it. Later on, in the sayyids' circle in Terim, another additional 578
question is raised, namely, that of the struggle between the 648
Ḥaḍramī sayyids and the Ḥaḍramis who do not belong to this privileged class, in which struggle they consider that the Government of Netherlands India takes a line which is too

[1] ['Ali bin Manṣūr bin Ghālib bin Muḥsin Āl Kathīr, Sultan of Sēwūn -- Analist]

578 neutral and too democratic. Although there are heated arguments and great differences of opinion come to light, these do not in the least disturb the hearty hospitality that, here once
648 again, we find such a surprising experience. We are also invariably required to give our impressions of Ḥaḍramaut. This is done with the object of hearing our opinion about the lack of legal security, the great poverty of the people, the backwardness of the country as regards education, roads and irrigation. My attempts to keep myself out of the game by making comparisons between conditions here and those which I had become acquainted with in the two other independent Arabian kingdoms, the Yemen and the Hedjaz, were followed with attention, but did not serve my aim. Finally, the Sultan or one of his advisers asks directly what we think of the state of affairs here. It is then no longer possible to avoid answering, and we give frank vent to our disappointment over the great lack of unity and the state of warfare which are a disgrace to the leading Ḥaḍramīs, whom we have known as able, energetic men and peaceful citizens in Java. I then say to them that they ought not to look for help from abroad, whether it be from England or Holland, or from whatever other country they expect it, but that they must seek unity amongst themselves and set their hand to the plough with self-confidence; then, with the help of Allah, they will succeed in putting an end to many shameful conditions in their country. We repeated this in many keys in all parts of the Āl Kathīr country and never noticed that it spoiled our excellent relations in the least degree.

000 As soon as the Sultan notices that we are desirous of rest, he gives the sign to withdraw, and all present, with the exception of a number of servants, follow their lord and master out of the room. The servants crowd joyously round the samovar, which goes on producing numberless glasses of tea until deep into the night, and it does not occur to them that we, blasé Europeans, may perhaps be disturbed by the stories told and the songs sung by them. The nights passed on the great roof-

terrace of ʿIzz ed-Dīn, with the moon-lit tops of the palm-trees 000
all around and the star-lit sky of Arabia above, are unforgettable.

On May 25th the Sultan invites us to a motor drive through the gardens of Sēwūn. The two cars pass slowly between mud walls enclosing gardens; the white summer residences in the midst of palm-trees are hidden from the gaze of the inquisitive. Then, in order to get a good view of beautiful Sēwūn, we were taken as far as the mountain-wall, where we climbed a hill on the slopes of the rock débris. The city, which lies at the foot of the mountain-wall, gleams white and thus gives a prosperous impression. On the highest point stands, wide and 341
tall, the palace of the Sultan, one of the best examples of Ḥaḍramī palace architecture that we came across. Only the roof-terraces, with the rooms built upon them, are entirely white. The rest of the buildings has two white bands on a line with the windows, whilst the ventilation openings are framed in white. The corners of the edifice, which is long and rectangular, are fortified by round turrets. The heavy mud walls are thinner above than below and, consequently, the outer walls are not perpendicular, but slope inwards, which strengthens the impression of power and beauty in the building. The palace rises up from walled-in terraces, on which are gatehouses, powder magazines, stables and soldiers' quarters. At a little distance lies the graceful palace, entirely white, but somewhat smaller, of the Sultan of Terīm.

The cemetery is situated nearly in the centre of the town 764
and has five graves of *walīs* with graceful *qubbas* in their 361
honour. Several white minarets rise out of the sea of houses of the city, reminding us that Sēwūn was once famous as a seat of religion and learning. Schools were habitually connected with the mosques and that is still the case with their scanty remnants. Surrounding the city is a wide border of palm-groves, with the white of summer residences dotting it here and there. Those of the es-Saqqāf family are noticeable for their number and their size.

000 The heat of the sun drives us away, however, from our bare hillock, but the Sultan promises to give us the pleasure of another similar excursion in the evening. We shall meet again at lunch in the palace of the Sultan of Terim, who is to entertain us to-day.

353 It is exceedingly hot when, some hours later, we leave the
342 garden city and proceed to the palace. We are received in
a broad corridor, the only place where there is some breeze
and, thus, some degree of coolness. The corridor is spread with
beautiful carpets; at one end is a table with chairs placed
round it, at the other end cushions lie on the carpets. The
reception begins on chairs, but that does not last long. We are
soon all seated on the floor, leaning against the cushions as
is the custom here. The meal is served in a hall where there
are two rows of pillars. Long and strong supporting beams
cannot be obtained here, where wood is scarce and short;
thus all large rooms have pillars to support the roof construc-
tion. A long table-cloth is laid over the carpets in the middle
[177] of the room. Seated around it with their legs crossed under
[244] them the great company, with few words and in a rapid
tempo, feasts upon the excellently prepared Javanese "rice
meal" (*rijsttafel*) laid before them.

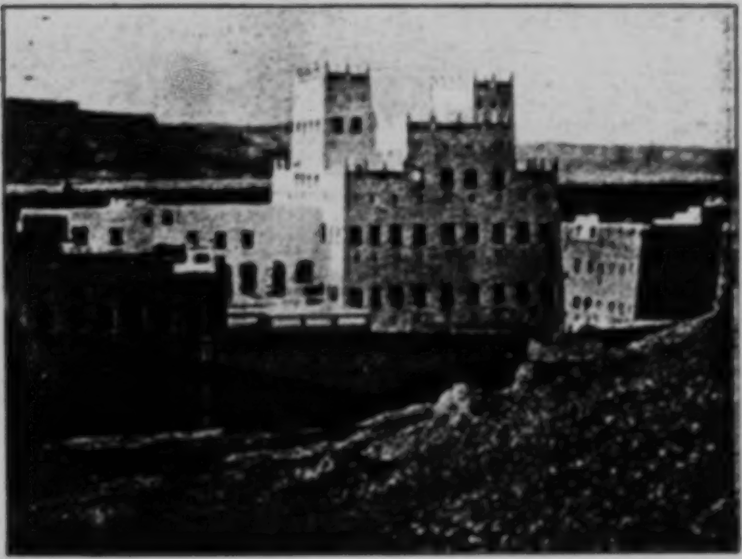
353 The mural decorations of the otherwise empty room consist of mirrors, old English prints, photographs of Java and Singapore and two large hanging clocks with musical chimes.

Tea is served in a small drawing-room with modern furniture. In Ḥaḍramaut, the new is less practical and less beautiful than the old and indigenous. It is so hot in here, with its coloured glass windows, that all are thankful when the meeting is adjourned.

508 In the afternoon the Sultan takes us by car to a broad plain
419 where the mountain-wall recedes. He would like to make an
aerodrome here and wants therefore to have our opinion. The
aeroplane would be an ideal means of transport for the whole
of Arabia, and especially for Ḥaḍramaut. Not only are distan-
ces great, the communications difficult and whole stretches

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

342



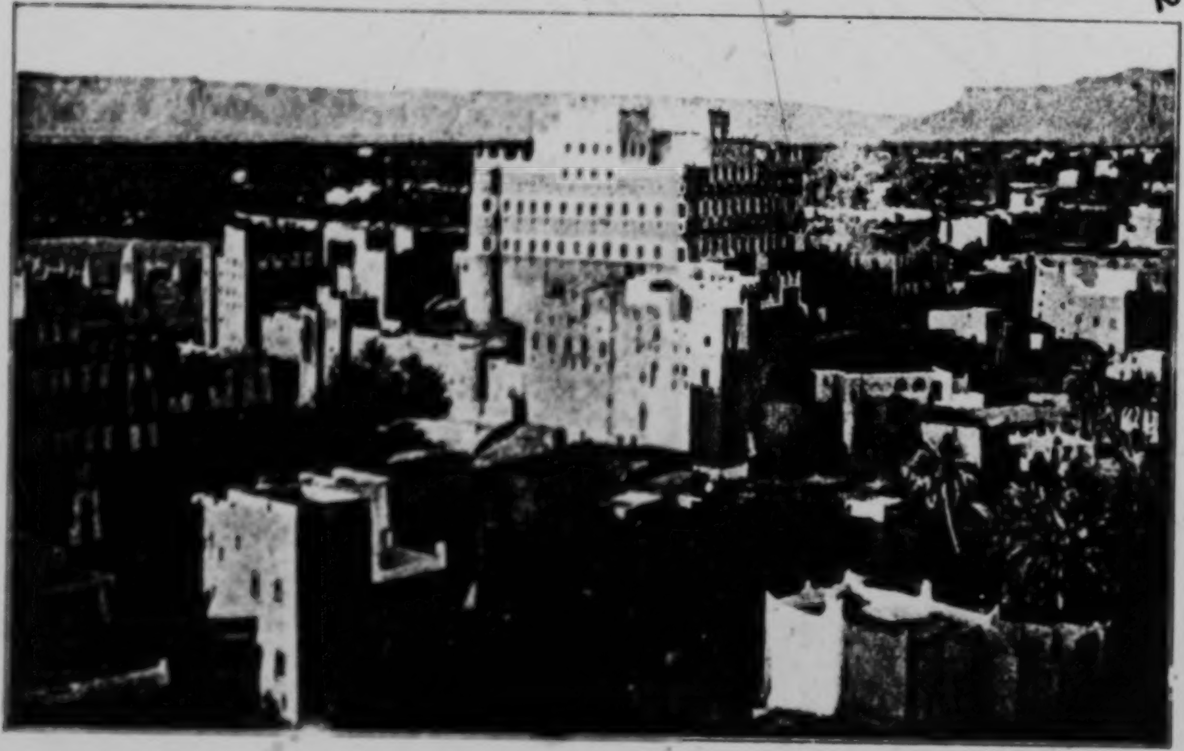
The white palace of the Sultan of Terim in the centre of Sewun.

p.124 (A)

See page 124.

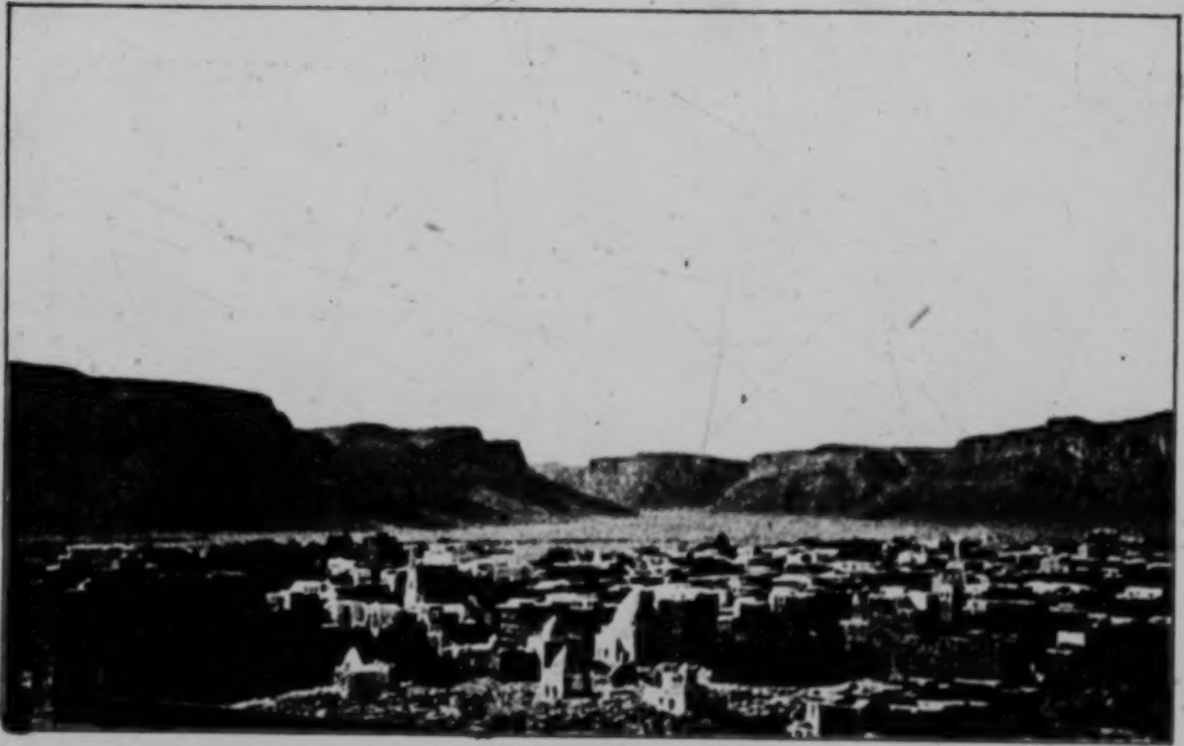
342

p124(B)



The Sultan's palace in Sēwūn.

p124 (C)



Sēwūn with the cemetery in the foreground.

361
764

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

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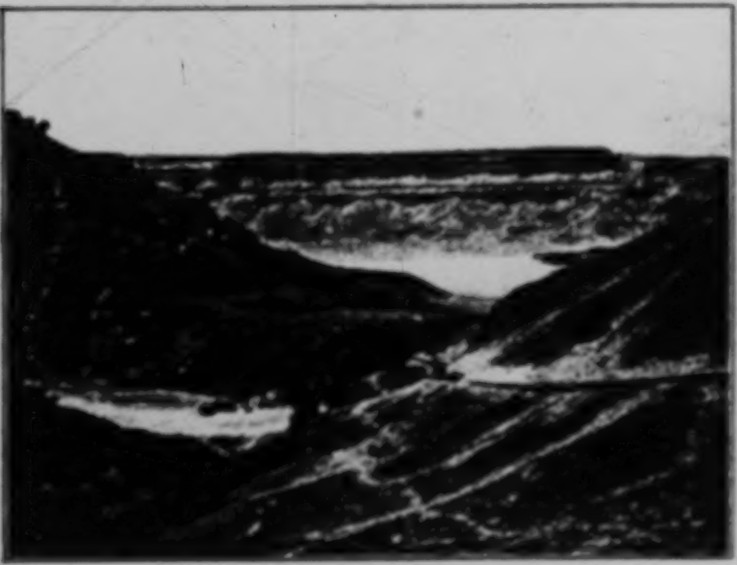

The first mountain road for motor traffic over the rocky spurs near Terim.

p 124 D

See page 130.

often very poor in water, but, over and above this, countless 508
internal wars make traffic dangerous and force travellers to 489
go by very circuitous routes. This is why the Ḥaḍrami seldom
knows his own country well. A learned Ḥaḍrami whom I knew 186
formerly said to me quite truly: "I know all the volcanoes of 641
Java and all the stations on its main railway lines, but I cannot 578
give you any information about the wâdis and mountains a few hours distant from my home." The Sultan of Sêwûn is a relatively favourable exception to this rule in that he has seen Aden; he went there to attend a conference convened by the British authorities, where an attempt was made to arrive at a peaceful settlement of the differences between the Qeʿêṭi and Kathîri rulers. He desires to see more of the world, including Java, the land in which three quarters of his subjects have interests. The great difficulty, however, is to get over the Qeʿêṭi barrier, and for that an aeroplane is necessary. The site for the future aerodrome which was shown to us seemed quite suitable.

In the evening there is again a gathering on the roof-terrace 735
at ʿIzz ed-Dîn. The subject brought forward for discussion 312
is the poverty of Ḥaḍramaut and how relief from it may 653
be obtained. In and around Sêwûn the water-level is not deep, which fact accounts for the prosperous palm-groves and fields of *dhura*. But the water-supply would have to be enlarged if it is to help the people really forward. This cannot be done by motor pumps, because they are too expensive in practice. The pump at Hênin has to work eight hours a day to keep in existence a few acres of *dhura* and 200 small palm-trees, and that costs more in kerosene and lubricating oil than can ever be made from the produce of the irrigated land. The soil in Sêwûn is better and water nearer to the surface, and yet experience has taught that here also the motor pump does not pay. Can matters not be improved by means of artesian wells? The Sultan asks us to help by sending an expert with the necessary instruments. He says that at one time, in the days of the Ḥimyaritic kingdom, Ḥaḍramaut must have been

735 prosperous. Great irrigation works for collecting and distri-
312 buting water were constructed. There is no longer united action,
653 the reservoirs have gone to wrack and ruin, and now, every
year, quantities of life-giving water stream down to the sea
and are wasted. This matter was discussed again thoroughly
later in Terīm.

000 May 26th is the day fixed for our departure for Terīm. In the morning, cars are placed at our disposal to enable us to make a tour through the city and its surroundings for taking photographs. We thankfully seize this opportunity of making a pictorial record of some of the fine houses and views of this city in a forest of palms in the midst of the desert. In photographing the es-Saqqāf town house it is impossible to evade the pressing invitation of Sayyid Hūd es-Saqqāf to come in and have a glass of tea, so we promise to do so as soon as we have finished photographing. We cannot pass the cemetery without taking snapshots of some graves with light-green cupolas with unostentatious, beautiful, open-work borders. There are also several small mosques in picturesque situations. The Sultan kindly allowed us to admire the city of Sēwūn from the roof of his palace. Noticeable here in this great palace are the order and cleanliness which literally gleam out at the visitor. It is especially in the palaces, with the many soldiers quartered in them and with the many guests, that the contrary is often the case. It takes some time before the women in the corridors and on the staircases, where we have to pass, can be warned of our approach. When this has been successfully done we saunter through deserted passages of mud and ascend by well-constructed even staircases to the shining white roof. Here we stand on the most beautiful site in Ḥaḍramaut. Terīm does its best to equal it and has more to show in great palaces, but here is grace, here is the happy variation of deep-green, luxuriant gardens and fine summer residences, here the Ḥaḍrami style, pure and harmonious, has been adhered to.

In the house of the namesake of Hūd, Ḥaḍramaut's great prophet, the promised glass of tea is awaiting us. The grey-headed Sayyid Hûd es-Saqqâf receives us with great friendliness and conducts us to a room, in his princely mud-built dwelling, where a table-cloth spread on the carpets is hidden beneath dishes of pastry, sweets and tinned fruits. Even a Dutch cigar, to accompany a cup of the finest Java tea, is not lacking. Grateful recognition of much good treatment from a Western Christian government finds expression here. Our visit to Sayyid Hûd is of short duration, but every moment of it is filled with hearty hospitality.

In the afternoon we bid farewell to the Sultan of Sĕwûn, his young sons, his brother, his counsellors and servants, and also to the Sultan of Terim and his brother, with a "We meet again, if Allah will!" We stand together on the steps by the entrance of the white ʿIzz ed-Dîn: the first contact with a Kathiri ruler has gone excellently well. We have gained the impression in conversation that the political condition in their territory is far from ideal, but that they themselves feel this and desire improvement with all their hearts. Their notables have known a well-governed country too intimately not to long for an end to their disputes, for legal security, for safety, for a united setting of the hand to the plough to bring progress in the land, for the opening of roads to link up with the outside world, which goes forward on its way without troubling itself about sleepy Ḥaḍramaut. Even rulers and notables repeatedly called their country a land of slumber and added: "Sleep is like death." The first essential for improvement exists already: they are dissatisfied with things as they are, and the energetic among them have seen a different state of affairs abroad. The fanaticism which shuts off its own country from the outside world, in order to keep its religion and its sacred soil inviolate, is being more and more overcome. It is the *sâda* themselves, the protectors of the faith of their fathers, who are foremost in the endeavour to throw down the barriers shutting off their country.

CHAPTER X.

TO TERĪM, THE HOPE OF ALL ḤAḌRAMAUT.

871 In the Qeʿēṭī country, already, we heard the name of Sayyid
487 Abū Bakr el-Kāf invariably pronounced with respect, and here
491 we have entered the land of his activity. Sayyid el-Kāf has placed
741 his energy, his love, and all his possessions at the service of
493 his country and of his people. His example is an impressive
185 call to unity and to the setting aside of personal interests and
susceptibilities for the general good. Schools, endowed and maintained by him, are scattered all over the country. The Qeʿēṭī Sultans and Governors have them in their residences, and the influence of these little schools will slowly penetrate through the whole land. His other sensational enterprise, which may become of the greatest significance for the country's future, is the construction of a motor road from the Ḥaḍramaut valley to the coast. Although the road is not yet completed, its influence is already making itself felt. The most difficult ʿ*aqabas* have been conquered so that it is possible to bring cars into the valley of Ḥaḍramaut, though the transport of these is still expensive. There, where the first car passes, others will soon follow, and in a country where travelling is very tiring and very slow, the motor-car will be particularly appreciated. The Ḥaḍramis who have been successful abroad do not lack money. The motor-car having arrived will not disappear again, and conditions within the borders of Ḥaḍramaut will be entirely changed thereby. The construction of roads in the valley itself has been started without delay, and drivers and mechanics have already found their way there.
721 The inconvenience of intertribal warfare makes itself felt more and more forcibly, but Sayyid Abū Bakr will be greatly

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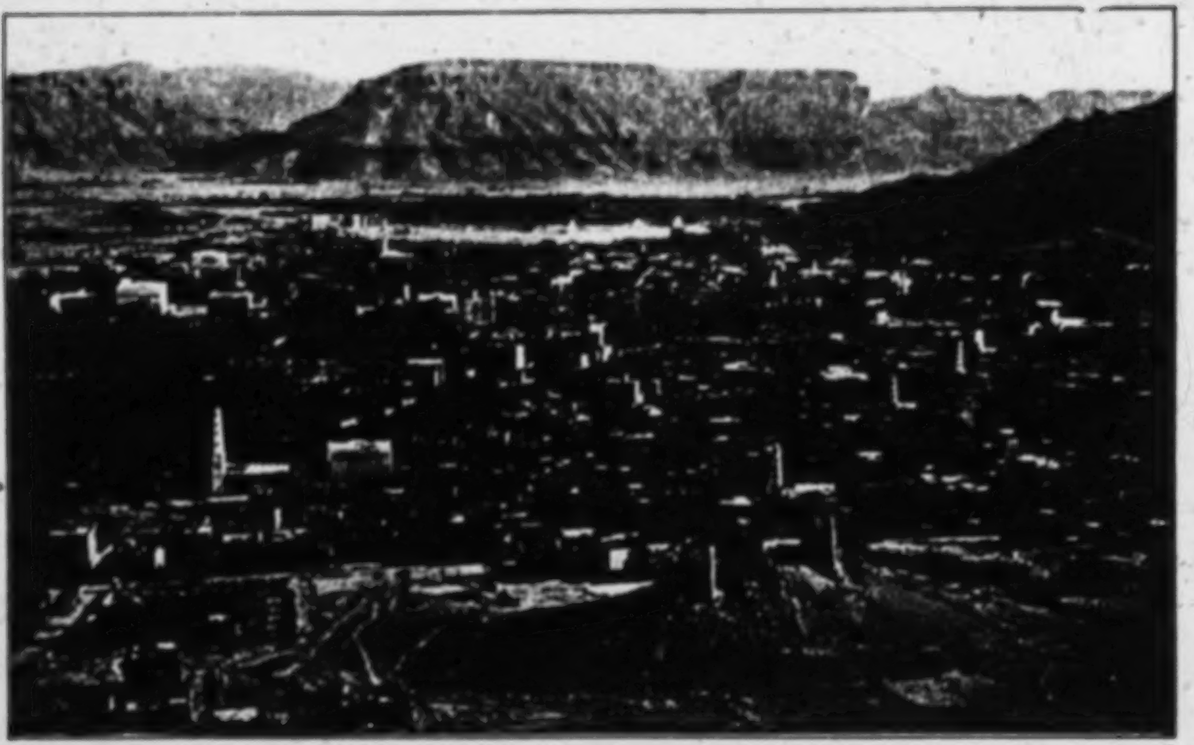
facing p 128



Terim, the town of wisdom and religion.

361

See page 130/131.

34:Meulen und Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

helped by the motor-car in his great work of pacifying and 721
opening up Ḥaḍramaut.

We depart in two fine cars belonging to the Sultan of 114
Sēwūn for Terīm, the city to which Leo Hirsch has preceded
us and from which nearly forty years ago the sayyids
with their fanaticism and hatred of Christianity forced him
to flee within a few hours of his arrival. An Englishman,
Mr. Boscawen, reached there also a full year in advance of us,
but he did not publish a description of his journey and,
according to report, only came for sport. Aeroplanes of the
R. A. F. at Aden, with Colonels Cochrane and Lake and Flight-Lieutenant
Rickards on board, also once flew high above the
town, but they were only making an aerial reconnaissance,
although the scouts themselves felt a growing desire within
them to set foot for once in this wonderful town. The Ḥaḍramis [186]
say of it: "Terīm — and then thou desirest nothing else."

The cars take us through winding mud lanes between palm- 241
groves to the hilly stretch of sand and loam outside the town. 172
The palm-trees are planted well apart from each other in the
sand; the fields of *dhura* come to an end but the little dykes
of the area that can only be cultivated when the rains are
sufficient are to be seen for long afterwards. Quite soon we
pass the ruins of a town, Maryama, probably of great antiquity.
The castle and the town were laid waste in a local war, and,
of the cultivation of the land, only the little dykes, which divided
the fields into squares, still remain. Close to Maryama there
was an old road which crossed southwards over the mountain-wall.
My companion climbed this *ʿaqaba* called Duqm el-Aswad
and found on the rock-wall close to the *djōl* scrollings and
grafitti probably made, many centuries ago, by the Bedouins
of passing caravans. Some distance further on the villages and
palm-groves at the foot of the southern mountain-wall come
to an end. The loam vanishes under an ever thicker layer of 493
sand and sand-dunes, and the cars stall several times. In 491
accordance with the instructions of the Sultan we do not go
by the normal way, through the plain, to Terīm, but follow

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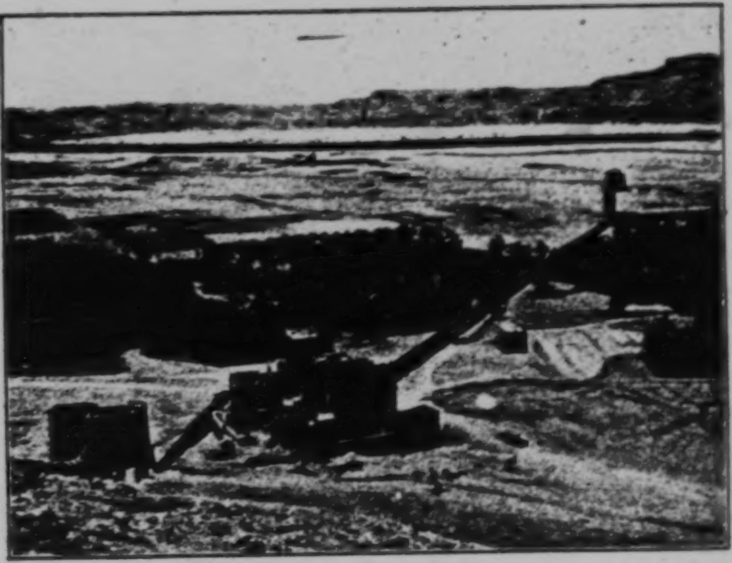

Part of the outer wall ~~and~~ defence towers, protecting Terīm.

facing p 129

493 the mountain road made by Sayyid el-Kāf. Some years ago,
491 when the motor-car was first introduced into Ḥaḍramaut, Terīm was at war with villages in the wādī, and this stretch across the plains was then, consequently, impassable. But Sayyid el-Kāf would not yield to any war whatever and, at great expense and effort, he made a road over the two rocky spurs which separate Terīm from Sĕwūn.

491 The Sultan of Sĕwūn was so proud of this piece of Ḥaḍramī engineering that he insisted on our following this route. It is very difficult for the drivers to cross the wādī at this point, to avoid hillocks and pitfalls, and to come out finally onto the beginning of the zigzag mountain road at the base of the rock. The road, narrow and very steep, goes up and up against the slopes of rock débris, and only short cars can manoeuvre the sharp corners. Half way up, the engines have to cool off and the drivers take a breathing-space, while we too need to recover from the tension! Descent on the other side of the steep ridge seems to be even more difficult than the ascent. Our drivers have to depend only on the brakes and do not seem able to lessen speed by letting the motor run on the lowest gear without giving gas. They do not trust our suggestions, and the brakes get hot so quickly that they have to be cooled with the water that we have brought with us in skins. The second spur of rock too is conquered without mishap; however, I preferred to make the descent on foot. It was indeed in this case quicker than in a car the brake-bands of which catch fire.

1. "TERĪM — AND THEN THOU DESIREST NOTHING ELSE".

361 We get the first view of Terīm from the second rocky ridge.
342 It lies in an absolutely barren stony plain. The cultivated tract of land is narrower than at Sĕwūn and does not look so luxuriant and fertile, but the great number of large, square palaces is at once noticeable. They are not grey and white here as in Sĕwūn, but of all manner of striking colours. One of

them is entirely blue and is, consequently, the most conspicuous; in others yellow or pink is predominant. A very high minaret, not round but square, and also plastered in a shade of blue, rises high above palm-groves and houses. Terīm, as a city, is a thing by itself. It is a town of many rich men: one can see that even from a distance. 361 342

The mountain path debouches into a plain covered with small boulders. A good road, apparently much used, runs right across the plain direct to the gate of Terīm. An evidently new mud wall, with gatehouses and defence turrets in good condition, encloses the town with its gardens and cemetery and runs high up the mountain-wall on either side. War is a familiar phenomenon round about Terīm, and the city is worth strong protection. Ṣayyid Abū Bakr el-Kāf has organised the building and maintenance of the defence works of the town, and has borne the lion's share of the expense. 491 361

As soon as we have passed the gate, the road passes through a well-kept burial ground, where there are three *qubbas* in honour of holy men buried there[1], and also a small mosque. Then, through narrow, winding streets, we come to the house of the widely famed Sayyid Abū Bakr el-Kāf. The house is large but has not yet been completed. We pass through a mud gateway into the garden, where masons are working with their building material of mud, where poor men are waiting for alms, where visitors come and go. We are conducted to the new wing, where, in the reception-room furnished in western style, we make acquaintance with our host and his habitual male entourage. 342

2. GOOD DAYS WITH SAYYID ABŪ BAKR EL-KĀF, HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS.

Sayyid Abū Bakr el-Kāf is of middle age; he is more simply dressed than his guests and relatives. He does not like coming 000

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[1] Cf. C. Snouck Hurgronje, *Sa'd ès-Suwênî, ein seltsamer Walî in Hadhramôt, op. cit.*, v., p. 403 *sqq.*

000 to the fore and at the beginning gazes at us earnestly and searchingly, saying little, but pushing others forward. His young Indian doctor, whom he brought here about a year ago and who is the first medical man with a western training to practise in Ḥaḍramaut, is especially entrusted with the reception of the European visitors. He, with Sayyid ʿAluwī el-ʿAṭṭâs, our travelling companion, always has meals with us, seated at a table, whilst at a little distance Sayyid el-Kâf and his Arabian guests are seated round the dishes served on the floor, according to the custom of the country.

It is a real surprise to me to meet again, in this circle, Sayyid Muḥammad bin Hâshim bin Ṭâhir, a learned Ḥaḍramī, who for a long time played an important part in education and journalism in Java. Sayyid ʿUmar bin Shêkh bin ʿAbd ar-Raḥmân el-Kâf, a younger brother of our host, who is resting in Terīm from his strenuous business life in Singapore, is a daily visitor in the house. A room, the size of a large hall, is placed at our disposal as bedroom and work-room. We are left a great deal of freedom, and when we wish for company we go to the *madjlis*, which after sunset is transferred to a spacious terrace, onto which the room itself opens. There, in the evening, dinner is served, there the papers are read, and, in connection therewith and under the stimulus of several glasses of tea, many things are told and listened to.

It is the custom for the numerous members of the great el-Kâf family to take a motor drive at sunset in the surroundings of Terīm, to obtain a little refreshing coolness at this hot season of the year. Later on, the evening ritual prayer is jointly performed in the house or garden of some member of the family. The young men are in the habit of meeting in the garden of Sayyid ʿUmar, where a big swimming-pool fed continuously with fresh water by means of a Deutz motor — the water-level is 45 feet below the surface here — forms the centre of attraction. We, with the young doctor, are regularly of the party. The temperature of the water is so warm that swimming itself cools one but little, though standing

afterwards with wet body in the dry evening breeze certainly 000
does. Of course there is a servant with a samovar, who provides the glasses of tea, which are always welcome in this country of dry heat. The ripest dates are brought from the gardens; they are sweet but very astringent. The foreigner accustoms himself but slowly to this unusual and, at first, unappetising food. But soon he learns to appreciate the date whilst it is still hard and fresh.

Swimming by moonlight is an unexpected luxury and a par- 529
ticular pleasure to us in this country. On one side, close to the swimming-pool, there is a space for the *ṣalât*, where a niche in the wall indicates the *qibla*[1]; on the other side there is a summer pavilion. Everything has a wash of light, delicate colour; the lines of the walls and roofs are edged with fine figures and borders, and one is inclined to forget that the material of which they are made is plain, brown mud. We spend quite a long time together with the young people on brotherly terms. They let themselves go now that no elders are present. Swimming and diving competitions are held with great gusto, until the time comes for the *ṣalât el-ʿishâ* (the late evening ritual prayer), which is performed with suitable solemnity. The evenings at home on the great roof-terrace are always very attractive; only intimate friends remain till then, and our host puts questions which show clearly how his thoughts are always occupied with his country and people, and how he is seeking ways for their advancement.

There are many difficulties in the making of a road to esh- 491
Shiḥr. The Ḥumûmî Bedouins, notorious for their love of fight- 578
ing, and through whose territory passes the greater part of 656
the road, have — after being richly paid — made a pact by 489
which they promise not to oppose it and whereby Sayyid Abû Bakr binds himself only to allow the use of the road for travellers by motor-car, while the conveyance of freight shall be left to the camels of the Bedouins. There is only left unfinished a stretch of three days by camel.

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[1] The *qibla* is the direction in which Mecca lies.

104

000 721 115 509 finished a stretch of three days by camel. Sayyid Abū Bakr foresees, nevertheless, much bickering with the Bedouins in the future and therefore is meditating upon the possibility of inaugurating an air service between Terīm and esh-Shiḥr. Since he saw British military aeroplanes manoeuvring above Terīm and heard what a deep impression those unknown, gigantic birds made on the Bedouins, the conviction has grown within him that the aeroplane would be the conclusive way of bringing the Bedouins under discipline and keeping them there. An aeroplane cannot be opposed with dagger and gun, the wādīs are no hindrance to it, and there is no spot on the barren *djōls* where one can escape the searching eye of the airman. Sayyid Abū Bakr considers that a single demonstration, to show the terrible effects wrought by a bomb dropped from one such aeroplane, would suffice to make an end to the Bedouin warfare, which has been going on for centuries, and that this would be the first step on the way towards the real advancement of the country. We advise them — although they know the Dutch Fokker aeroplanes in Java and the kindred type, the Junkers, in the Yemen, — to consult the British authorities at Aden and to procure the same type of aeroplane as is used by them.

506 On the afternoons of the ensuing days motor drives were made in the neighbourhood of Terīm, to show us the ground considered suitable for an aerodrome. My expert companion chooses the site indicated on the ground-plan of Terīm, eastward of el-Ḥāwī, of which only a small part would need levelling; it is close to and connected with the town, and is not so near to the precipitous mountain-wall as the other terrains under review. At the request of Sayyid Abū Bakr, Von Wissmann draws a sketch map of the proposed landing ground with its surroundings, to show to the Governor of Aden when consulting him as to whether the R. A. F. would allow their machines to land on such a ground. Our energetic friend, Sayyid Ḥasan el-ʿAṭṭās of Ḥurēḍa, has worked with the Junkers commission in the Yemen and will, eventually, be

entrusted by his uncle Sayyid Abū Bakr with the carrying out 506
of these aviation plans.

On the morning after our arrival we were, first of all, shown 136
the so-called "wild cow"[1], a present to Sayyid Abū Bakr from some Bedouins who had caught it young on the border of the Rub' el-Khālī (the "Empty Quarter"). The wild cow appears to be a white antelope with black marks and two very long, straight horns. The beautiful, big creature has already lived in captivity for twelve years and looks well on it, except that its hoofs, owing to lack of abrasion, have grown too long.

On the ground floor of Sayyid Abū Bakr's house, where 172
he has his stables, we found some stones with inscriptions on them, brought by Bedouins from the ruins of Sūne. This drew our attention towards that district of ruins, and our host promised that he would organize an excursion for us there.

3. THE PALACES OF TERĪM.

Later we pay a visit to Sayyid 'Umar bin Shēkh el-Kāf, 342
the younger brother of our host, already mentioned, whose house, just restored, is said to be the most beautiful in all Terīm, and that is saying a great deal in this city of palaces. His house is chiefly conspicuous for its dimensions and colour. The outside is painted deep blue, and the stately rows of tall windows are bordered with a design in yellow. There is, also, no sparing use of pink and green. The style is more Indian than Ḥaḍramī.

All the great houses of Terīm have a character quite of their own that one does not see in the other towns of Ḥaḍramaut. They are massive, square buildings, with regular rows of tall windows, with few extensions on the roofs and few decorative designs on the top of the walls or on the parapets. The lower floor, which is very lofty, has generally two wide, high entrances, closed by doors of teak, and with broad

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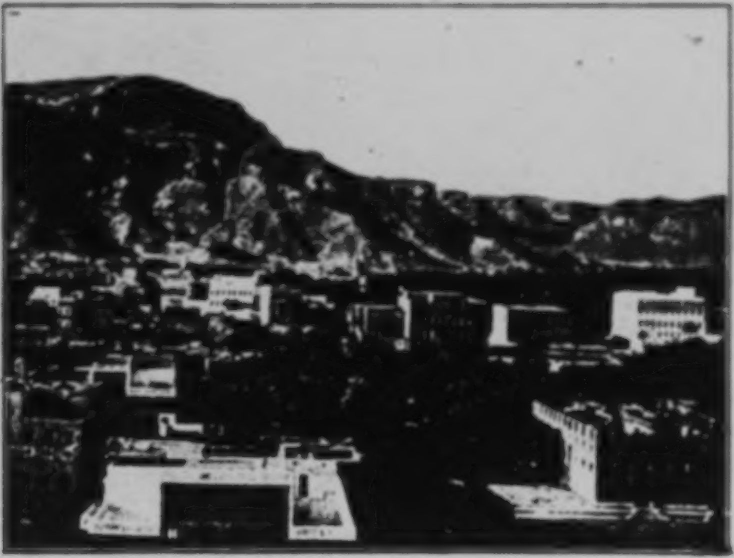
[1] *Baqarat el-waḥsh* (بقرة الوحش).

342 mud steps leading up to them. Signs of intimate contact with
foreign countries, Singapore as well as Java, may be noticed
439 both in the exteriors and interiors of these palaces. For instance,
it appears to be the existing fashion to have the doors
sent ready-made from Java and Singapore. Transport of these
very heavy doors and window-frames is certainly expensive
and difficult, for the strongest and largest camels have to
be selected for it, but the supply of wood in Ḥaḍramaut is
small and poor in quality and could not have provided for
the many great new buildings of Terim in so short a time.
[438] This extra expense is permissible because the rest of the
465 building costs in Ḥaḍramaut is small. Manual labour is very
331 cheap in this desperately poor and overpopulated country.
342 Even first-rate professional men, architects included, do not
earn more than a very moderate daily wage. The chief building
material is mud, which can be dug up everywhere close by the
house that is to be built. As everything is covered with
a plaster of mud, the most crooked branches of *nibq* and
desert shrubs can be used for roof construction and similar
details. The trunks of date-palms are chiefly in use for
ceilings and supporting pillars. We only saw wooden pillars
with wooden capitals and cross-beams in the very old, dilapidated
castles; the carved, dark-brown wood found in
these, with their ceilings of split and interwoven branches,
painted in rust-red, white, and black, are certainly very
beautiful; yet, owing to the scarcity of wood, one must make
shift with the trunks of date-palms. Ceilings, pillars and
cross-beams are nowadays covered with a plaster of mud,
and this, again, is painted over in fresh, soft colours. The
new buildings, consequently, make a gayer and lighter impression,
both without and within, and they are more cleanly,
but something of the old beauty has vanished. Present-day
builders have become real masters in modelling mud and in
whitewash work. Pillars made of palm-trunks are transformed
by them, as if by magic, into vigorous-looking, round
columns with fine capitals.



342

The palaces of Terim.

facing p. - 136

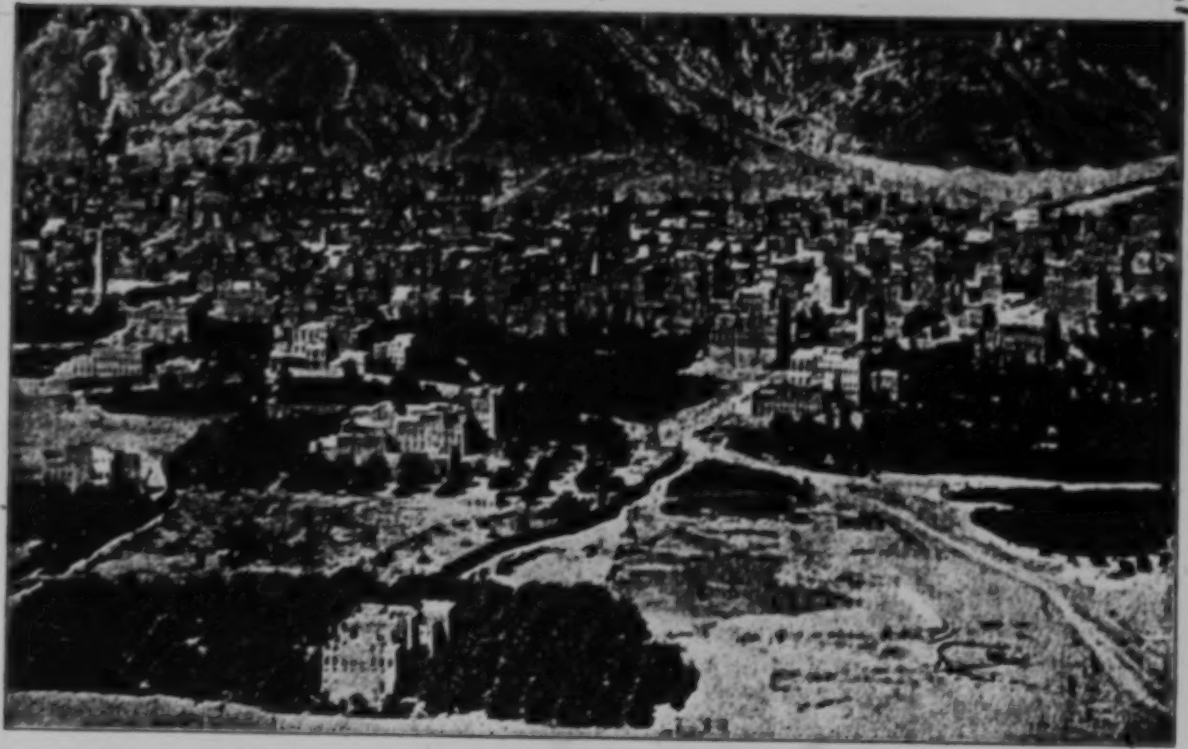
The great cleanliness of the houses of the rich is very 336 noticeable. The drainage from lavatories and kitchens runs 271 down wide, square shafts into spaces destined for it in the lower floor, into which however, unfortunately, light penetrates so that they become good breeding places for flies. Bathrooms and also lavatories are partly fitted out as in the East Indies. Sometimes there are douches, and generally there are large brick cisterns for the bath water, which one scoops out to pour over oneself. Our host has a large refrigerator by means of which cold drinking-water is provided for the numerous guests and dwellers in the house, and fruits and sweetmeats become the refinement of pleasure.

Cooking in Terim, as in Sêwûn, is very much influenced 252 by Singapore and Java. Chinese cooks are responsible for 177 the extensive rice meals that are enjoyed daily by dozens of guests. Many dried or tinned foods are imported from Java. Some kinds of vegetables are grown in the gardens of Terim; the fresh fruits which are served at table are large oval melons and the first ripe dates. As the latter are rather scarce, last years' dates come to table prepared as paste, in cakes, sweet bread, etc.

Sayyid ʿUmar el-Kâf's house, like that of our host, is 352 furnished in half-European style. Old-fashioned Indian rocking-chairs stand on the beautiful carpets. A bed, rigged up in the Javanese manner, decorates the great reception-room. The bed linen is not white, but pink. There are many mirrors on the walls and also photographs of the family's estates in the Indies. Sayyid ʿUmar is the owner of the great Europe Hotel in Singapore; he shows us with pride — and no wonder — the model of the new hotel, which makes an impression magnificently American. The walls are further decorated with Mausers and American repeating rifles, which are hard to obtain in this country and, consequently, are worth a great deal.

It had already struck us that the Kathîrî soldiers were 714 411 better clad than those of the Qeʿêṭî. The number of pro- 565

facing p 137



"Terim and then thou desirest nothing else".

See page 138.

714 fessional soldiers is much smaller here, and the black slave 411 element is entirely absent. The sayyids of Ḥaḍramaut them- 565 selves are not armed, but they set great store on the possession of a few good Mausers (here called *Mêser*) and of large quantities of munition.

4. THE HIGHEST MINARET OF ḤAḌRAMAUT.

346 In the afternoon, accompanied by our host's son and the doctor, we climb the highest minaret of Ḥaḍramaut. No one knows the exact height; we estimate it at 150 feet. It is a pity that this minaret is built in modern style. The true Ḥaḍramaut minaret is round, tapering a little towards the top, with a single band of lattice-work as the only decoration; on the top are small round pillars supporting the cupola. The colour, cream, stands out very effectively against a hard blue sky and above the grey-green of the date-palms. But *this* minaret is square and the colour is blue and white; it has many small window openings with grey borders. It also tapers towards the top, where the spiral staircase of mud is only practicable for slim people. At the top is again the little cupola with pillars supporting the roof.

361 A striking panorama is spread out from here before our eyes. Standing in the midst of the luscious, green oasis, with its gaily coloured palaces, we gaze out towards the wide, scorched plains of sand of the wādī and the dark, crumbled walls of the *djōl*. One can see clearly from here that Terīm is a town of some extension, with many great houses of which the greater number are kept in good condition, and that many new ones are in process of building. The cemetery, with its three cupolas marking the graves of *walīs* (saints)[1], makes a large open space. There are many mosques, recognisable by their high or low, round or square minarets. The ruins of a great castle, the centre point of the old city, stand on a hill.

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[1] See p. 131, foot-note.

on a hill. Whilst we photograph, survey and sketch, we feel 000
as if our narrow standing-place were swaying gently to and fro. It is unpleasant to contemplate that we are so high above the level of the ground, standing on a slender tower made of almost nothing but dried mud.

5. SMALL RUINS OUTSIDE TERĪM.

In the evening, during the family motor drive, when the 172
el-Kāfs and their set ride in slow procession through the 778
gardens of Terim and the baked plains of stone that lie out- 64 2
side it, a hill in the midst of Wādī ʿEdīd is pointed out to us, which is said to have associations dating from the ʿĀd epoch. From a certain distance an old, paved high road is clearly visible, leading to the summit of the hill, where a temple must have stood. Only loose stones with mortar between them are now to be seen on the hill; at its base there are the remains of foundations of buildings, which seem to point to a guest-house with many small rooms. For the people of Terim these ruins have an odour of sanctity; a similar hill, close by, is used by childless women as a place of worship, where they have to perform certain nocturnal rites by means of which they hope to have children.

6. A WALK THROUGH THE TOWN.

On the following day, May 28th, we go with the doctor 753
to see his house and clinic. This pioneer of western medical 758
science has no easy time here; the people still cling to their own ideas as to the functions of the human body and the causes of illness. They think that there are three chief causes of sickness, namely *riyāḥ* (gasses in the blood), *burūda* (cold), and *ḥarāra* (heat). They say of foods that they make the body cold or hot, or cause or disperse flatulence. Even the men of standing talk about their ailments in this terminology

753 and our doctor has had to adapt himself temporarily to it and
758 to fixed wishes regarding diet, in anticipation of the growth of better understanding and more trust. The result of his work as the first and only doctor in all Ḥadramaut is not as great as one would expect. Sayyid Abû Bakr himself is not yet sufficiently convinced of the value of western medical art to allow the never ending outlay on medicines and instruments for the expert help of the doctor. The first nurse in Terim was an Arab from one of the African coast towns, who missed his cinema and café so much that he speedily fled from the place of banishment, to return to the towns where he could enjoy the blessings of western civilization. Thus the doctor has all the work again on his own hands.

743 An enormous mud building has been placed at his disposal. In it he lives, has his pharmacy, the polyclinic and the beginnings of an operating-room. Further, one of the young el-Kâfs, who was assistant to an Egyptian dentist who formerly worked here for some months, has a room where, equipped with modern instruments, he practises dentistry.

164 According to the doctor, Ḥadramaut seems to be a healthy country. Among the lower classes there is, however, a good deal of eye disease, and it is also true that malaria makes its appearance in the autumn. What will be the eventual outcome of this beginning of medical help will depend on the tact and devotion and staying-power of the young doctor.

312 After this we go with the doctor on a walking tour to see the sights of the town of Terîm. First of all, naturally, we visit the remains of old Terîm, on the borders of the residential area of the town; it consists of a bare low hill on whose top stand the ruins of the once great and mighty castle. There are always wells for drinking-water in castles of this kind. These wells are very deep as they are in the inner courtyard of the castles and are, consequently, dug from the summit of the hill. From this ruined castle one had a good view over
346 Terîm so rich in mosques, palaces and . . . graves. The popular report in Ḥadramaut is that the town possesses 360 mos-

ques. One of the el-Kāfs told us that there are 200 in use and 346
160 falling into disrepair. My friend Sayyid Hāshim makes it 60 in use and 300 falling into disrepair; this is, doubtless, nearer to the truth.

The number of the inhabitants of Terīm is almost certainly 162
12000, for our host has lists of names in connection with the distributions of food made by him to the masses. Sêwûn must then have rather more, that is, between 12000 and 15000.

There are two elementary schools here with about 400 871
pupils, and one school for more advanced religious instruction with some 200 students.

After the visit to the castle we go to New Terīm. There 361
a completely new suburb is being built, partly for people who are in the service of the el-Kāfs. In none of the places that we had visited up to now was there so much life and expansion as here. In Terīm a conscious and well-considered effort is being made to become, within a short time, the foremost town of Ḥaḍramaut. El-Kāf and Terīm are the names that we heard everywhere whenever new undertakings or plans were under discussion.

We pass through the new suburb till we strike the wall of 712
the city, which ascends the slope of the mountain at this spot until it becomes unclimbable. Two forts manned by soldiers strengthen this starting point of the defence works of the town. From their high position they overlook quite half of the well-maintained and solid wall which encloses the town and the palm-groves in straight lines.

It is Thursday, the day for the distribution of food to the 735
poor. As we return home, the street and square before our 554
host's house are black with women, children and greybeards, awaiting the portions of rice and flour that are destined for them. The work of distribution lasts for hours. Servants hand out the portions; others check and sign long lists of names. The soldiers and Bedouins from the Qeʿēṭī territory who accompany us gaze in dumb amazement at this lavish charitableness. Soon when they return to their country, they will

735 spread still more widely and will magnify in their highly
554 coloured narratives the fame of that noble-minded Sayyid Abû Bakr el-Kâf. So it is that the hopes and expectations of an ever-growing number turn towards Terim. If Sayyid Abû Bakr wished for political power, he would have an opportunity to establish unity and peace in the Kathîrî territories now torn by internecine warfare.

CHAPTER XI.

A TOUR TO THE RUINS NEAR SŪNE.

In the evening, in conversation, we lead up to the question 829 of our plans for further travel. They laugh incredulously at first and say that it is now too hot to travel by day: they themselves only go out of doors towards sunset. When we say that we cannot understand how the great leaders of business of Singapore and Java and these men, who played an active part there in education and journalism, can stand this life of inaction, they answer: "This is the land of sleep and of death. We come here to sleep and towards the end of our lives, so that we may die here." The changeless, scorching plains of stone, the rock-walls, the deserts of sand, the ever green date-palms, the glowing heat and the noiseless nature in Ḥaḍramaut do indeed make one think of sleep and of death. But we are still full of the restlessness of the West, 000 and they see that we are serious in our desire to see more of the country, in spite of heat and thirst and in spite of difficulties certainly to be anticipated from the Bedouins, who are also in bad odour here. Our great object is to see Qabr Hūd 778 and Bīr Barhūt, the former, because it is the great sanctuary of Ḥaḍramaut to which each year thousands go on pilgrimage, and the latter, because for centuries past the most fantastic tales have been current about Bīr Barhūt and no one can say with certainty what this "mouth of hell" actually is. Sayyid Abū Bakr has promised to help us. The expedition to 000 Qabr Hūd and Bīr Barhūt demands days of preparation and therefore we had better undertake a simpler excursion first and visit the ruins in Wādī Sūne.

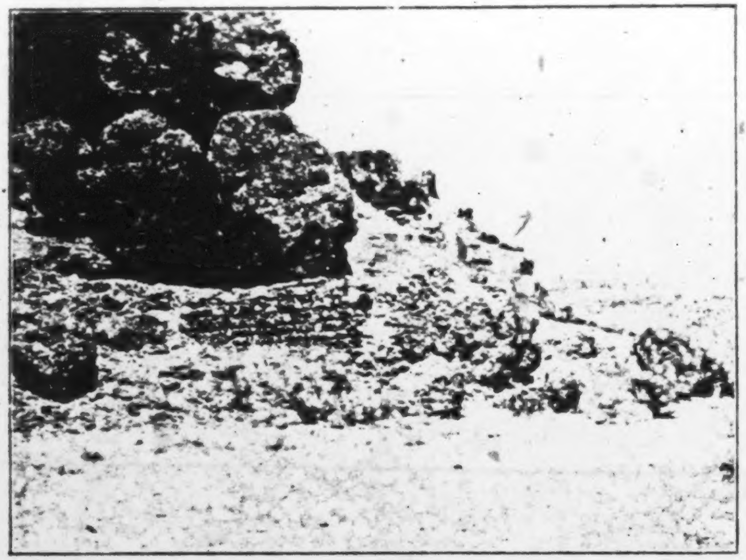
On Friday, May 29th, we leave Terīm early in the morning in two cars. We are in the first with Sayyid Hāshim and the

p 143

000 doctor, for whom Friday is a holiday. The car which follows
is filled with armed Bedouins, members of the tribes through
712 whose land we shall pass. The district of Terīm ends just
131 outside the city. Mud defence turrets and fortifications are
pointed out to us, where, up to a year ago, shooting still
621 went on. The aspect of the villages and neglected plantations
shows that prosperity has been here disturbed by warfare.
Some of these villages are under the rule of Sayyid el-ᶜĒderūs,
others are independent, that is to say, they belong to the
tribes in whose territories they are situated and are not under
a *dōla* (a government), as the expression goes here.

361 The road runs over a sandy plain to the deep Wādī ᶜAdim,
which seems to be fairly well watered, to judge from the thick
vegetation along its banks and from its fine groves of palms.
Here lies the village of el-Mesīle, the birth-place of our learned
000 Javanese Ḥaḍramī, Sayyid Hāshim. The village chief had
received instructions from Sayyid Abū Bakr to provide a
midday meal for us, so he stands ready waiting with his pots
and the sheep which is to be killed. We stop just long enough
to pick him up with his sheep and cooking-pots and then
on we go again through a hilly, sandy region with here and
511 there villages and plantations. The further we go the poorer
become the villages; the gardens are partly dried up and half
of the houses are in ruins. The male population has been
decimated by intertribal warfare, and now poverty and starvation
are killing the rest.

000 The drivers have difficulty in finding a practicable track
between the sand-hills. At last we reach Ruḍēḥ, the village of
Sayyid el-ᶜĒderūs, where donkeys are waiting for us. The
drivers are of the opinion that the cars can go on still further
if we will all help by pushing from time to time. We are
again obliged to go through the sandy bed of the *sēl*. Great
exertion is necessary to get the cars through the loose sand,
but after that it is good going over loam plains and through
wādīs. Sometimes a descent or ascent has to be dug, but we
are prepared for that: pickaxes and spades have been brought.

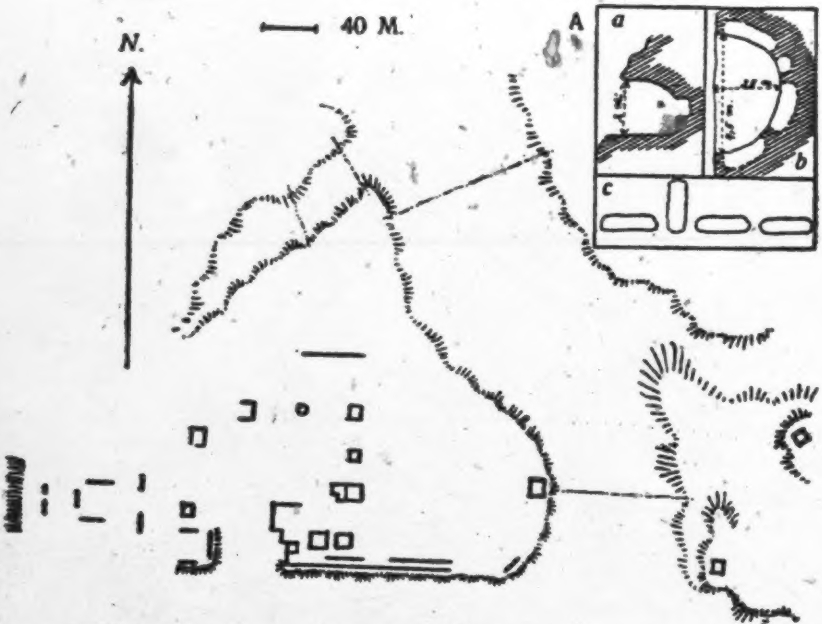


Ruined remains of a stone-built dam from pre-Islamic days, near Sūne.

Some of the ruin mounds near Sūne.

facing p. 144

We succeed in getting the cars close to the site of the ruins at Ḥedbet el-Ghuṣn, near the village of Sūne. Shortly before arriving there we passed a massive piece of wall made of natural stone and certainly joined to the rock-wall in former times. It is presumably the remains of a dam built across the wādī, dating from pre-Islamic times.



a. vertical section. *b.* transverse section.
c. arrangement of the graves in the grotto wall.

SKETCH OF RUINS AT ḤEDBET EL-GHUṢN NEAR SŪNE.

The ruins near Sūne have much in common with those of Ghēbūn. The square foundations of buildings, made of huge pieces of uncut stone, are still to be seen on the tops of mounds. Lying on top of and around the ruins are smaller stones, being the remains of a kind of mortar, and many

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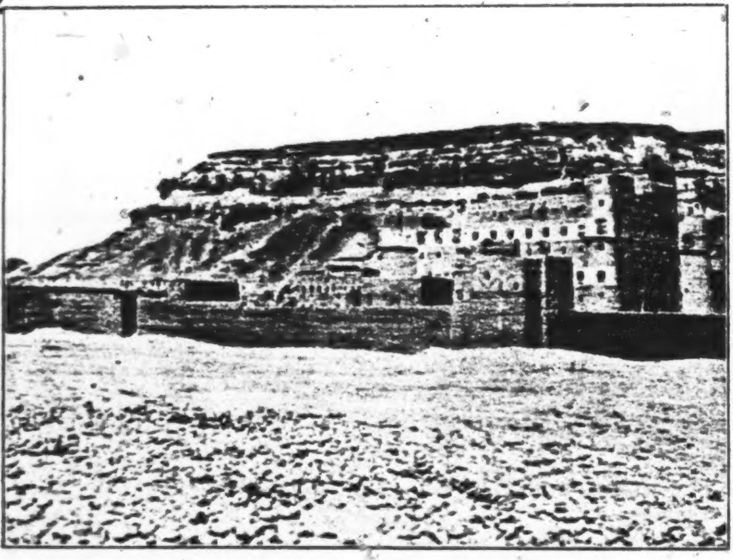

The old castle of Qasam.

facing p 145

See page 150

172 potsherds. We find but few inscriptions and then only in fragments. Von Wissmann wriggled with difficulty into a grotto in the mountain-wall and there found five empty sepulchral niches. It is unbearably hot and none of our company helps us in our investigations. The sun forces us to retreat after we have first taken some photographs and made some sketches.

728 The return journey is laboriously accomplished, again the cars stall repeatedly in the scorching sand of the wādīs and the body of the car is so hot that one burns oneself when touching it to push. Back at Ruḍēḥ, we seek shelter from the sun's heat in the house of Sayyid el-ᶜĒderūs, where the midday meal is awaiting us. Long negotiations have been necessary to achieve this arrangement, for up to a short time ago he was at war with the adherents of Sayyid Abū Bakr. The occasion of our visit is used as a first, cautious attempt at friendship, following on the conclusion of peace a year ago. Ruḍēḥ is a village falling into decline, in a landscape drying up through lack of workers for its irrigation.

000 Back at Terīm we make a detailed report to our much interested host. The fragments with inscriptions found by us are handed over to him with the request that he will add them to the other pieces from Sūne that are already in his possession. We strongly advise the founding of a museum at Terīm, where antiquities could be preserved; this would prevent their being used in building wells and houses and being made unrecognizable by a layer of plaster, or their being disposed of outside the country.

Preparations have been completed meanwhile for the trip to Qabr Hūd and Bīr Barhūt and we can leave on the second day. It is urgent now to make fixed plans for our return journey as that also will require time to arrange. The route Terīm—esh-Shiḥr is open to us; notwithstanding the bad reports concerning this route current in the Qeᶜēṭī territory, Sayyid Abū Bakr takes full responsibility for our safety, should we wish to travel that way. For me personally this is the obvious route. As an official of my Government, I must choose the shortest and least dangerous way back after fulfilling my mission. 000

It goes without saying, however, that my travelling companion does not wish to miss the particularly favourable opportunity, given by the support of our eminent host, to see yet more of "unexplored Arabia". Thus our ways must part here . . . at least if Sayyid Abū Bakr will also take upon him the responsibility for Von Wissmann's expedition inland. To this question he promises to give mature consideration. The result of his deliberations is that he says I must not leave my friend in the lurch. Together we can venture a journey through unknown territory, for we have then the prestige of my position as an envoy of the Netherlands' Government, and, between us, we have enough knowledge of the language. Then we must abandon the plan of going to Ṣanʿāʾ via the country of Maʾrib, but we might try to reach Aden by way of Niṣāb. Sayyid Abū Bakr thought there was some chance of success in this. We should, however, have to leave all our baggage behind us, which he would himself send by sea to Aden, via esh-Shiḥr, for we must not take more with us than can be packed into the saddle-bags of our riding camels. With fast camels and a small following, we must then try to pass through the war zone so rapidly that we are only heard of when already gone. Thus the decision is made.

Whilst we are away on the excursion to Qabr Hūd and Bir Barhūt our host will make all necessary preparations for the overland dash to Aden.

CHAPTER XII.

THE AIM OF EVERY HADRAMAUT EXPLORER: QABR HŪD AND BĪR BARHŪT.

000 Very early on May 31st we depart in two cars for the journey to the tomb of Allah's prophet Hūd and for Bīr Barhūt. None of the family or their intimates have any desire to join this tiring, hot expedition and only Sayyid ʿAlī el-ʿAṭṭās el-Badawī, who made the descent of Bīr Ghumdān near Ḥurēḍa, remains faithful to us. He wishes to be the first Ḥaḍramī to go down into the mysterious depths of Bīr Barhūt[1], so that thereafter his name may be immortalized in his country's history.

For companions we have Ṣāliḥ, our cook, and further, Bedouins and soldiers of Sayyid Abū Bakr. We first pass large villages, palm-groves and fields of *dhura,* as we drive through the wādī. One can see from the outward appearance of the villages and gardens that we are going through a district that is on the decline. This becomes very clear as we approach ʿĒnāt which lies on the right bank of the wādi-bed.

1. THE NUQRA.

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778 ʿĒnāt was once one of the largest and most famous towns in Ḥaḍramaut. The great *qubba* of Shēkh Abū Bakr bin Sālim, as well as the tombs of six other holy men, attracted great numbers of pilgrims to it. The approach to the town was made a pleasure by a large wood of palms. The white cupolas and numerous mosques, real gems of the pure Ḥaḍramaut style of architecture, drew the admiring glances of the thousands

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[1] Later on (pp. 150 and 165) we shall see that one Ḥaḍramī, the late Sayyid Muḥammad bin ʿAqīl, penetrated into Bīr Barhūt, twenty years ago, but gave up the endeavour after some hundred yards.

p. 148

of pilgrims who used to come and worship here. ʿĒnāt is well 361
situated for this: nearly *all* pilgrims to the tomb of God's 778
Prophet Hūd must pass through it. Now its greatness has
fallen, and everyone in Ḥaḍramaut knows the *nuqra*[1], the 361
cause of its gradual ruin. Since the disappearance of the dams 778
periodic strong currents of water have worn out and deepened 134
the *sēl*-bed. This erosion has moved slowly up-stream. By a dam nearly a mile in length Shibām has had to protect its palm plantations against this action, which lays bare the roots of the trees. ʿĒnāt is situated further down-stream than any town in Ḥaḍramaut, so that it gets the full force of the torrents and the erosion occurs here first and makes itself most seriously felt. The *sēl* is very much strengthened at times by water from various side-wādīs, and in the thick layer of loess covering the valley here its bed is washed out deeper and deeper.

The roots of the palm-trees are washed bare and, conse- 134
quently, the crop becomes smaller. Finally the tree falls; it goes on living and still bears fruit, but its death is near. The broad zone of palms around ʿĒnāt is slowly perishing through the *nuqra*. The palms are doomed; the sun penetrates through the many open spaces, the works for distributing water are destroyed, and everything is covered by a layer of white sand. We only visited ʿĒnāt on the way back, keeping now to the northern bank, which soon rises high up above the bed of the wādī. The loess wall is becoming more and more undermined by the water and it is therefore difficult for our drivers to find a safe way along it. This danger proved real on the way back; one of the two cars overturned and was badly damaged.
An attempt has been made to divert the *sēl*-bed to the foot 312
of the mountains on the north by constructing a dam. A great sum was raised for this, but the dam was repeatedly destroyed by the water so that the undertaking was, at last, abandoned. The plan to construct a dam was due to the initiative of one

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[1] *Nuqra* is the gradual erosion by the water. 104

312 of the best known of the sayyids of Ḥaḍramaut, Sayyid Muḥammad bin ʿAqīl bin Yaḥyā, who made a journey east of Terīm in 1913. After his death in September 1931 there was found among his papers a detailed account of this journey, which was published in Java in the weekly paper *Ḥaḍramaut.*[1]

2. QASAM AND ITS OLD CASTLE.

361 The land down-stream from ʿEnāt has suffered even more from the *nuqra*; date culture has disappeared and many of the people have departed. The little town of Qasam gives a clear illustration of this decline. The town, still surrounded by a wall, lies half in ruins; only a few hundred people live there now, whereas formerly there were thousands. Outside the wall there is a vast cemetery, which is bounded on the other side by a mediaeval castle and its accessory buildings. Part of it has fallen in, but, with its simple, powerful lines, it is still a fine building. The conical corner towers have a thickening at the level of the second storey. The white bands on a line with the rows of windows have almost disappeared; bit by bit the building will become a grey mass of mud in the midst of
622 a land whose inhabitants have left it. The old *muqaddam*[2]
567 welcomes us in the great reception-room; he is very deaf and his slave soldiers are his spokesmen. His father was a mighty and widely-feared ruler, while he has carried on a hopeless struggle against the forces of nature. His land has dried up, his subjects have departed, he has become poor, so poor that he can no longer pay his soldiers. Warfare was no match for the drought. His five score of slave soldiers have remained faithful to him; in turn they go in groups to their paternal country on the African coast or elsewhere to earn something by trading or by manual labour and then return to their old master, to share the money that they have saved, with him and their fellows.

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[1] Published at Surabaya, 9th year, Nos. 303 and 304.

[2] Cf. p. 67, foot-note.

This grey-haired *muqaddam* receives us with particular friendliness. After the welcome in his reception-room he invites us to follow him upstairs to a smaller room where a meal is served for us and where we can write and rest undisturbed. Here he tells us the sad story of his two elder sons who left their arid fatherland for the swamps of Borneo, where their young lives wasted away as a result of the treacherous, deadly fever. Two younger sons also went there, but they are doing well and hope to be able to send home, before long, part of their earnings. This money will be used for the travelling expenses of the youngest, who is still at home, but who must also go abroad to seek a livelihood. Our host asks questions about the climate and the manner of living in Borneo and would like his youngest boy to go with me to the Indies. I am obliged to disappoint him as I shall not be going there directly from Ḥaḍramaut.

It is particularly hot in Qasam, even in the large rooms of the old castle. We take photographs of the neighbourhood from the roof, but the servants cannot bear the heat of the roof on the soles of their feet and hunt up old cushions or a few rags to stand on.

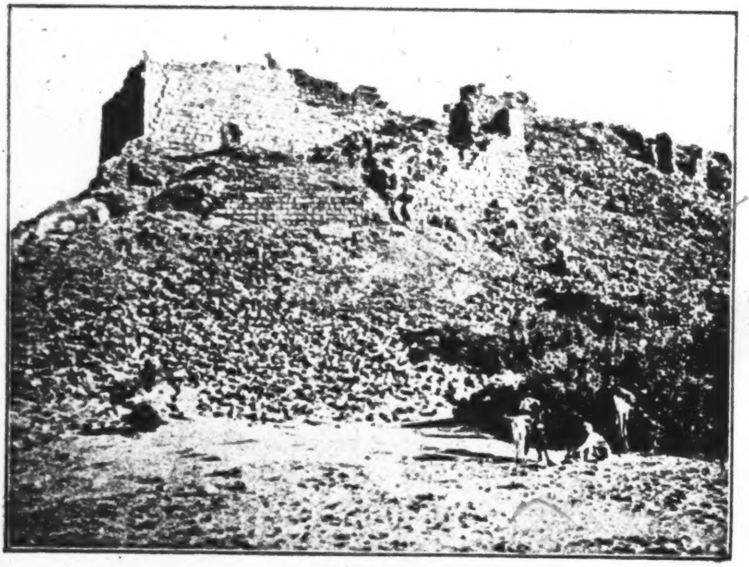
3. THE RUINED CASTLE OF EL-ʿURR.

It is a matter of difficulty to get the caravan going again in the afternoon. Departure is delayed as long as possible to escape the fierceness of the sun's heat. Yet we must travel by daylight to be able to survey the landscape. Thus there is always a state of tension with regard to this point between us and our escort. This time they have been chosen by our host Sayyid Abū Bakr and are paid by him; so we have not so much control over them as we should wish. Furthermore, he has sent as caravan leader one of his cooks, a big, fat, dark-skinned man, who devotes all his attention and energy to the meals, for which the necessaries have been abundantly provided from his master's rich store.

172 To expedite matters we take the risk of starting off in 312 advance on our donkeys. As we pass we see at a great 231 distance some villages almost entirely in ruins, and also castles of the type of that of Qasam. There is water here and there in the deep and by no means wide *sēl*-bed. It appeared soon after we left ʿEnāt and it increased further towards the east. This water is pretty bitter, though in some places it is sweet enough to be drinkable. The inhabitants prefer the well-water, which is better, but the pack-animals drink the water of the river. It is running and every now and then disappears to continue its course underground. Beyond Qasam the wādī is still wide and the soil consists of a thick layer of 136 loess. The broad path winds between bushes of fresh green *rāk* covered with bluish-red berries, which are being gathered here and there by children. When we heard that they were eatable we tasted them; they have the taste of cress, sweet but hot as pepper. They have a strong laxative action as have the leaves for which camels and donkeys have a liking. Where *rāk* grows the animals are given nothing else, although they get diarrhoea from it. In journeying through *rāk* districts one sees the rumps of the camels smeared with greenish pap, whilst their leaders and riders are not free from splashes sprinkled round by their animals' tails. At these times a very unpleasant smell clings night and day to the caravan.

172 The further we go, the more barren becomes the bed of the wādī, which is still very wide. The layer of loam is covered with sand; mounds of loam rise up out of it, some of them covered with vegetation. Shortly before sunset we enter a region of many and magnificent ruins. It is too late to examine them closely, and we pass the smaller mounds by so as to go on to the central ruin of el-ʿUrr. This is visible when we are still far from it. Massive remains of walls, towering high against the evening sky, stand on a lonely mass of rock, right in the midst of the wādī level. The rocky hill extends some distance and is very steep, and it is difficult to clamber over the rubble of the building, which has

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2



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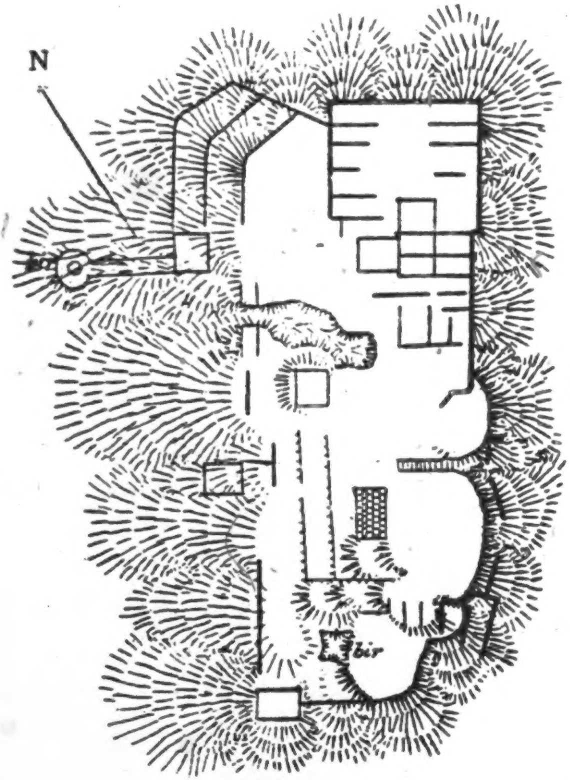
The ruins of Ḥuṣn el-'Urr seen from the North-west.

facing p 152

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (19[illegible]1)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

fallen down it. This [illegible] the conclusion that we have here a fortress wh[illegible]ce commanded the surrounding country. At the foot is a well of mason-work, now partly filled up with débris. Traces of a path leading from the well to the 172



RUINS OF ḤUṢN EL-ʿURR. 1:1000

summit are still discernable. Remains of the buildings are strewn around and on top of the hill. Strong, high walls have been erected of well-hewn stone, and remnants of them still stand to a height of from 45 to 50 feet. There is a steep, narrow passage in the middle of the south-eastern side of the rock,

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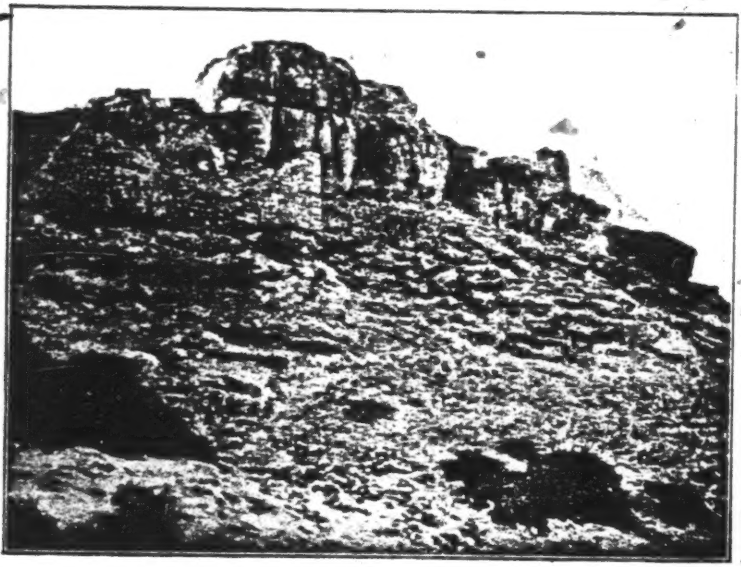

The ruins of Huṣn el-ʿUrr seen from the South-east.

facing p.153

172 where the vestiges of steps are still to be seen: this must have been the principal entrance to the castle. We were not successful in finding inscriptions of any importance, but we did discover some carved capitals of pillars. These we buried in the sand with the object of picking them up on our return journey when we hoped to have time for a more leisurely examination of the ruins of this imposing castle.

4. A NIGHT IN ES-SŌM.

000 For the moment the setting sun forced us to go on further to es-Sōm, where we intended to spend the night. The last and most tiring hours of travel were made even more wearisome by a hot sand-storm, which delayed us so long that darkness had set in several hours before we reached the *sēl*-bed in which, at this spot, there is a wide, shallow strip of water. The donkeys and camels have found their way in the darkness and now get through the tepid water without difficulty, but my donkey refuses to budge an inch. The caravan vanishes into the darkness of the night; I hear it, far away, climbing up the bank of the wādī, and then all is still. Weary with beating my unwilling beast, I sit down waiting to see whether the others will miss me and send help. It is not long before three men with electric torches come back for me. Our united efforts push the donkey into the water and, once in it, he puts his best foot foremost to reach the other side. We follow barefoot to where the caravan awaits us. No one, however, takes any notice of us; they are all standing in a crowd round my cook, Ṣāliḥ, who has trodden on a scorpion and been stung by the insect. He is groaning with pain. We can do nothing for him here, but must endeavour to get to es-Sōm as quickly as possible.

This small, dying place makes a poverty-stricken, gloomy impression; we stumble, tired and disheartened, through the winding streets; the only sound is Ṣāliḥ's groaning. Will they be ready, in this miserable village, to take us in immediately in the middle of the night? Will they be able to do anything 000 for our patient? We stand, like beggars, in front of the house allotted to us, waiting for an answer to our knocks and shouts. The painful uncertainty does not, however, last for long, for the owner of the house opens the door and gives immediate instructions for a part of the roof to be cleared 757 for us, and the village medicine-woman is summoned. Whilst awaiting her arrival, we cut open the dark-blue poisoned spot[1] with a pocket-knife in order to suck out some of the poison. The old woman arrives and we are glad to leave the treatment to her expert knowledge; she rubs the wound with garlic and before long the pain is somewhat less acute. Meanwhile, our host and the male members of his family 000 have brought everything that we need, and we lay our tired heads down that evening with a feeling of great gratitude and forget our troubles. We learn yet again, under the care of our Ḥadramī host, that it is a sacred duty imposed by religion itself to receive hospitably the traveller who, passing by night, should knock at the door. The whole caravan crouches together in brotherly fashion on the roof-terrace. A huge amount of food is prepared by our *muqaddam*, who himself likes good food and plenty of it, as do most of the Bedouins who are with us and have only come for the reward of free meals. We enjoy many glasses of hot, weak tea with lemon, with which we eat some dates and biscuits. It is long past midnight before our brown travelling companions, replete with food and after much talk and quarrelling, at last lay themselves down to sleep.

5. FUGHMA AND THEN THE HEART'S DESIRE OF EVERY ḤADRAMĪ.

On June 1st we set off early; it is barely five o'clock when the caravan leaves es-Sōm, which is just awakening from sleep. One is forced to get up directly after sunrise in this country, where everyone sleeps in the open air. We can see

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[1] [from a scorpions bite --Analyst]

000 from our roof how they begin to stir on the other roofs close to us and then go down to the kitchen to light a fire for a cup of ginger coffee. There is a small grove of date-palms round es-Sōm, on either side of the *sēl*-bed, which is full of water. We wash and drink our fill at one of the wells before resuming our journey in the heat.

After about three hours we arrive at the village of Fughma, which consists of a few mud houses encircled by huts. It is scorchingly hot although still early in the day. Our escort declare that we must rest and eat here, as there is no other village and no water to be met with for the next four or five hours. We do not believe this and insist that we must go on, but they, as one man, refuse, warning us of the consequences of such folly, and promise to set out again after an hour's rest. We give in against our will, with the unpleasant feeling that we are being taken in and that we could quite well take the risk of going further. A kid is purchased from our host and is carefully prepared for a splendid meal. Fughma is the last stopping-place before Qabr Hūd, and a four hours' walk through barren country still awaits us.

312
133 With great difficulty we get the caravan going again at two o'clock. We continue to follow the bed of the wādī, where we find water nearly everywhere! It is now the middle of the dry season; after the scanty rains or when the *sēls* rush down from the western mountains, then, at this point, the *mesīla*[1] of Wādī Ḥaḍramaut must have the aspect of a real river. Thus the British airmen from Aden reported truly when they said they had seen a river running through the wādī beyond Qabr Hūd. The river disappears under the surface of the soil, however, long before it reaches the Indian Ocean.

796 Close to Fughma we pass through small groves of palms with groups of miserable huts. This is the spot where the Bedouins of the neighbourhood come together once a year, to feast in pious memory of a holy man. Those are days of truce dedicated to God and trade. In Fughma we could hear

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104 [1] A *mesīla* (مسيلة) is the bed of a *sēl*, a torrent, a streaming water.

them shooting, and singing for joy, but now the feast has 796
succumbed to the heat; the merry-makers lie in the shadow up against the rocky slopes, in grottoes, under blocks of rock, or under shelters made of sticks and fragments of cloth, resting after the noisy racket. The number of participants does not seem to be great, a fact which also points to the decline of the district. A group come up to us and overwhelm us with 796
questions. We reply that we are truly on the way to the tomb 609
of their Prophet Hūd and that we also intend to pray there. When I answer their question as to whence we come by saying: "From the Holy Land, from Djedda", it becomes apparent that they are not very well informed as regards the founder of their religion and his country. But some of them have been in East Africa, and these relate that [7 88]
the Muslims there are in the habit of going to Mecca just as the Ḥaḍramīs go to Qabr Hūd. We are then invited to stay on with them, for a short time, to resume the feast, but being convinced that friendship with these suspicious, brutal fanatics is a very fragile affair we prefer to continue our march. We cannot rest until we have reached our goal, Qabr Hūd.

One of the group acts as spokesman; he was for some time 609
in Zanzibar and there made acquaintance with Europeans. He promises to follow in our rear and to accompany us to Bīr Barhūt on the morrow. It is thanks to his intercession that we are allowed to proceed without hindrance.

We march on further as fast as we can through the valley, which becomes narrower. On the right, over a great distance, 788
the high bank has been broken through, namely where 487
the "Seven Wādīs" (Sabʿa Wudyān) open into the main wādī. It is as still as death in the wādī, no living creature is to be seen. The path is good on the whole, thanks to the fact that every year, in the month Shaʿbān, thousands of pilgrims pass backwards and forwards along it. Sometimes it goes through barren sand-hills, sometimes between bushes of *rāk* and by a few crooked *ithl* trees.

6. THE TOMB OF THE PROPHET HŪD AND THE SILENT PILGRIMS' TOWN.

778 At last we see the white domes of Qabr Hūd and the buildings belonging to it, against the dark rock-wall. The wādī bends at a right angle towards the north; from the distance it almost looks as if it had no outlet and ends in a steep chasm between black rocks. About half an hour before we reach Qabr Hūd we come upon a square mud building on a flat-topped hill, in which a guard is posted. Our *muqaddam* maintains that we may only enter the town under the protection of this guard. We manage to arrange for our protectors to await the caravan and to go with it to the house in Shaʿb Hūd (the Chasm of Hūd) where we are to spend the night.

778 133 And now we are making our way unaccompanied to the goal which we had hardly dared to hope to reach. It is only thanks to Sayyid Abū Bakr that we, as the first Christian visitors, are allowed to enter this renowned sanctuary of Ḥaḍramaut. To approach it, my companion and I leave the road and go across country, each following what he thinks to be the shortest and best way. Wādī Barhūt here leads into Wādī Ḥaḍramaut. The thick layer of loess is, in many unexpected places, deeply cut into by water flowing away after rain. The banks of these dry *sēl*-beds are so steep that it costs time and effort to get through. The hills between them are covered with a layer of fine dust more than eight inches thick. A great number of bushes of *ʿushar, rāk* and *ithl* make the landscape a charming picture of fresh green.

361 778 But our eyes turn towards the wonderful white buildings that lie there before us, up against a grey-black precipice of rock, and towards the dead town lower down in the narrow ravine — the town which is only inhabited for three days in the year. The whole scene is much greater and more beautiful than we had ventured to picture it in our thoughts. The pure white buildings, destined for the cult of the saint, give the impression of being brand-new, and of being most devotedly

preserved and cared for. The town with its solidly built, large 361
houses looks well-kept and attractive. We had expected to see 778
a great camp with tumble-down huts and certainly not
a town with cupolas and mosques, with tall houses of many
storeys with whitewashed roofs and high windows. In earlier
times it was indeed different. Qabr Nebī Allāh Hūd has been
the headquarters of a religious cult, belonging to and destined
for Bedouins, dating from pre-Muḥammadan times. Wealth,
amassed abroad, has been partly used to show gratitude to
Allāh, the Giver. Thus, a full ten years ago, a rich member
of the el-Kāf family left a large sum of money for the restoration
of this sanctuary; only the cupola of the tomb is old,
the other religious buildings being new. The tomb lies higher
than the rest against the steep rock-wall. I will recall here the 792
popular story of the Prophet Hūd, the man of God of pagan
times, who called his people to repentance and conversion,
yet, like many another prophet, was not honoured in his own
country. He ended his earthly career in this place, hunted
down by his enemies. Allāh opened the rock for him and his
pursuers saw him no more. The faithful she-camel (the
nāqa) that Hūd rode and the milk of which he drank died
close by his master's grave. When Islām had penetrated into
Ḥaḍramaut, the cult of the Prophet Hūd arose and the pilgrimage
to his tomb was incorporated into that Faith.

Hūd must have been a very big man, for his grave is about [792]
120 feet long. The *qubba* is built on the spot where his head 778
is said to rest, the place where, also, the rock was cleft open. 346
The building is in pure Ḥaḍramī style, simple and lovely. In
the narrow ravine encircled by threatening, dark precipices
and rude, brownish-black blocks of stone, this gay, white
edifice with its beautiful simplicity and its sober ornamentation
is like the voice of all that is finest and highest in man in
a world of harshness and want. This voice, speaking in the
eternal silence of this out-of-the-way, motionless corner of
the world, is heard and understood even by us, the first
Christian pilgrims from the West. We understand how the

Bedouin, calling himself a Muslim, yet still a heathen,
778 approaches this spot with holy dread. Here, for three days, he
346 knows peace with his fellows and brotherly intercourse; here fear is banished; here he stands, in very truth, on the threshold of holy ground. He, with his life's great need, approaches the miracle-working tomb of his Prophet like a hopeful and trustful child. He, or more often she, carries a wooden wedge and a coloured thread of wool with a little stone attached to it, lightly in the hand. The wedge has to be driven into the outer wall of the *qubba* or into the rounded border of stone, plastered with white, which marks the place where the body lies. It does not seem to be permitted to drive wedges into the inside of the cupola. The threads of wool are chewed into lumps and, well-moistened with saliva, are stuck on to the walls and ceiling. The walls are decorated in this way so profusely that they look as though hung with a many-coloured wall-paper or enriched with a gaily painted design.

778 We have approached the sanctuary warily and noiselessly.
346 No one comes to forbid our entrance, so we venture to go in.
782 Fortunately there is no one inside either. Below us, in the *nāqa* mosque, there are a few pilgrims, and if there are keepers of the buildings they will be with them teaching them how to recite the special prayers. The sound of litanies said in unison rises up to us; they are repeated with monotonous persistance and increasing urgency. In the *qubba* of Nebī Hūd we see, in the middle, a round piece of masonry like the base of a very thick pillar. It is built upon the protruding rock, which has a wide, deep fissure in it just here. This is the place where the rock, at Allāh's command, must have opened for His servant to enter and never closed again completely. The rock and, in particular, the edges of the cleft, are polished smooth by the thousands of hands that have stroked them gently in prayer and by the lips that have kissed this sacred spot. Verses from the Koran in which the Prophet Hūd is mentioned, or sayings of Muḥammad handed down by word of mouth, extolling the merits of the pilgrimage to the tomb of Hūd, are written here and there on the walls.

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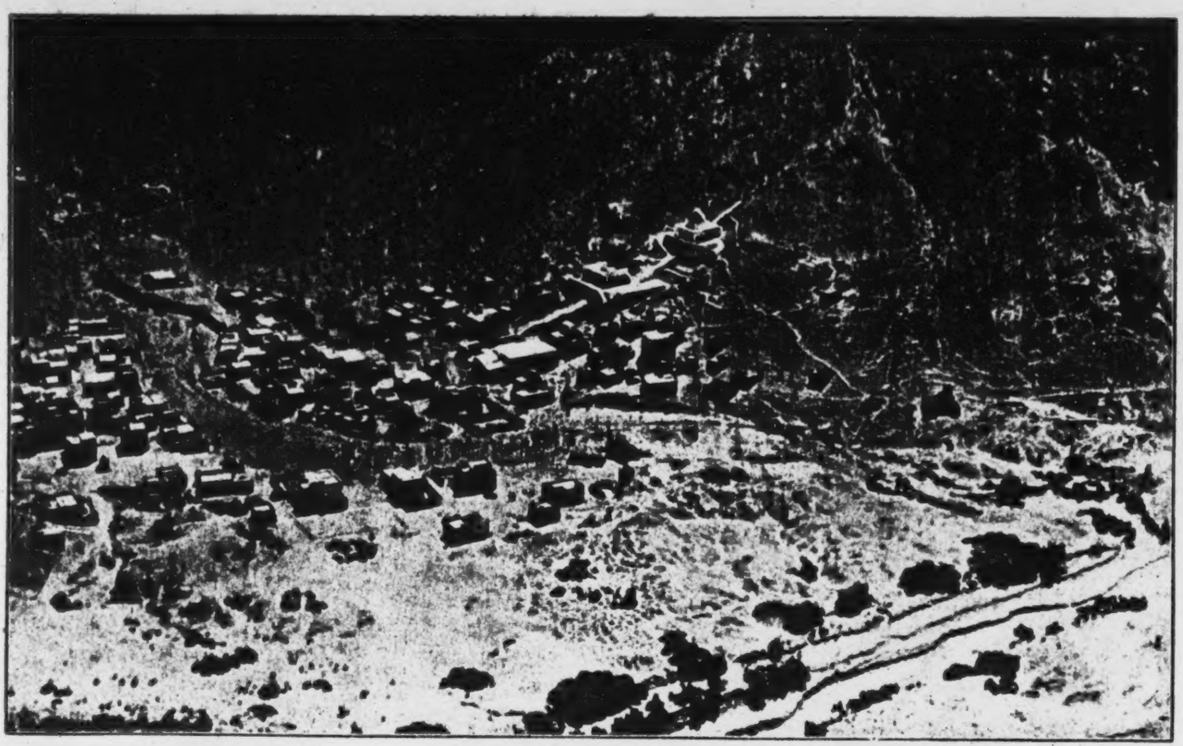

The Chasm of Nebī Hūd.

361

p 160 (A)

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778
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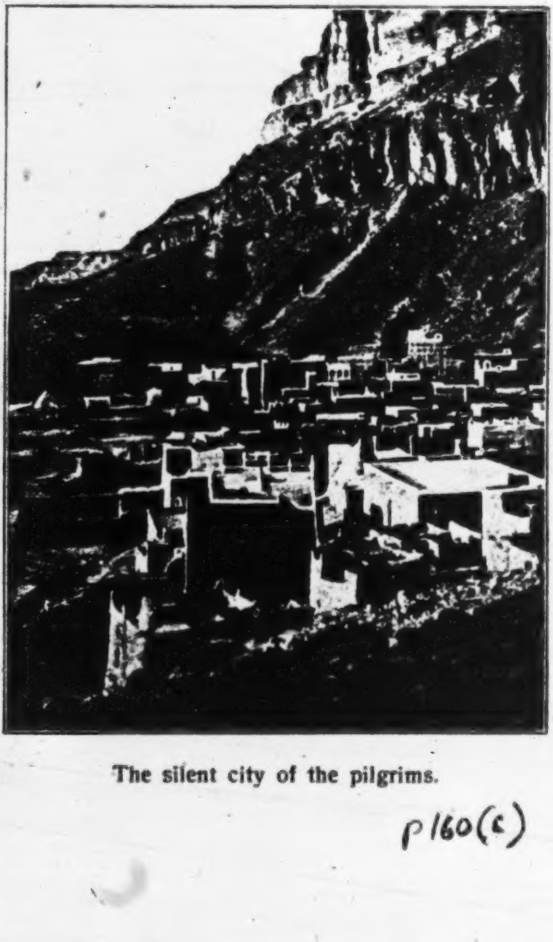
The national sanctuary, the tomb of Allāh's Prophet Hūd.

p160 (B)

See page 158.

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2



361

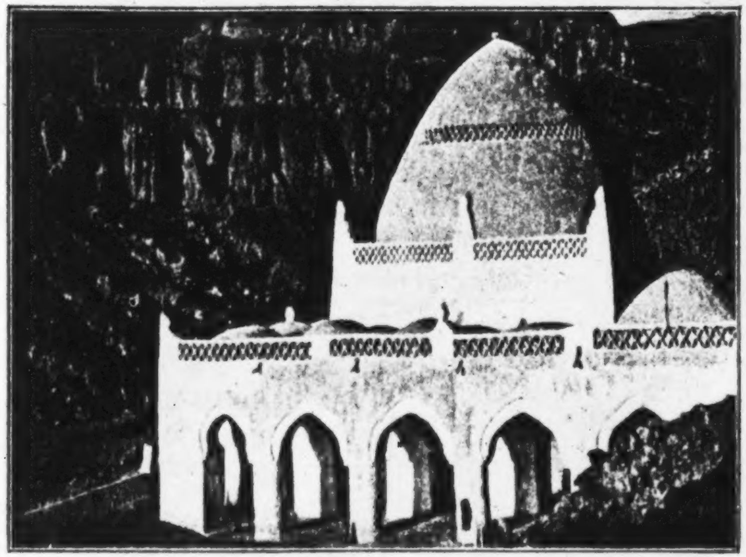
The silent city of the pilgrims.

p160(c)

See page 161.

346
178

p160 (D)



The heart's desire of every Ḥaḍramī, the cupola of Nebī Hūd.

See page 160.

the tomb of Hūd, are written here and there on the walls. 000
The sun is sinking as we go from the pillared hall of the 346
cupola to the terrace built round it and look out over the
long wādī through which we have come. There is water in the
sēl-bed, which shines like gold in the light of the setting sun.
The bushes and trees along its banks have taken on a violet
colour. The shapes of the stern rock-walls are becoming
blurred and have lost their look of sombre menace. This is the
solemn moment when desert, *djōl* and wādī are movingly
beautiful. The silence and infinity oppress, nevertheless, and
man deeply realizes his littleness and finiteness.

We descend the steps to the silent town in the ravine. In 782
the mosque of the *nāqa*, between the white pillars, we 346
see pilgrims at prayer in rows, prostrating themselves and
standing up again. Their prayer of supplication has a moving
sound in the great silence of the evening. The mosque is quite
new; a great block of rock which is said to be the petrified
camel projects from the mountain-side above the building.
A great white terrace, on which are straight rows of simple,
round pillars supporting a flat roof, and a broad white stair-way leading down to the town, complete a sober, beautiful
whole.

We have been able to enter one of the great houses of the OUD
el-Kāf family by a small backdoor. The rock-walls and the
houses are radiating the heat that they have absorbed during
the day; gusts of hot air pass from time to time through the
ravine. We climb up to the roof-terrace. The caravan has
arrived shortly before us and our companions have lain down
to rest on the roof. No one has energy left to attend to us,
no one provides for food or for drink, and yet we are dying of
thirst and must have water. One of the Bedouins who follow-ed the caravan is persuaded by the promise of a meal to go in
search of water. The wells in the town do not supply good 812
drinking-water; the water in the wādī is bitter and is only
drunk by the pilgrims, who also bathe in it, ascribing a puri-fying power to it, but there is a well with sweet water in
wādī Barhūt, at least half an hour's walk
from the town.

000 Wādī Barhūt, at least half an hour's walk from the town. Faint and oppressed by the great heat we all lie down and wait, but when after the lapse of an hour the Bedouin has not returned, we begin to feel anxious about the water. Can he possibly have lost his way, or . . . can the well have dried up? This thought torments us, we feel that we *must* have water and that, without it, we shall barely survive the night. From my camp-bed I gaze upwards at the black rocks which, projecting from the steep precipice, hang menacingly over us: it looks as if we should be broken to pieces were a block to break off. Thirst grips us by the throat and terrible visions stir in our minds. Better to close our eyes against the overhanging masses of rock! But that only makes it worse. Then the boulders expand enormously, the cleft becomes one black menace, it bears down on us, we vanish into it, and are surrounded by the deathly silence of the pitch-black night of Bīr Barhūt, the gate of hell. I try to cry out for help, but no sound comes from my parched throat. My body feels as heavy as lead, but exerting all my strength I strive to move and escape from this place of terror. Then I awake and see the moonlight on the black cliffs high up above me. We lie in silence waiting, hoping, panting for water.

At last we hear the Bedouin returning and all spring to our feet. The bag, full of water, is set down in our midst and, one by one, our men kneel down before it and drink in deep draughts from its mouth until the others become impatient and push them gently aside. We let the others drink first, but take good care that Ṣāliḥ, our cook, fills the kettle to the brim when he has done drinking. Then we too drink some of the tepid, turbid water, which has a strong taste of the skin in which it has been carried. On trek it is our custom to drink in the evening as little as possible of the lukewarm, stinking water, for we have leisure then and like to listen to the singing of the great samovar on the camp fire and to drink hot, weak tea, which is better for thirst and gives a feeling of refreshment. We drink then as much as we can, and that is saying 000 a great deal!

Our Bedouins now begin with the cooking of a meal. It is late before the rations are dealt out and still later by the time they have eaten their fill and have settled down to sleep. The moon has risen over the mountains and illumines the wādī through which we have come. The *sēl*-bed, smooth as a mirror, looks like a silver ribbon, the bushes and trees make a white mist along the banks, the crumbled rock-walls are like primeval, impassive witnesses of the ruin of the people of ʿĀd, grown rigid by silence and inaction.

7. BĪR BARHŪT, THE ENTRANCE TO THE ABODE OF THE SOULS OF UNBELIEVERS.

We plan to set out next day before day-break for Bīr 778 Barhūt, to have a close view of that volcano of legend and its crater. Two Bedouins are enlisted to show us the way, but only a few others of our company have the courage to go with us. Ṣāliḥ, our cook, who has tramped through the whole rough country of the Yemen as donkey-boy to a Greek merchant, has no fear and casts in his lot with ours; he says that where we go he too will go. Then there is Sayyid ʿAlī el-ʿAṭṭās, who is trying to make a name for himself in Ḥaḍramaut, who made the descent into Bīr Ghumdān with Von Wissmann, and, who has set out with us this time, in order to add the descent into Bīr Barhūt to his laurels. The leader of our caravan will also come; he has shown himself to be a daring rock-climber and is curious to investigate whatever interests us. Then again there are a few Bedouins who will let this night's dreams decide for them whether or no they are to accompany us. The undertaking is much harder in the eyes of our companions than in our own, for they are firmly convinced that snakes and monstrous creatures live in the black abysses of Bīr Barhūt, and they know and accept credulously the tales that are told of suffocating vapours rising out of it. Never-

778 theless, their trust in the ability of the white Westerner and in the power of his instruments counterbalances these intimidating factors. If we go calmly ahead armed with our automatic pistols and electric torches they can keep enough courage to follow.

165 Bīr Barhūt is mentioned in several old Arabic works on
778 geography.

El-Hamdānī, who wrote, about A. D. 900, his *Kitāb Ṣifat Djazīrat el-ᶜArab,* mentions Bīr Barhūt among other remarkable wells and quotes the curse: "May Allāh send his soul to join the souls of the unbelievers in Barhūt!" [1]

El-Masᶜūdī, who wrote, about A. D. 950, his *Kitāb Murūdj edh-Dhahab,* says: "The volcano of Wādī Barhūt lies somewhere in the country of Asfār and Ḥaḍramaut, belonging to the land of esh-Shiḥr, which lies between the Yemen and ᶜOmān; its voice, like that of thunder, is to be heard from many miles away. It ejects coals as large as mountains and pieces of black rock, whose sound as they are thrown into the air can be heard afar off, and which fall into and around the crater. The coals which come out of it are stones, red hot from the fire", etc. [2]

El-Qazwīnī writes in his *ᶜAdjāʾib el-Makhlūqāt,* about A. D. 1250: "Bīr Barhūt is close to Ḥaḍramaut. The Prophet — on whom be the *ṣalāt* and the *salām* — has said of this *Bīr,* that the souls of unbelievers and of hypocrites dwell within it. It is a well from the time of ᶜĀd, in the desert part of a dark wādī. It is told of ᶜAlī — to whom God be merciful — that he said: 'The bit of earth most hated by Allāh is Wādī Barhūt, in which there is a well filled with evil-smelling, black water, wherein go the souls of the unbelievers.' El-Aṣmaᶜī says that he was told by a man from Ḥaḍramaut: 'Whenever we notice a foul smell in the neighbourhood of Barhūt, then, later on, we are informed of the death of one of the most prominent among the unbelievers'." [1]

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[1] El-Hamdānī, *op. cit.,* p. 128, l. 25; 201, l. 2; 203 *infra.* See also for the legend of Bīr Barhūt, J. Halévy, *La légende arabe sur Bourhoût* in *Journal Asiatique,* 8e Série, T. ii., p. 442—454.

[2] *Les Prairies d'Or,* ed. Barbier de Meynard et Pavet de Courteille, Vol. ii. (Paris, 1863), p. 26—27.

Other writers when speaking of Ḥaḍramaut also mention Bīr Barhūt and record what they have heard of it. That does not differ in essentials from what is said by the old writers. [2]

The first more exact information comes from the aforementioned Ḥaḍramī scholar, the late Sayyid Bin ʿAqīl; he was the first writer to see Bīr Barhūt for himself and even had the courage to enter it for some distance and he gives a detailed account of what he thinks he saw and observed within it. [3] It is true that he speaks still of the trails of snakes, of the smell of sulphur and of the ashes of burnt sulphur, but his description differs widely from the pool of sulphur into which were thrown the souls of unbelievers.

This description of his travels was only published after our return from Ḥaḍramaut. We both, however, had the privilege of meeting the learned Sayyid and of hearing from his own mouth much that was worth knowing. He spent his last years in Ḥodēda in the Yemen, being exiled by the Qeʿēṭī Government. We had met a brother of his at el-Kāf's house in Terīm.

We left Qabr Hūd for Bīr Barhūt at five o'clock on the morning of June 3rd. We went on foot, but had a camel with us laden with water-skins. As baggage we had only cameras, electric torches, compasses and a rope. Wādī Barhūt debouches into the main wādī close to Qabr Hūd. It is fairly wide at first and the surface soil is a thick layer of loam. A remnant of agriculture and a few small date-groves still remain. There is also the well from which, on the previous evening, we had procured drinking-water. No trace is left

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[1] El-Qazwīnī, *ʿAdjāʾib al-Makhlūqāt*, ed. Wüstenfeld (Göttingen, 1849), Vol. i., p. 198.

[2] Cf. Th. and Mrs. Bent, *op. cit.*, p. 138 *sq.*; C. Landberg, *Etudes sur les dialectes de l'Arabie méridionale*, Vol. i., *Ḥaḍramoût*, Leiden, 1901, p. 440 *sq.*, 445 *sqq.*, 483.

[3] See the weekly paper *Ḥaḍramaut*, 9th year, No. 304, Surabaya, 9th Oct. 1931.

778 of the woods of date-palms and the villages spoken of in the popular accounts, nor did we see any ruins of houses or castles. The *sēl*-bed has dug itself deeply in and the last ten date-palms or so are in danger of being uprooted by this smaller *nuqra*. As we proceed, boulders and sand get the better of the loam, the wādī narrows and a small footpath winds between annoying fragments of rock. We walk fast, spurred on by the desire to look upon the mystery of Ḥaḍramaut. The table-land is very much intersected here; wild crags rise on all sides. No trace of volcanism is to be found. There is a thick stratum of limestone on sandstone here as everywhere else in Ḥaḍramaut. Here and there the dark mouths of caves can be seen in the mountain slopes.

We walk fast for two or three hours through Wādī Barhūt, ever narrowing as it winds upwards, and we see no living being in this savage, silent world of rock. Were one to journey through it alone one would surely be overwhelmed by a feeling of great loneliness. Furthermore, as the sun rises, it becomes unbearably hot in this narrow, deep wādī of rock; it is a region of terror, but, as a matter of fact, all uninhabited parts of Ḥaḍramaut are. It is a little more savage here than elsewhere, but that alone does not explain why popular imagination has created such terrifying tales about Bīr Barhūt, tales which are believed all over the country up to the present day.

At last we stand at the foot of the mountain-side of Bīr Barhūt. We see the wide, dark mouth of the cave, in a steep mountain wall, about 300 feet above us. The sight has the effect of a challenge. Our escort hasten to throw down everything superfluous in a heap beside the camel with the bags of water, and then to clamber up to the entrance of the cave. We take a good drink and then follow them. A zigzag path, where camels can go, has been cut into the rock; parts of it have been destroyed by water and it does not give the impression of being in use. Sayyid Bin ʿAqīl tells in his paper [1] that camels used to go by this path to fetch manure from out of Bīr Barhūt. This must have been the dung of bats.

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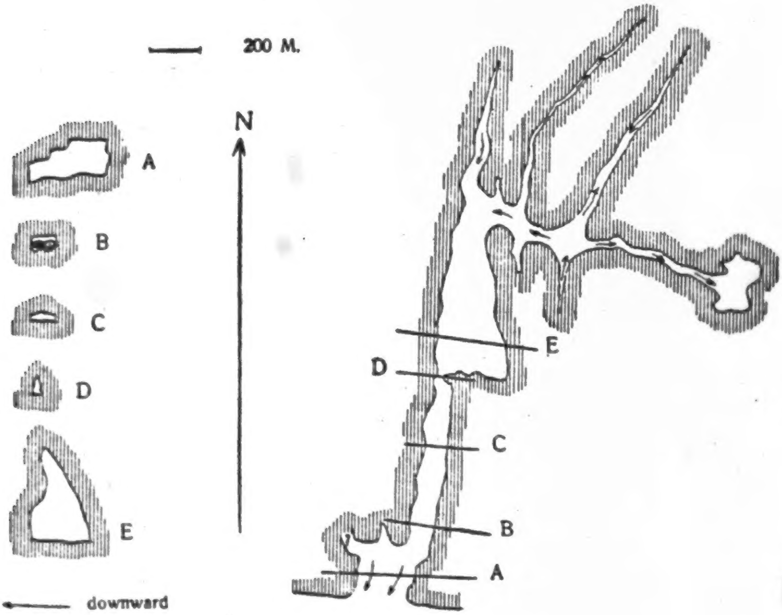
[1] See p. 165.

When we arrived at the top, we found our companions sitting on boulders scattered on the floor of a broad, high porch, the portal of Bīr Barhūt, which is about 120 feet wide, 45 feet high and 60 feet deep. Boulders many feet in height lie in disorder before the entrance to the cave in the further wall, which is nine feet wide and four feet high. Having established this fact we take a short rest. Sayyid ʿAlī sniffs adventure and his thoughts see fame beckoning to him. Naked but for a loin-cloth and with a gun of one of the Bedouins who remain behind slung over his shoulder, he leads the way, creeping into the cave. We follow with the torches and the rope. Von Wissmann has with him the compass and the route note-book. He, as an experienced investigator of caves, will sketch our route inside Bīr Barhūt, and thus we hope, if torches and compass work properly, to find our way back again to the entrance. Besides three electric torches we have a *fānūs*, a kerosene lamp, by means of which we can verify whether the air in the cave has a sufficiency of oxygen. Sayyid ʿAlī goes ahead with this lamp, Von Wissmann follows with the measuring tape in his hand, I follow as soon as the tape becomes taut and the direction has been noted down.

Cautiously we climb, one behind the other, into the thick darkness; the cave leads fairly horizontally into the limestone mountain. Passing over sharp, rough boulders we reach a spot where the cave becomes so low that we have to creep through on hands and feet. Beyond this the passage becomes roomy and high again. We have to pass deep clefts, the bottom of which even the beams of our lanterns cannot fathom. The rock on which we walk is covered with a thick layer of fine dust into which our feet sink noiselessly. Daylight does not penetrate here. The gloom makes a deep impression on the Arabs who are with us, for they are convinced that this black night hides monsters and spirits, who must resent the presence of intruders in their kingdom. It is too much for some of them; they can still find their way out and do so and none of those who remain utters a word of scorn or reproach. We *will* not leave our leaders, Von Wissmann and Sayyid ʿAlī, alone and, with beating hearts, we press onward. It is very warm in the cave; we feel bats flapping around us and smell an unpleasant odour, which we ascribe to those animals, and we hear their gentle rustling. We go forward walking cautiously on the carpet of dust. The passage emerges into a high, wide space. We tell our Arab companions, who stare in stupefaction upon the dimensions of this unexpected hall: "This is the Cathedral of the Unbelievers." Their murmured answers are: "Allāh is the greatest, Allāh knoweth best." On the further side the space narrows and becomes a corridor



CAVE CALLED BĪR BARHŪT.

again, which ends by being so narrow as to be impassable. It seems to us that the "Cathedral" has no other exit than a broad, high one in the wall on the right. This last passage leads upwards at first, over boulders; the further we penetrate into the cave, the hotter it becomes. The oppression caused by the darkness and heat, combined with the still increasing unpleasant smell, rises in my gorge, and I think that most of us hope that those corridors will come to a dead end so that we can turn back! Meanwhile we proceed with care and pass side corridors leading off to the left and right. At the beginning of the passage which we have taken we find traces of human presence; a small niche has been hacked out of the limestone wall with a tool, the scars of which can be clearly seen, and some charcoal is lying about and there is soot on the wall of the niche. Somewhat further on there is another similar spot, where some branches also lie among the charcoal and the ashes. The Bedouins presume that it has been a place of refuge for those fleeing from the pursuit of enemies.

This corridor is long and at last narrows and comes to a dead end. In these narrow passages with no outlet it is noticeably hotter than in the broad, main corridor. If our attention had not been so much concentrated on examining the cave we should hardly have been able to endure the temperature. But now we did not think of it and only when we reached the daylight again did we see that we looked like stokers, sweating at every pore and covered all over with dust! Sometimes the side corridors descended sharply; one of them could only be entered through a small hole. Sayyid ʿAlī went first. As soon as he was through we saw him with his lamp glissading down all the while on a layer of fine rubble. Von Wissmann followed him, but we did not venture to do so. Their light vanished far away in the depths and an avalanche of stones noisily followed them; then came silence. I had the torches extinguished to economise the batteries; the pitch darkness and stillness oppressed my companions who, every moment, wished to switch on the lights again. Our thoughts

778 dwelt anxiously on the possibility that the two dare-devils might have had an accident, if the slope had perhaps become steeper further down. They had with them our only rope of 70 feet. We stood waiting there for twenty minutes, with increasing anxiety; then to our great relief a faint glimmer of light could be seen far away in the depths, and a little later we were helping the two weary men to climb up again along the wall of the corridor.

All sorts of sharp objects stuck out of the wall where the passages were narrow. They appeared to be shells and were frequently quite intact. We picked some off and took them away with us. The walls also sparkled as if covered with a layer of salt or other white powder, though, to judge from the taste, it was not any ordinary kind of salt.

At last all the passages within reach had been searched and we set out on the return to the main corridor. It became appreciably cooler as we neared the exit; unfortunately we had forgotten to bring a thermometer with us to measure the high temperature inside the cave. When we came out into the great porch of Bīr Barhūt we found our guides stretched out on the boulders, fast asleep. When we awakened them, they were dumb with amazement to see us again. They had waited for perhaps half an hour, hoping for our return, but then, as we still did not come, they felt sure that we had been overwhelmed by snakes and hellish spirits or suffocated by sulphurous vapours!

However, there we were standing before them, after two hours, certainly very dirty and drenched in perspiration, but very much alive. We had established the fact that Bīr Barhūt is a typical limestone cave, with nothing whatever volcanic about it. The curious but innocuous smell inside does not come from sulphurous vapour; it is probably due to the dust from the weathering of rock or, perhaps, to bats. The high temperature, especially at the ends of the corridors, is not a consequence of volcanism, but is connected with the very high temperature reached by the outer air in Wādī Barhūt.

The hot air penetrates to the furthest and highest parts of the 178
cave and does not cool down much there. In the whole region of Ḥaḍramaut, after the broken mountainous strata of the coast, we saw no further trace of volcanism.

When our eyes had grown accustomed once more to the 000
light and we had had a drink, we descended again into the wâdī. The sun shone right into it and it was suffocatingly hot, nor could we escape from the heat until we reached Qabr Hūd, so we walked as fast as we could and in two hours arrived at the well at the beginning of the wādī. Our escort were unable to keep up with us, but two young Minhālī Bedouins, with the slender suppleness and strength of the ibex, offered their society and were entertaining companions. We were thoroughly exhausted by the time we got to the well, but they were absolutely fresh. They drew water for us and, afterwards, drank themselves but once. We drank the water — warm, but clear — again and again, and had it poured over our backs and chests, so getting a long needed bath. One of the two spoke Swahili; he had spent five years in Nairobi where he had had a shop and had saved 600 *riyāls*.
Now he was the happy possessor of ten camels and a young 583
wife. The other was still unable to marry, as the marriage 291
portion here is from 150 to 200 *riyāls* and, for the moment, 301
he had not this amount. He would like us to take him abroad, 302
there to try his luck as his comrade had done. The Minhālīs wear necklaces of plaited leathern straps and red and white coral, and round their waists, under the cartridge-belt, I saw similar, very artistic bands. They are bare-headed, with a strap round their greasy hair, which is waved and worn half-length, and they wear small loin-cloths over which the cartridge-belt is buckled. Many of them have still muzzle-loading guns. It is obvious from their primitive appearance that the lands where they rove lie along the southern border of the Rubᶜ el-Khālī, the extreme northern limit of Ḥaḍramaut.

In the house in the ravine of Qabr Hūd it was also un- 000
bearably hot, the indoor temperature reaching from 40° to

000 42° C. The task which every one imposes upon himself is to
lie still, try to feel as calm as possible and to wait patiently
782 until the greatest heat is past. When the sun is somewhat lower in the sky we give the signal to break camp, but there is general protest, for they must all go and pray in the cupola of the tomb and in the *nāqa* mosque. Sayyid ʿAlī, who besides being a daring man of adventure is also a pious Muslim, takes the lead and recites the prayers and passages from the Koran, suitable to the occasion. Further, everyone has charges to carry out for relations or friends and so it happens that these last prayers at Qabr Hūd seem never-ending. From our house we can see their small forms between the pillars on the dark, stony hill-side, and their recitations and supplications rise and fall on waves of sound, raising echoes in the silent, deathlike valley.

000 They come back from their prayers at last down the white steps, as if satisfied with themselves, and go on towards the town. We are ready to leave, but they are not. They wish, for some time, to enjoy in retrospect their religious ecstasy and not to break camp until after sundown. Our patience, however, is by this time exhausted and Von Wissmann and I set out together under general protest, followed by the two donkey-boys with the donkeys carrying the instruments and the drinking-water. When the others see that our decision is irrevocable, an armed guide is sent to follow.

8. THE RUINS OF EL-MEKĒNŪN, ḤUṢN THŌBE AND EL-ʿURR.

We stride fast over the soft path of loess. The shadow of the mountain wall soon fills the wādī-bed through which we are walking. The fierce, blinding light of the hot day has disappeared; the evening sky takes on soft gay colours and reflects them over the quiet country. There are bushes beside the path into which a few birds have come to roost, sparrows and a kind of dove, which have very little shyness and break the silence and rigidity of the landscape. Here, where there

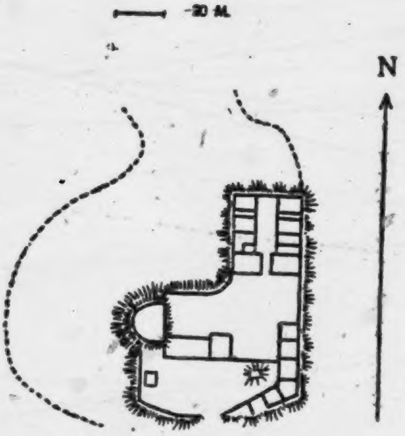
is always water in the *sēl*-bed, *rāk* bushes and tamarisks grow 000
in plenty. We soon pass the wide delta of the "Seven Wādīs" which debouch into the main wādī.

After two and a half hours steady walking we arrive in pitch darkness at Fughma and knock at the door of the house where, on our outward journey, we have spent some hours during the heat of the day. Although the master of the house 609
has already retired with his family for the night's rest on the roof, he comes at once to open the door to us, and we also are assigned a part of a roof, a coverlet of goat's hair and a few greasy cushions. When everyone has settled down again to rest our caravan looms up out of the darkness, and the men, in their turn, are received with great hospitality and given quarters on another roof.

On the following day, June 3rd, we leave Fughma by break 600
of day and, before it becomes very hot, reach es-Sōm, where we again call on our host of the journey out. We are received with particular friendliness and are all allowed into the great reception-room, the *madjlis*. We want to write and rest, and we put out feelers to see whether there is, perhaps, a separate, small room for us; the living-room is immediately emptied and placed at our disposal. We wish to leave early in the afternoon to see the groups of ruins at el-Mekēnūn, Thōbe and el-ᶜUrr before sundown.

The group of ruins known as el-Mekēnūn lies near es- 172
Sōm and towards the northern wall of the wādī. The remains of old buildings stand out above the plain like mounds of débris, with a well now partly filled in with stones, lying between them. Our search for stones with inscriptions is *not* rewarded. Connected with these mounds there is a large open space that is regarded as a cemetery by the people of the district; stones have been placed in circles and ellipses and are said to indicate the graves. According to tradition, the people of ᶜĀd were a race of giants and the dimensions of these circles and ellipses do not clash with this conception. We have no time to excavate; there are more groups of ruins to inspect. Against

172 our will we turn our backs on el-Mekēnūn and follow our guide into Wādī Sekhōre. In the distance we can already see, rising upon a precipitous, high hill, the remains of what must once have been a fortress. The position points to this and has much in common with that of the ruins of the castle at el-ʿUrr, which stand on a similar hill rising out of the main wādī, only half an hour's walk westwards.

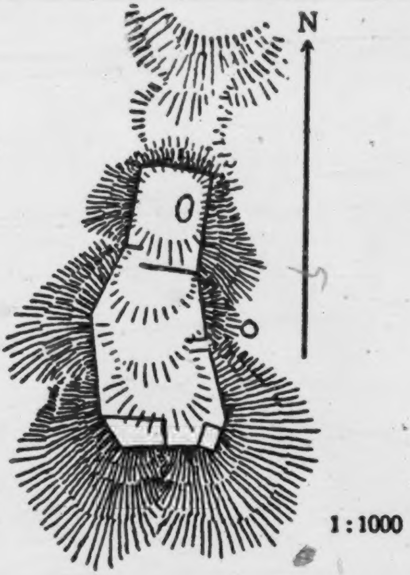


RUINS OF EL-MEKĒNŪN.

Ḥuṣn Thōbe is the name of the ruined castle at the mouth of Wādī Sekhōre. The steep slopes of the huge rock, which is nearly 300 feet high, are covered with débris. At its foot there is a well, at the top we find fairly high remains of walls, but no inscriptions.

174 The scarcity of inscriptions found here, in contrast with the multiplicity of those found in the mountainous land of the Yemen, is explicable if we look upon Ḥaḍramaut as the borderland of the Sabaean and Minaean Kingdoms. Professor J. H. Mordtmann of Berlin, who studied and deciphered the inscriptions that we brought home, is of opinion that the people of

Ḥaḍramaut were famed for their warlike qualities at a quite early period. According to him, mention is made of the country and its kings in the most ancient Sabaean inscriptions, and again in the later texts. A great deal is told about wars with Ḥaḍramaut. There are no data which suggest that the Ḥaḍramīs were ever subdued by their neighbours, the Sabaeans and Minaeans. In the time of the Alexandrian scholars they had a separate kingdom; this is unanimously and credibly reported. They had their national God, Sīn, just as the Minaeans had ʿAthtar, the Sabaeans Ilmaqah, and the people of Qatabān, ʿAmm and Anbay. So also they preserved their own dialect until as late as the sixth century of our era. 174



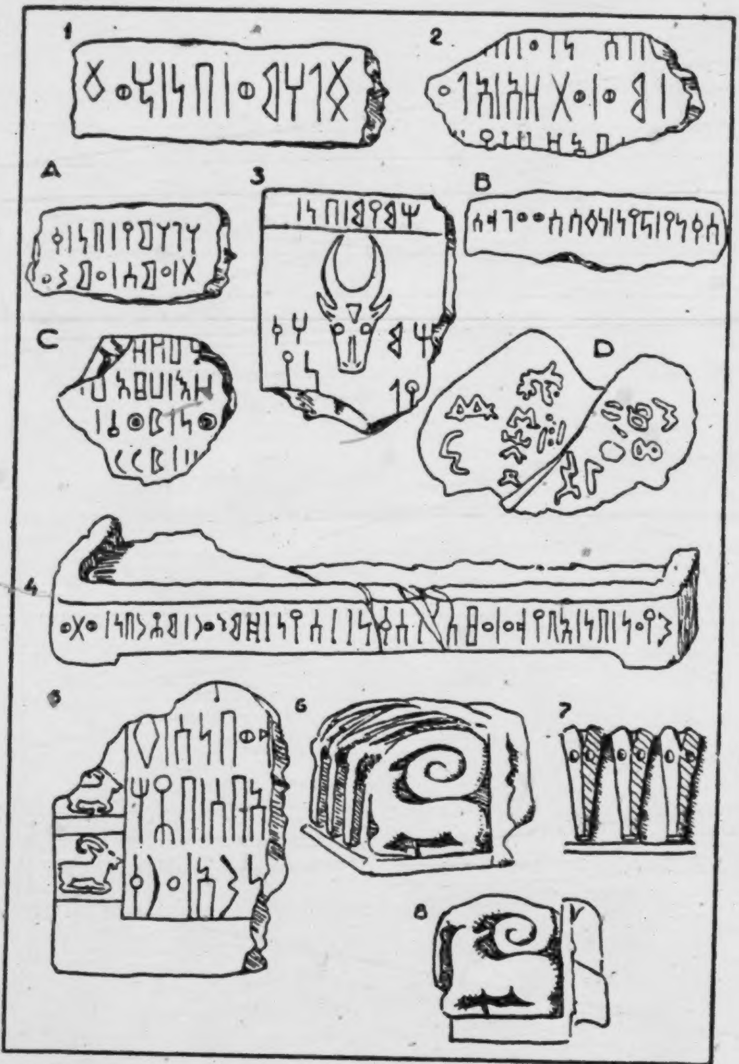
RUINS OF THE ANCIENT ḤUṢN THŌBE.

In any case, there would seem to have been many wars, 174
and the castles of Thōbe and el-ʿUrr have, unquestionably, 212
been military fortifications; this points to the country having

TEXT CONTINUES ON P. 177 -- ANALYST

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

212



1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8: FRAGMENTS OF INSCRIPTIONS AND CARVED STONES FROM THE COLLECTIONS OF SAYYID ABŪ BAKR EL-KĀF IN TERĪM, BROUGHT BY BEDOUINS CHIEFLY FROM THE SŪNE RUINS.

A, B, C: INSCRIPTIONS COPIED IN AND AROUND EL-MESHHED.

D: ROCK-WALL PAINTINGS IN RED, FROM DĀR ʿĀD IN WĀDĪ THIQBE.

p. 176

been the borderland of two kingdoms, which naturally would 174
not be the most favourable place for setting up inscriptions. 212
Frontier defences are never centres of culture. Furthermore the stone here is not favourable for incising: it is too brittle. All the texts deciphered for us by Mordtmann are votary inscriptions (proskynemas) to the national god, Sīn.

From Ḥuṣn Thōbe we walked back to the main wâdī, in 172
whose midst, on a great lonely rock, remains of the walls of 532
Ḥuṣn el-ᶜUrr still rise to a considerable height. We met the caravan here and, uniting our forces, tried to get at a piece of cut stone that was cemented into the upper part of the remains of the walls. After much effort we succeeded. It turned out that we had detached a capital of whitish sandstone, particularly well-hewn on its four planes. The capital was too heavy for transport on our camels, so Von Wissmann made the drawing reproduced here.[1] The skill of the artist who, in ancient times, made this head of a column is clearly shown in the undamaged portions. The sculptor seems to have depicted hunting scenes. Mounted men fighting with lions are represented on one plane; on another are very good reproductions of the ibex (*wiᶜl*), an animal which plays
a great part in the folklore of Ḥaḍramaut. The *wiᶜl* hunt is [224]
still the favourite sport of the Ḥaḍramīs, although strongly disapproved of by their religious leaders on account of the ceremonies of evidently heathen origin accompanying it. The heavy, notched horns of the ibex, gracefully bending backwards, are, up to this day, to be found as trophies decorating the façade of many a house in Ḥaḍramaut.

The smaller hewn stone that we had found in the ruins on the outward journey was dug up again. This stone, flat and of the same white sandstone as the capital, appeared to bear on front and back an identical sculpture, representing a bunch of grapes with a few leaves, a motive that also occurs here and there on the decorated surfaces of the capital.
We wished to take this stone with us to Terīm as an addition 000

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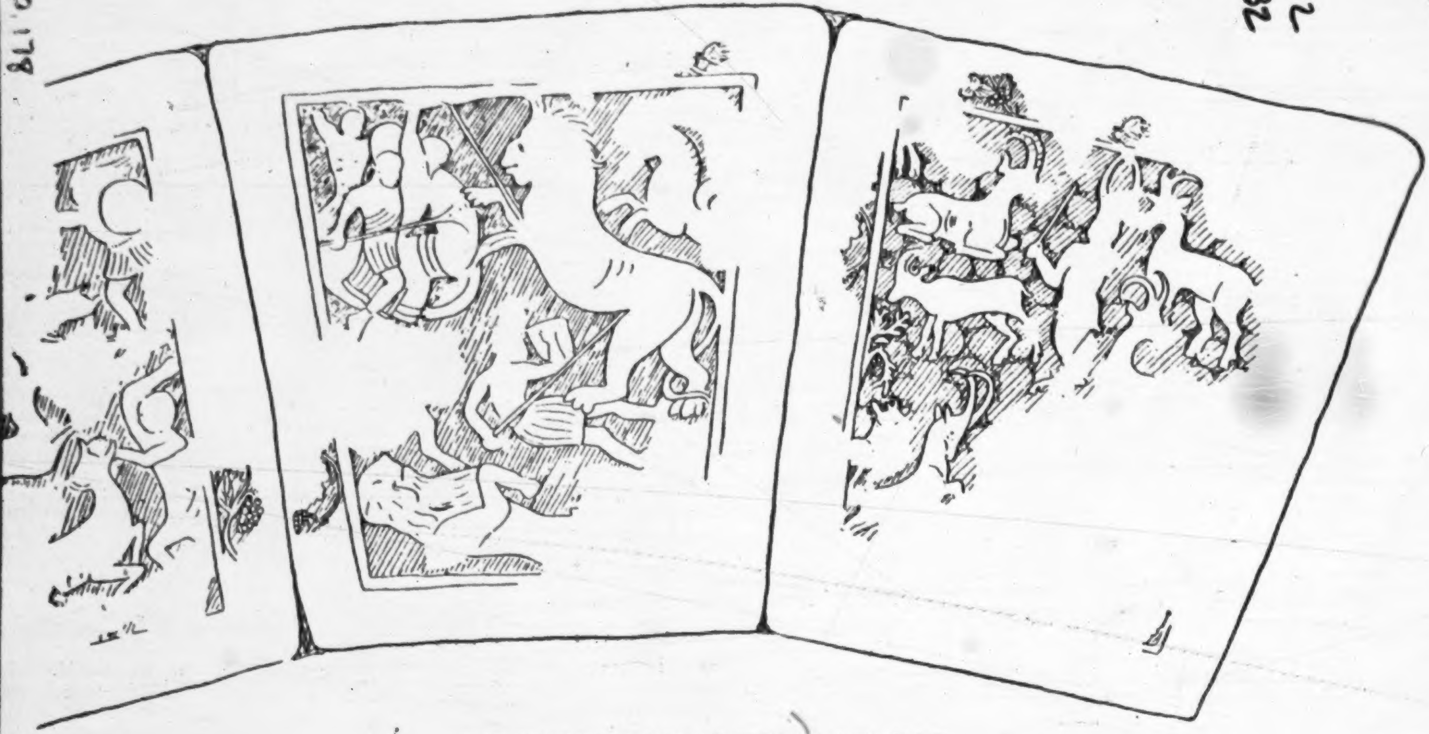
[1] See p. 178.

P. 178

172
532

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2



THE CARVED CAPITAL OF ḤUṢN EL-ʿURR.

to our host's little collection. After much insistence the caravan 500 leader agreed to this, but when falling darkness forced us to leave el-ʿUrr, we noticed that the owner of our camels, who had come with us in person, was carrying the stone on his shoulder. He thought that it would injure his camels, although they were very lightly laden, and he demonstrated by running fast, jumping, and so forth, that it was no hindrance to himself!

9. AN EXTRAORDINARY NIGHT.

It was pitch-dark as we approached Bā Ḥafār, lying at the entrance of Wādī el-Khūn, which runs from the north. We had to follow the *sēl*-bed, which was full of water, after having ridden for some time through a narrow date plantation beside the bank. My donkey caused great consternation when, having had a long drink, he lay down at his ease in the middle of the lukewarm pool. Everyone rushed, in answer to our cry of distress, to rescue the instruments and photographic material from the saddle-bags; the donkey's bath ended however without doing any damage.

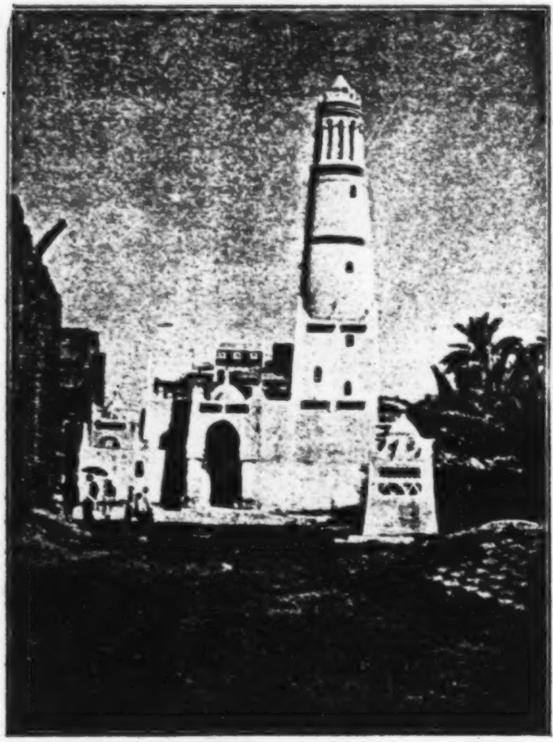
Bā Ḥafār is a miserable village, with inhabitants as poor 361 as Job and living in huts. Its mud houses have been de- 511 stroyed in tribal warfare; the remaining population is too weak in numbers and strength to rebuild them. Only one mud house had been restored, and on its roof we pitched our camp for the night in brotherly company. Very soon a number of inquisitive men came to the roof to enjoy the unexpected sight. Here something happened that we had never experienced 562 before: the women-folk also came, a little later, to satisfy their curiosity. They sat down, huddled against each other, in a corner of the roof opposite to that which we had chosen for sleeping, with only the stairway space between us. As they had no thought of going away again and were enjoying intensely the novelty of what they saw, we were obliged to go on with our business without letting their presence disturb us.

00 ous. The camp-beds which, from being small packages, became long, large objects drew from them a cry of amazement. When we undressed, the amazement frequently turned into great merriment. We hoped to put an end to the visitation by suddenly switching on the beams of an electric torch. Giggling and scrambling to hide behind each other they crept away, and for a moment we were anxious lest any one of them, in her fright, should jump off the roof. Before long the girls and young women were sitting hidden away behind the backs of the old ones and so they sustained the glare in their eyes and the roars of laughter of the men and boys. When I fell asleep the gossiping black figures were still sitting there.

511 On June 4th, we were awakened by the rising sun. All around is wrapped in slumber and the women have disappeared. I gaze out across the little wādī with its miserable hovels. On the sand around our house I see shapeless, black forms lying. Then one of them begins to stir and, drunk with sleep, a woman sits up. She gets up, totters, shakes some dust and sand off the black rags that she wraps round herself, and treads silently away to her hut to resume her monotonous life of poverty. Another soon follows and gradually one after the other vanishes. Here we had for a moment a glimpse of the grey poverty and the monotonous life of hunger in a village of this part of Ḥaḍramaut, where the inhabitants have been decimated and their energies sapped by war, the surviving men have fled from its misery to foreign lands, and the long-suffering Ḥaḍramī women, who never leave their country, alone remain. The world of women and of family life always remained a closed book to us.

10. A VISIT TO ʿĒNĀT.

361
346
511 The distance from Bā Ḥafār to Qasam is not great, and we arrived in that dead little town quite early in the day, to find the car promised by el-Kāf awaiting us. We drive then through the town, which is half in ruins; yet, a sayyid who



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A mosque in ʿĒnāt.

facing p. 180

has made his fortune abroad has built here a princely house 361 for himself. He has, of course, not forgotten to render thanks 346 to Allah at the same time by building a mosque, a glittering 511 white masterpiece of Ḥaḍramī architecture. The contrast between the great wealth of many sayyids and the poverty of the great mass of the people does not seem to be poignantly felt here. The palaces of the rich stand right in the midst of 565 dying towns; their children, frequently overdressed, play with 735 the almost naked black children of slaves. The rich return 511 of their own accord from lands of culture and prosperity to their own land of appalling poverty, to enjoy within its borders the wealth they have accumulated. Allah has willed that there be rich men in the world and poor men to whom they should be able to give alms. It is fit and proper that there should be beggars in every good Muslim society and especially a plentiful supply of them in places of pilgrimage, so that the pious may have ample opportunity to practise the generosity commanded by Allah. We have noticed little jealousy or class conflict in Ḥaḍramaut. This is certainly due partly to the democratic way of living. The privileges of the sayyid class have a religious and not a money basis. Soldiers, household slaves and the free citizens of the village meet in the *madjlis* of the rich and all eat there in company, drink from the same bowl and join in the same converse.

From Qasam we go by car along the high clay bank of the 361 *masīla* (the bed of the wādī), which has been eroded by 758 the *nuqra*. Having reached a point opposite ʿĒnāt we attempt 778 to cross the wide sandy bed of the *masīla* to reach the town. The palm plantations have been growing progressively thinner and the soil here is entirely covered by a layer of sand. We stall constantly in this sand in the *masīla* and have difficulty in reaching ʿĒnāt, where everything speaks of vanished glory. The town is scattered over a wide area; great open spaces give one the impression that the population was formerly much larger than it is now. At one time many pilgrims were attracted here by the seven *qubbas* which adorn

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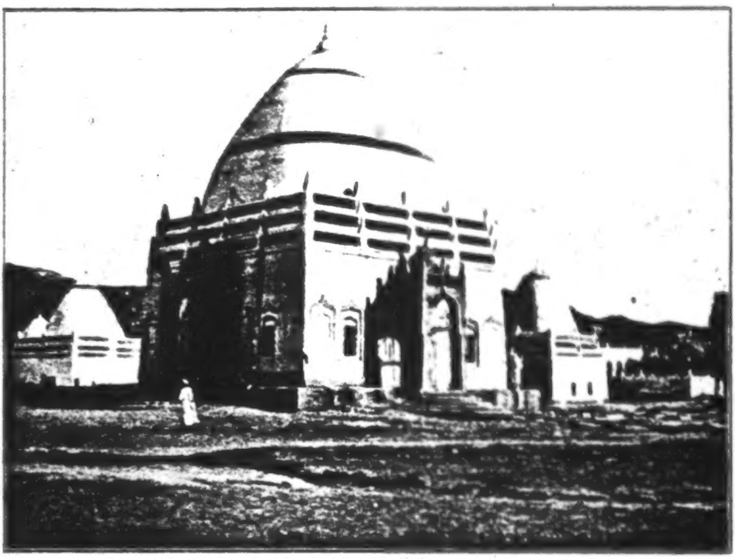


Some of the seven cupolas in memory of saints in ʿEnāt.

facing p 181

361 the tombs of holy men. The Āl el-ᶜĒderūs, one of the families
778 of sayyids whose riches are made in Java, come from ᶜĒnāt
788 and are, moreover, the ruling family in this pious city, which
owes the few houses that are kept in repair, the beautiful white mosques and the fine school for boys to these sayyids and to those of the Āl Ḥāmid. At the seven *qubbas* we meet Sayyid ᶜAlī bin el-ᶜĒderūs, who feels an exile from his people who live in Surabaya, but his place here will be taken by another member of the family in a few years' time. He is glad to meet someone who knows Java and invites us to take a cup of tea with him. We learn from him that ᶜĒnāt can
312 boast of thirteen mosques and has, at the present time,
172 5000 inhabitants. Water for drinking has to be brought from
[762] a great distance, as the local supply is not fit for it. Sayyid
ᶜAbdallāh Āl Ḥāmid, who lived for ten years in Dār es-Salām, is also glad to have an opportunity of talking once more with Europeans and comes to Sayyid ᶜAlī's *madjlis*. He has some acquaintance with the early history of his country and tells us of the great dam which is said to have existed in pre-Islamic times between Qabr Hūd and the sea. The destruction of this dam ushered in the decline of Ḥaḍramaut. Sayyid ᶜAbdallāh has his own theory of the means by which the great stones of the buildings in the pre-Islamic period were piled one upon the other; he asserts that he has seen representations of elephants on the ruins and assumes that it was by them that these heavy stones were dragged to their places. I doubt whether this supposition is correct, although it is true that elephants play a part in the historical traditions of Arabia. The great castles are built on high, rocky hills, whose slopes are barely practicable even for man.

CHAPTER XIII.

OUR LAST DAYS IN TERĪM.

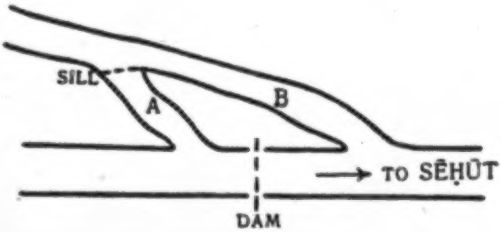
On our return to Terim we were met with a storm of 000 questions and had to give a detailed account of our experiences in Bīr Barhût. They were all very much surprised to hear that it really is *not* a crater. In reply to the question what it actually is we answer that it is one of the many caves which Allāh is wont to create in mountains of limestone formation. Sayyid ᶜAlī el-ᶜAṭṭās gives to an attentive audience a dramatic account of what he saw and heard and experienced in the cave into which no man before him had ventured.

The following day, June 5th, was a Friday. In the morning [565] of that day the learned men and notables of the place meet in the el-Kāf house. This time the meeting was very animated; many questions were put about the ruins and about Bīr Barhût, and interesting views expressed on the subject. A brother of Muḥammad bin ᶜAqīl, the Ḥaḍramī traveller, told of the remains of the supposed great dam of the Ḥimyarites, which were investigated and described by his brother. He estimates that 600 years have elapsed since the destruction of the dam, which must have been accomplished not by floods but by the hand of man. The dam must have been made entirely of mud, as no fragments of stones remain. According to other informants, many well-hewn, massive stones are to be met with down-stream from the dam. Muḥammad bin ᶜAqīl 312 in his paper says that the dam could easily be reconstructed, as it has a very favourable position. The side-wādī *a* was filled by the damming-up of the water; *a* is connected with side-wādī *b*, as an existing, low sill of stone forms no real hindrance. So the surplus water found an outlet through these side-wādīs. Thus too heavy pressure was never exercised

p. 183

312 upon the dam. Bin ʿAqīl has made much propaganda all his life long for the restoration of the dam. Three tribes have a direct interest in the matter, namely: the Āl Djābir, who dwell up-stream in Wādī ʿAdim, the Manāhīl, in whose territory is the site of the ancient dam, and the Banū Tamīm dwelling between the two former tribes. According to Bin ʿAqīl, the Manāhīl have promised the half of the loam soil and the whole waste land of their territory to those who will put the dam into working order again.

312 The obvious question is put why this work, presumably 829 so important for Ḥaḍramaut, has not yet been undertaken. It is the great, urgent question which is coming more and more under consideration and discussion in the advanced circles of those who have lived abroad and who feel with sorrow the backwardness of their fatherland. These painful questions are brought once more to our attention before we take farewell of this group of men who feel themselves responsible for the future of Ḥaḍramaut. They want to hear our reply although they know it quite well. The fundamental weakness here is the lack of unity. They have realized from experience that they cannot attain this unity by themselves. 829 Therefore they regard as necessary the coming of a compelling power which shall be stronger than all the little groups with conflicting interests in the country, a power which shall impose unity and which, by a curt command, shall put an end to the suicidal intertribal warfare. But that is merely shifting the difficult task, that is flight. True change for the



better must come from within the land itself: they must 829 shoulder their own burden. The times seem ripe for it. On our return journey we were to see yet more of the distress of war and also of war weariness.

After consultation with our host the following plans for our 000 journey were drawn up. We were again to go by car up the Ḥaḍramaut valley to el-Qaᶜūẓa, via Sēwūn and Shibām. From there we should try to ride on camel-back in quick stages across the flat sandy region straight to Niṣāb, the farthest point inland of the territory belonging to the British protectorate. Should the way from el-Qaᶜūẓa to Niṣāb be rendered too unsafe by robber bands, we should have to go by camel up Wādī ᶜAmd to the town of ᶜAmd and try to get through from there to Niṣāb. Once there, and with British help, we should certainly get further, if needs be by aeroplane, for there is a British military aerodrome at Niṣāb. We calculated that the whole journey to Aden would take from three to four weeks.

June 6th was a day of preparation and farewell. The baggage was packed to be sent by camel to esh-Shiḥr. We ourselves only took one change of linen with us (and that is not much in this land of dry heat), a blanket to ride upon and to sleep in, and a small rug to serve as a sort of mattress when sleeping on the rocky *djōl*. Further, *qirbas* (skins) for water, a kettle, a few mugs for tea, a large cluster of the excellent dates that grow in Sayyid el-Kāf's garden, sugar, cubes of Maggi's soup extract and some tins of biscuits. Then we went to express our gratitude by gifts to Sayyid Abū Bakr, his children, wives and servants. We are taken in his car for a last drive through the palm-gardens to the gate of the city, and across the bare, rocky plain to the equally barren, rocky bluffs. Then we walk once more with these men who seem to have overcome all their prejudices against us, unbelievers, and who have given us their friendship, even their trust. After sunset it is still very warm on the stony plain near Terīm; the heat absorbed by it during the day is then given out again. It is

000 only noticeably cooler in the date plantations and between the irrigated fields of *dhura* within the city walls. Some degree of coolness is occasioned there by evaporation in the dry atmosphere. Once again, for the last time, we meet the younger members of the great el-Kāf clan in the swimming-pool of Sayyid ʿUmar bin Shēkh el-Kāf's garden. There the *ṣalāt* is performed, after which there are races under water from one end of the bath to the other. Then tea is drunk, and we eat dates fresh from the garden.

It is remarkable what a fresh, simple spirit is kept by these people enjoying a long holiday in surroundings of luxury. Our visit and the talks with us certainly seem to be appreciated, yet they are content with their own peaceful existence.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN ATTEMPT TO REACH ADEN OVERLAND.

1. THROUGH ḤADRAMAUT PROPER BACK TO THE ENTRANCE OF WĀDĪ ʿAMD.

On the following morning two cars await us to take us to Sēwūn. The Sultan there will in his turn provide our transport to the Sultan at el-Qaṭn, and so on until we reach el-Qaʿūẓa. We now go through the plain, rounding the two rocky spurs. Occasionally a car sticks fast in the sand, but we are at Sēwūn by, at least, ten o'clock. There the Sultan, surrounded by his satellites, welcomes us as old friends and it seems impossible to go on further at once: we have to stay for a meal. In the meanwhile the Sultan will make ready for us four letters of introduction to influential chiefs in the district through which we must pass. Von Wissmann is given a sketch map, made in Netherlands India, of Ḥaḍramaut and the territories bordering on it, whilst a curved sword with an elaborate silver sheath is presented to us jointly as a souvenir. Then we are asked, with great interest, as to our impressions of Terīm and as to the conversations carried on there over the needs of Ḥaḍramaut. One receives the impression that the country, inspired by the set of men in Terīm, is beginning to wake up, that it begins to realize its common interests and to long for unity and a strong, central authority. Both at Terīm and at Shibām we had been told that the south bank of the wādī between Sēwūn and Shibām was rendered impracticable by hostilities. The Sultan asserts now, however, that there is no danger whatever and that we can quite well take that route, which is also much more beautiful.

361 Of course we follow this advice. The road[1] runs almost without interruption through magnificent palm plantations and by villages with curious grey-brown mud-built castles, flanked by spotlessly white houses of fine architecture. It is the most prosperous and finest district in Ḥaḍramaut Proper. Its chief centre is el-Ghurfa, a town well-known and important in ancient times, but now reduced to secondary rank by constant 721 wars. We enter the war zone a little way out of Sēwūn. No 722 danger threatens us, however, as the Sultan is neutral in a struggle between groups of families who consider themselves to be independent and who fight amongst themselves for domination in this borderland between the Āl el-Qeʿēṭī and the Āl Kathīr. A deathly silence reigns in the pretty villages lying close together among gardens of palms. It seems as if we alone are on the road in an enchanted land, whose inhabitants have either vanished or are asleep. Our drivers do not expect the cars to be fired at, but all the same, they keep out of the way of the villages, whence unseen watchers are certainly following our every movement. Before long we come upon trenches cut across the road, which force us to make long detours. The Sultan's soldiers who accompany us point out the villages of three parties at war. Soon they are so mixed up that we can no longer distinguish which is which. The trenches are deep and numerous, and only through them can the people enter and leave their villages and houses and get to their gardens. As all three parties are equally dependent on these magnificent gardens they have agreed amongst themselves that necessary work therein must be kept going.

We approach the town of el-Ghurfa; it is entirely surrounded by a wall with closed gates, and encircled by broad, deep trenches. The palm gardens extend as far as the wall of the town. The silence is oppressive. In order to avoid a trench we have to go out of our way close by one of the corner gates. The sentries appear to have been asleep, for directly the sound of our motors is audible, cries of alarm reach us from behind the gate. We are only a little further

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[1] [on the South bank of the wādī between Sēwūn and Shibām -- ANALYST]

when the gate is pushed open and a group of soldiers rush 721
out with their guns at the attack. Our people are petrified with 722
fright and call out that we belong to the *Dōla* (the Government). Then the guns drop and the sound of a greeting reaches us, but our chauffeurs drive on as fast as possible, so as to escape from this hostile place.

We now enter the district belonging to the third party, with el-ʿUqda as its headquarters, where the rich Shēkh Sālim bin Djaʿfar bin Ṭālib lives. We are to pay a call upon him. He gave us a pressing invitation to do so on the outward journey, but, at that time, the Sultan of Shibām, who had undertaken our transport arrangements, gave orders to avoid the war zone. Shēkh Sālim is a Dutch subject; he possesses a great fortune, amassed in Surabaya, and was one of the well-known Ḥaḍramīs of that city.

The country round el-ʿUqda is a paradise of beauty. White 361
and light-grey palaces, with rows of big windows and fine 342
points and pinnacles along the edges of the roofs, are scattered among the plantations of young palm-trees. Behind this gay green and white colouring is the yellowish-brown of the rock. In the gardens are also many bushes of lemon and pomegranate and papayas. The buildings in which Shēkh Sālim lives are surrounded by a high wall, with a colossal wooden gate covered with sheet iron, which gives entrance to a
courtyard. The outposts here have done their duty and 622
given notive of our arrival, and the gate has been thrown 191 186
wide open and Shēkh Sālim himself, surrounded by soldiers and children, stands there to give us welcome. The pro-Dutch sentiments of the grey-headed Shēkh are well known, and we have no need to doubt for one moment that our welcome here comes from the heart. Conversation is carried on in the Malay language, in compliment to the presence of a government official of Netherlands India. This creates an intimate atmosphere and offers the advantage that the soldiers and children
cannot follow what is said. The great *madjlis* of this im- 574
posing building becomes speedily filled with a crowd of inter-

574 ested people who, according to the custom of the country, may not be excluded. It is a great disappointment for our host, who seems to have a great deal on his mind, that we are obliged to refuse quite definitely his invitation to stay for a few days and that we must really be in Shibām before nightfall. 722 Now that the time is so short, he goes ahead at once. An outspoken talk over the misery here follows on my question why he does not prefer to live in safety in his beautiful house at Surabaya rather than be a virtual prisoner in this his own palace in el-ʿUqda. He would indeed much rather look after his affairs in Java, but must be here now as head of his family 728 and defender of its interests. War has been going on for the past six years, more and ever more blood is shed, and the constantly recurring cry for vengeance removes all prospect of the peace so much desired. It does not appear as if the war can be ended without the intervention of a powerful outsider. He presses the point with the greatst earnestness that our Government should mediate between the contesting parties. England has failed: shortly after the outbreak of the struggle the *wālī* in Aden had proposed a six months' truce and summoned the leaders on both sides. They went and waited at Aden for four months in hope of a solution, and waited in vain. The *wālī* did not understand the matter, his expert assistant went away shortly on leave, and they were soon at the mercy of a corrupt and corruptible Indian interpreter. The leaders of the tribes at war returned to Ḥaḍramaut without having achieved any result. If the Government of Netherlands India would only do so, it could bid hostilities cease without direct intervention, for this reason: the country is full of Dutch subjects having great financial interests in Java. If our Indian Government were merely to threaten, with banishment and confiscation of property, those who did not at once force their families in Ḥaḍramaut to cease hostilities, then peace would be assured. This sounded very logical. Ready interpreters gave a short account of our host's suggestions to the members of the invested garrison, who listened with great interest and

expressions of general agreement. Shēkh Sālim went even 728 further. If I would only stay one day more and speak with the leaders of the three parties, it would be an easy matter for me to bring about peace, for everyone was longing for it from the bottom of their hearts.

Many of their ideas were not new to me: I had heard them already in Diyār Āl Buqrī, in Sēwūn, in Terīm. Never, however, had they been posed with so much urgency and in such a concrete form. I was obliged to explain why it was impossible for me to assume the right to act as arbitrator. So long as the the Dutch could only enter the doors of Ḥaḍramaut [486] with Britain's permission, so long would direct contact between our Government and the authorities of that land remain difficult. Also, as long as there existed no central power in the country, such contact would be out of the question. I could only give the advice to strive for unity and the formation of a central power. If they could not do this alone, then co-operation with the British authorities in Aden, to whom, also, they had turned in former times, seemed to be the obvious way.

The struggle was a war between relations, in which the 721 Qeʿēṭī Government was now also implicated. A certain Ṣāliḥ bin ʿUbēd bin ʿAbdād had got el-Ghurfa into his power by treachery. This place was formerly a free town, without a *dōla* and without taxes. The occupation was felt to be unendurable, not only by the other branches of Ṣāliḥ's family, who were envious, but also by the Government of el-Qeʿēṭī. For there was already a treaty arrangement with Britain according to which the power in Ḥaḍramaut Proper should be divided between two groups: the Āl el-Qeʿēṭī and the Āl Kathīr. El-Qeʿēṭī would not put up with a third authority. The twenty two other branches of the Āl ʿUmar — the family of Ṣāliḥ bin ʿUbēd — also took a hand in the quarrel, and since then no solution to it has been found.

Towards sundown we took our leave of this group of three 000 country-houses standing out most effectively, with their

000 bands of white and grey, against the dark green of the palms. The soldiers and children of the garrison stood crowded together to enjoy to the last this short variation in the monotony of their life as a besieged people. Then, through plantations of young palms and, after that, over uncultivated stretches of sand, our way led to that last outpost of el-Qeʿēṭī in Ḥaḍramaut, Shibām. As had been arranged, we announced our arrival directly to our friends Āl Ṭuwēy and Laʿdjam at their garden home. Once again we stay in this Arabian Nights' palace, bathe in the clear, lukewarm swimming-pool, and enjoy the luxury offered us here by our hospitable friends.

Early on the following day we go to Shibām to take photographs of Ḥimyaritic inscriptions and sculptures, which are to be found in the shop of a local dealer in antiquities. It is already unbearably hot in the narrow lanes between the tall houses, where, moreover, market is being held. We are thankful to turn our backs on this unhygienic but wonderful New York of Ḥaḍramaut and to go by car to the Sultan's palace in el-Qaṭn.

609 Sultan ʿAlī bin Ṣalāḥ bin Muḥammad bin ʿUmar bin ʿAwaḍ
172 bin ʿAbdallāh el-Qeʿēṭī gives us a hearty reception. He places
an escort at Von Wissmann's disposal to show him some rock inscriptions and ruins on the southern bank of the wādī. It is very hot and the rocks are steep and high; the guides' interest in this inexplicable hobby of the Christians is extremely small, and Von Wissmann returns rather disappointed with the results of his excursion. We then go together in the Sultan's car to ʿUqrān, a village about half-way back to Shibām, at the entrance to the short side-wādī of the name,
114 in the southern wall of the main wādī. Hirsch[1] and the
172 Bents[2] have been here. Hirsch gives a detailed descrip-
tion from which it would seem that there was more to be

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[1] L. Hirsch, *op. cit.*, p. 191, 192.

[2] Th. and Mrs. Bent, *op. cit.*, p. 124 and 135. They call it Al Agran and Al Gran.

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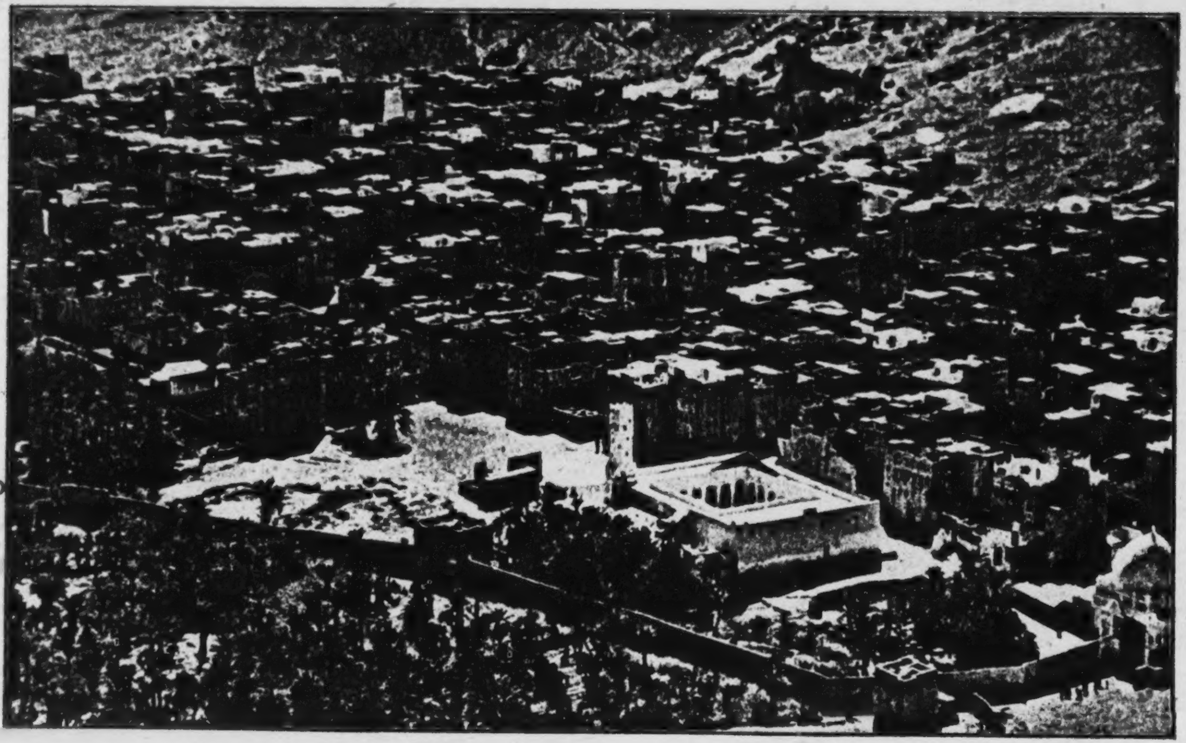

El-Ghurfa, since years the bone of contention between branches of the Al ʿUmar family.

facing p 192

See page 188.

24:Meulen and Wismann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

seen at that time than there is now. The people inform us 114
that the late Sultan had a stone, bearing an inscription, 172
removed from the *masdjid* into which it was built and that he presented it to one of the *Efrendjīs.*[1] There are still a few mounds of ruins to be seen in ᶜUqrān and, further, several of the simple mud houses of the place are built on foundations dating from pre-Islamic times. Walls and evenly made stairs leading to the inhabited storeys of the houses have been put together of stones, excellently hewn and bound with a kind of mortar unknown at the present time.

After having had our meal with the Sultan at el-Qaṭn we go 000
on in two cars to Hēnin. Vegetation ceases near el-Furṭ, then we drive for a short time over the layer of loess, but after that the drift-sand gets the upper hand. Sand-storms always 132
arise in the afternoon in this region; they are caused by the sand becoming greatly heated and by the rise of columns of hot air. Before long we were absorbed into a burning shroud of sand and were fighting our lonely way onwards. Occasionally a bit of the rock-wall can be seen through the mist, and that has to suffice for the drivers to take their bearings by. After some groping and going astray we really do arrive ooo
at Hēnin. One of the cars has motor trouble and, after vain attempts to repair it, has to be left behind. Our friend Bin Martaᶜ is unfortunately away and his car with him. Wādī Ḥaḍramaut begins here and is six miles wide, but still we venture the crossing in one overburdened car from Hēnin on the north bank to el-Qaᶜūẓa on the south side, at the point where Wādī Rakhīya, Wādī 'l-Kasr and Wādī ᶜAmd unite and form the great Ḥaḍramaut Valley. Then we drive on over the clay layer and then again over drift-sand, going as fast as possible so as to avoid stalling. The high promontory of rock behind el-Qaᶜūẓa is a good landmark.

Shortly before sunset we emerge out of the fog of sand just in front of the closed gates of the castle, to the speechless

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[1] This *Efrendjī* was Mr. Bent, who reproduces the stone opposite p. 145 of his book.

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

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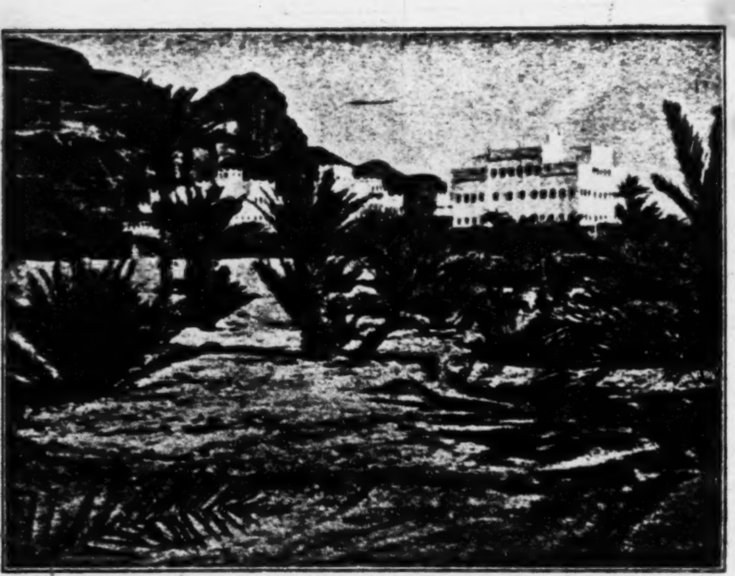

The beleaguered white castles of el-'Uqde.

facing p 193

See page 189.

000 amazement of its garrison. The solid wooden doors of the gate are locked; not a living soul is visible among the other mud houses; there is not a tree or shrub to offer shade amidst all this surrounding sand and loam and rock. El-Qaʿūẓa is encircled by foes and shots are very apt to fall after sunset from the mausers of the sharp-shooters, who man the forts on the rock-wall. The doors, however, open to the tooting of our horn and we stare into the dumb, wondering faces of the soldiers and boys who come running to meet us.

622 Old Mubārak bin Muḥammad is the shēkh held in awe by
489 the Bedouins and who controls all the caravans travelling
609 from el-Qaʿūẓa by the southern border of the "Empty
Quarter" to the Yemen or to the hinterland of Aden. If he will assume the responsibility and provide us with camels and an armed escort we can risk a forced march to Niṣāb. Unluckily the mighty Bedouin shēkh is ill. We are received in a very fraternal way by his soldiers and taken to the roomy *madjlis,* which is soon chock-full of people interested in our arrival; they all come forward to greet us with a firm grasp of the hand and then begin to satisfy their curiosity by asking questions. There seems to be a great deal of contact with Java here: many speak Malay as do all the boys who so eagerly press forward. Money from Java has kept the war going so far, although the last date-palm has died long ago in the dried-up gardens.

000 Conversation in Malay soon breaks down the initial reserve of our hosts, and before long we are talking gaily about Java, the land of promise, with these frank and intelligent youths. The soldiers are only now prepared to speak to the old shēkh, to show him our letters and to communicate our request. A little later they come to take me to the sick man, Mubārak bin Muḥammad. The grey-headed chief is lying in a small room. He says that the region through which we wish to pass has been rendered unsafe by large bands of Bedouins and that an armed escort of ten camel-riders would not protect us against them. The only possibility for us would be to join

forces with a caravan. These only go every fortnight or three 000 weeks, but if we had the patience to wait we should then travel with 200 to 300 camels and a strong escort. But we have no time and cannot wait and must try the circuitous route by way of Wādī ᶜAmd. As we do not relish the idea of staying in this crammed castle with its sick chief and as we have also a feeling that we are not so very welcome here, we ask permission to go and stay for the night in Diyār Āl Buqrī where we had such pleasant experiences on our journey inland. Our travelling companions, the Sayyids ᶜAluwī and ᶜAlī el-ᶜAṭṭās, who know that Diyār Āl Buqrī is much richer than el-Qaᶜūẓa and that a feast will most certainly be prepared for us there, are also attracted to this prospect by the pangs of hunger. We send a messenger in advance to announce our arrival, having first, from the roof of the house, estimated the distance as a walk of from fifteen to twenty minutes.

2. THROUGH TRENCHES FROM ONE BESIEGED CASTLE TO ANOTHER.

Shortly after sundown we set out, a guide goes in front, 484
then follows a camel with our baggage, then we ourselves. The 487
whole garrison accompanies us as far as the gate. Under the 722
covering protection of the castle we go towards a wide, deep trench, which will lead us by a roundabout way to Diyār Āl Buqrī. The enemy outposts appear to have espied us, bullets come in our direction from the rocky plateau above and our escort hurries us on. The trench has many turnings and also side branches and positions made strong with the trunks of palms. Its dimensions are such that it can safely be used by a caravan of camels. For an hour and a half we wade through the loose sand of the winding trench and then reach a region of sand-dunes where our guide loses his way in the pitch darkness; frequently we have to wait whilst he goes on ahead.

002 It is as dangerous to encounter one's own outposts at night as those of the enemy. To the great relief of all of us we hear at last cries of recognition coming from the Āl Buqrī soldiers; they had been anxious, having heard the sounds of shooting after receiving news of our approaching arrival, and had thought that we had come upon the enemy unawares, so had started out to meet us. We had now nothing to fear from the much dreaded dogs who are let loose to guard Diyār Āl Buqrī at night.

We were led as welcome guests into one of the three tall desert strongholds, and up to a roof-terrace prepared for our reception. One of the two brothers stayed in the kitchen to superintend the preparations for the banquet, while the other, with the soldiers, kept us company. The rifles and cartridge-belts were hung on to strong pegs in the wall. In a corner, on a few crossed sticks, hung a thick skin, bulging with drinking-water. It must have been just like this in the Middle Ages in the castles of Europe. Here were only lacking the châtelaine and her maidens, of whose existence the visitor
515 sees nothing. Below in the inner courtyard there are bathrooms and a mosque. The bath water is poured into a little tank, generally an earthenware vessel, in a corner, about six feet above the ground. A thin stream of water is made to spout down upon the bather, by pulling a wooden peg out of the bottom of the tank. One can take a refreshing bath in this way with little water.

000 The meal was not served until late at night. Great pains were taken over it: the dishes were hotly spiced, after the Javanese manner, to such an extent that it was an effort for us to fulfil the duty of courtesy towards our host by eating enough of them. Animated discussions over the political situation in the country had been started before dinner and were continued after it. People in Diyār Āl Buqrī, in spite of their bellicose appearance, are weary of war; they, as was the case elsewhere, long for the intervention of a powerful outsider who could put an end to it and its miseries. The

argument which was wrung from me resolved itself, more or less, into the verdict that a people generally has the government that it deserves.

When, long after midnight, peace began to reign on our roof, Sayyid ʿAlī el-ʿAṭṭās seized the opportunity to give, before an attentive audience gathered on another roof, a moving and histrionic demonstration of his adventures in Bīr Ghumdân and Bīr Barhūt.

CHAPTER XV.

WĀDĪ ᶜAMD.

1. FAREWELL TO ḤURĒḌA.

000 The expedition on camels was to start at Diyār Āl Buqrī. We did not expect to get off in the morning on June 9th, owing to the fact that our hosts had spent the greater part of the night in converse, but we had underestimated our martial host: he had sent his servants out during the night to fetch the camels from a neighbouring village and in the morning at sunrise the camels lay waiting in the courtyard with the escort. How we hoped, as we sat in the saddles with our right legs over the high wooden pommels, that the camel ride now beginning would not end before we changed into a car at Shuqra on the south coast or in Lahadj, near Aden! Filled with cheerful courage we bade farewell to these hospitable, lofty strongholds of the desert, hospitable although encircled by enemies and with the last date-palm in their gardens dried up years ago. The Buqrī brothers with their soldiers accompanied us as far as the gate, but kept cover all the time behind the protecting walls of the stronghold. Diyār Āl Buqrī lies in Wādī 'l-Kasr close to the point where Wādī ᶜAmd debouches into it, in the midst of a wide, hilly stretch of sand and loam. Our camels, treading lightly and silently, turned towards Wādī ᶜAmd. The children in the enemy villages close by dared not run out and have a look at us and so expose themselves to the bullets from Diyār Āl Buqrī. They kept quiet and observed us from behind a mud wall.

Swinging on the high backs of our camels we ride into the silence, the fierce light and the dry heat of the undulating, arid plain. It was good so: one ought to ride on a camel in Ḥaḍramaut and not doze in a noisy, smelly motor-car.

At midday we reached Ḥurēḍa, where, unfortunately, we 000
had to change camels. This generally takes up more than a day, but our el-ʿAṭṭās friends knew how to get things done for us more quickly, and by that same afternoon of June 9th we were on our way again into Wādī ʿAmd.

Sayyid ʿAluwī el-ʿAṭṭās, who had been our companion since Makalla, remained behind here. On long, wearying journeys one becomes intimately acquainted with the weak spots in one another's characters and so learns to value the good points all the more. Sayyid ʿAluwī had been a patient, good-humoured comrade to us two restless Westerners, with our endless questions and desire to investigate. By his introduction the houses and hearts of Ḥurēḍa were opened to us and Ḥurēḍa had been the key to Ḥaḍramaut for us. Our thankful recollections of that country can be summed up in the names el-ʿAṭṭās and el-Kāf.

2. POOR AND DRY—BUT RICH IN RUINS.

114

We stroll through Ḥurēḍa, attended by a goodly retinue, and not till we are outside the town do we mount our camels and say farewell. Von Wrede is the only European who claims to have travelled through Wādī ʿAmd, but it is a claim that we must call in question. Anyone who will go to the trouble of comparing Von Wrede's geographical descriptions of Wādī ʿAmd with Von Wissmann's map appended to the present work will probably experience the same feelings of doubt regarding that part of Von Wrede's accounts of his travels.

Just after leaving Ḥurēḍa we passed the largest area of 172
ruins that we saw in Ḥaḍramaut. The mounds extend for a distance of about two and a half miles. A great quantity of small stones from the *sēl*-bed were at hand on the spot for building purposes, and this is, doubtless, the reason why so small a remnant of the walls still stands and why no inscriptions were found. Further up the wādī we constantly passed groups of ruins mostly crowning the hills lying in front of the mountain-wall.

621 We had not received favourable reports of Wādī ʿAmd. The el-Aṭṭās family, nevertheless, maintained the contrary; it is their wādī and the Djaʿdī Bedouins who inhabit it are allied with them and are, in a certain sense, under their control, but it is hard to discover how far this control goes. We got the impression that the wādī was very much armed and ready for war. The landscape is barren and, at first, monotonous; the *sēl*-bed is broad and filled with bluish-white, small boulders. Conditions must have been much better in the old days, for the numerous ruins suggest a dense population.

361 It is long after sunset before we reach Nukhr, where the el-
231 ʿAṭṭās family own a house. The place consists of a few huts
243 and a half tumble-down mud house, in which a room has been prepared for us. It is too warm to spend the night indoors, but the staircase leading to the roof has collapsed. In the middle of the hamlet there is a storehouse for fodder, half below and half above the ground. Its roof is about three feet above the ground and has a parapet about one and a half feet high. The basin thus formed is smoothly plastered with mud, and the grain is thrashed in it after harvesting. It makes a hard but safe sleeping place.

172 On the following day, June 10th, we set off again south-
312 westwards. At first the wādī is very monotonous and barren
241 and the *sēl*-bed widens considerably. After two hours' riding Wādī ʿAmd makes a bend towards the south and then very soon one comes across date plantations. There are an increasing number of ruins of what, presumably, were defence works, situated on hill-tops. The palm plantations have suffered much from the drought in recent years, as for two years there was neither rain nor *sēl* of any considerable quantity. The subsoil water is far from the surface and wells are 300 to 450 feet in depth so that they are not used for purposes of irrigation but only for supplying drinking-water. Groups of men hoist up the water, singing monotonously the while.

241 Further southwards the plantations increase and form an un-
312 broken girdle between the broad, wild *sēl*-bed and the wes-

tern bank of the wādi. The fields are bone-dry and trimly 241
cultivated, rain being expected this month. One substantial 312
downpour of rain or a good inundation caused by rain elsewhere is said to be enough for this loam soil, which holds water for so long. Great pains have been taken over the irrigation system; the dams, made of piled-up stones and plastered with an inner lining of mud, suffer much from the *sēls*. Groups of inquisitive people come running towards us out of the villages and ask all sorts of questions of our escort. A grey-headed village-chief turns to us with the inquiry how to put an end to the repeatedly recurring destruction of the stone dykes through the *sēl*. We answer that it would probably suffice if they were to use lime as cement for the boulders: the initial cost of this would be considerable, but it would be a great economy in the long run.

All the women of this district are veiled, even the poor 834
women working in the fields. When working in the sun they 291
wear straw hats with very wide brims. They are not so 301
frightened of us as women were elsewhere and are quite ready for a chat or even to be photographed. The young girls, at the request of the men, climb like cats right up to the crowns of the palm-trees, to pick the ripe fruit from the bunches of dates. Their wide black garments hang untidily about them, the only pretty thing in their dress is the broad girdle ornamented with large and small silver buttons, which encircles the waist. An attempt to buy one of these fails, as the women are all too modest to think of selling a part of their clothing. Many 857
children run all over the place with little bows made of the rib of a palm-leaf, and sharp-pointed arrows of the same, with which they try to kill the few birds that alight on the ripening fruit. Occasionally, as we pass, some relative of one of our escort will present us with a handful of the first really ripe dates.

3. A KIND RECEPTION BY A ḤAḌRAMĪ-JAVANESE SHĒKH.

361 Towards eleven o'clock we arrive at es-Sēla, where there are a few tall mud houses but no more palm plantations. Everything is grey-brown again — the soil of the wādī, the houses, 622 the mountain-wall. Shēkh Ḥāmid bin ʿAlī el-Djaʿdī and his brother are the heads of the richest and most prominent family of the village. We had already made acquaintance, at Ḥurēḍa, with these high-spirited young men, whose outward appearance is more Javanese than Arab. They were born in Java of a Javanese mother and were brought up in the beautiful highland of the Preanger district. To Ḥurēḍa, where we met them, they had gone specially to welcome us. The mixture of Arab and Javanese blood has, in this instance, produced men with the proud, beautiful physique of the Arab and the fine, cultivated and modest manners of the Javanese. We are with Dutch subjects here, with whom we feel particularly in 701 sympathy. The armed men of the neighbourhood were 722 summoned to their chiefs' house by a few rifle-shots; one by one they come hurrying, all armed, into the *madjlis*, asking what is the matter. Their minds are set at rest as soon as they are told that it is only a question of doing honour to two guests. Among the soldiers are boys of about twelve years of age; they are reckoned to be full-grown soldiers as soon as they are able to carry a gun. As they sit squatting in the circle, the long, bent points of their *djambīyas* almost stick into their boyish faces. This preparedness for war impresses us and makes us suspect that fighting is of frequent occurrence here, which is indeed the case. Our host tells us that he cannot go outside his house for five minutes without a gun and an armed escort. Only a short time ago his half-brother was shot down beside him whilst they were inspecting their date-gardens; he himself shot down three of their assailants, but the actual culprit got off with a trifling wound in his foot. It is true that peace has just been concluded, but one

always has to be on one's guard against treachery. In answer 701
to my question whether he likes being here, he replies that 722
he does not. Separated as he is from wife and children in Java, he is only here to defend his family's honour and position, and as soon as he can be spared he will return to his mother-land.

The master of the house himself conducts us to a place[1] 212
where Ḥimyaritic characters have been scratched on a rock 1172
and where are also as many as five long, though fairly narrow, basins beside the path. They were, of course, dry for the time being, but appear to be quite serviceable, and were plastered on the inside with a kind of mortar.

4. THE TOWN OF ʿAMD, DIFFICULT DISCUSSIONS AND HARD DECEPTIONS.

The way continues for the greater part over the boulders 493
in the *sēl*-bed, which evoke many a groan from our camels. The beasts are weary from the long march in the hot wādī, yet we are ready to stake everything on the attempt to reach ʿAmd before the day ends so that, in the evening, negotiations for our further journey may be started, and then perhaps we may have the luck to get off again after no more than a day's delay. To our pleasant surprise, the great man of Wādī ʿAmd, Shēkh ʿAwaḍ bin Saʿūd bin Shamlān el-Djaʿdī, overtakes us on our way. He is a tough greybeard, who is still lithe enough to mount onto his camel's back while it is standing. His greeting is friendly and he insists on my mounting his camel. The Shēkh's right hand, Sālim bin Sallūm el-Djaʿdī, a very loquacious man with a heart-rending voice, sits behind me. We go on at a trot. As we approach ʿAmd the date plantations grow thicker. It is already dark when we pass the big village of Ḥebeb. Our caravan has got somewhat separated through my riding-companion's insistence on keeping our racing camel perpetually at the trot. I am carried along helplessly and in the darkness it is quite an art to keep my seat

[1] [NEAR ES-SEIL -- ANALYST]

493 in the saddle, for the camel sees obstacles on the ground, which escape my searching eye, so that unexpected swerves are the result. It is a fantastic and most exhausting ride, which only comes to an end when, close to the little town of ʿAmd, we reach the house in which we are to be lodged. The rest of the caravan arrives after us in dribblets, and before long we are sitting together on the spacious roof of our guest-house, onto which crowds of inquisitive folk are flocking.

511 Nowhere, so far, had so much Malay been spoken and
167 nowhere was conversation so frank and open. ʿAmd appears
191 to be a town on the decline and very poor and to suffer
186 much from protracted warfare. This condition of things leads the young men to seek their fortunes out of the country, Java attracting the bulk of them. The consequence is that a great many wives and children remain behind in poverty. The number of boys who are sent from Java to be brought up in ʿAmd is relatively large. They can be distinguished at once from among their dirty little comrades by their better dress and greater cleanliness. They form a part of our visitors that night and begin with great boldness to talk in Malay, to show off their knowledge. These youngsters look upon their sojourn in ʿAmd as a real period of exile and pine for Java.

000 The discussions over plans for our further journey were disappointing. It was considered to be out of the question for us to go to Niṣāb, but they could certainly bring us to the coast towns of Bal-Ḥāf or Bīr ʿAlī. Everyone deserted us at this point, even our own Sayyid ʿAlī el-ʿAṭṭās, but we held on to Niṣāb. Before we retired to a roof-terrace higher up, we had Sayyid Abū Bakr el-Kāf's letter of introduction and those from the Sultans of Sēwūn and Shibām read aloud, which made a noticeable impression. I added thereto that we were determined to go to Niṣāb and that we wished to leave on the morrow. So we bade farewell to this company, which was to carry on its consultations until deep into the night.

132 It is appreciably cooler at ʿAmd than it is further in Ḥaḍramaut, Terīm being the hottest place. The altitude of

ʿAmd is higher and it lies also nearer to the highlands from whence a cool wind blows when evening falls.

We were early awakened by the sun, and discussions began soon afterwards. It looked as if the journey by way of Niṣāb was regarded more favourably, but they tried to postpone the matter. The frontier of the Djaʿdī sphere of influence runs close to ʿAmd and the war zone begins immediately beyond it. Three parties are at war with each other there and they have built fortified watch-towers along the frontier. We were told that an unarmed sayyid could conduct us through the dangerous territory, and this we were glad to believe and we were ready not only to trust such a highly respected personage with our lives, but also to reward him handsomely for his services. A sayyid is called for who is able and willing to undertake the mission. This impoverished descendant of the Prophet is a haughty and self-confident man, for whom it is obviously hard to accept service with two *Naṣrānīs*, and only their gold tempts him to it. Then, after further deliberation, he comes to the conclusion that he dares not venture and lengthy negotiations are resumed with another sayyid, who in turn backs out. Meanwhile, arrangements are being pushed through for the camels promised for to-day by Shēkh ʿAwaḍ. Everyone seeks a loop-hole of escape and tries to palm us off with promises. Our language becomes more and more threatening and we feign to be really indignant, though in point of fact we are only afraid that we shall be checked here. We have to force matters, for if we allow of delays all hope of getting to Niṣāb will be lost.

Both Shēkh ʿAwaḍ and his satellite, Sālim bin Sallūm, have sons seeking their fortunes in Java, whom they would like to visit. They have asked my help in this and I have noted down the sons' addresses. They would certainly be glad to help us, but dare not, so we remain the centre of very agitated discussions which suddenly flare up into abuse and last the whole day long. We make a call on the sayyids, but with little result; we avoid kissing their hands as we have always done on similar occasions. They seem to take this amiss, for we are not given the places of honour and are passed over when coffee is served. At last, Shēkh ʿAwaḍ gets to the point of having the camels ready waiting for us, and whilst the attendants are carrying on violent disputes we stroll off, surrounded by all the boys of the town. Shēkh ʿAwaḍ and Sālim beckon to us mysteriously to join them in the date-groves and when we are there they climb into one of their trees to cut a fine bundle of dates for us. Then they beg us urgently to promote the interest of their family in Java, and we give them our visiting-cards and take a friendly farewell of them there, where no one can observe this intimacy with the *Naṣrānīs*. We set out alone, for we can no longer stand the loud disputes that go on around the caravan. Together we approach the deserted frontier land; the zigzag path on the rock-wall rises steeper towards the *djōl* where the Deyyin Bedouins dwell. From a distance we see our camels kneeling on the path, and their quarrelling leaders doubtless expect us to return to them in wrath, but we are so thankful to have got away from ʿAmd and to feel the peace of evening all around us, that we do not dream of turning back and hope that our stubbornness will drag the caravan after us.

CHAPTER XVI.

OVER THE DEYYIN PLATEAU.

1. THE HUMOROUS END OF AN EVENTFUL DAY.

The path lies behind a protecting spur of the mountain and 000 we cannot be seen from the watch-towers of the enemy on the other side of the main wādī and of the side-wādī. Things become different when we reach the almost perpendicular part of the rock-wall, for we have hardly appeared from behind the spur when shots fall on the other side. We duck behind a rock and listen for the sound of more bullets. In order to find out whether they are really intended for us, we place a pith helmet above the edge of the rock; it immediately draws the enemy's fire. All this has a good effect on the caravan, which comes hurriedly after us, the guide running ahead and shouting to us to lie down. When they reach us, quite breathless, they tell us that sharp-shooters with good mausers are stationed on the other side of the wādī and that, from that range, they recently killed three men. Meanwhile our somewhat peculiar caravan joins us. It seems that we have four sayyids as escort; there is one young man for the camels and an older one to act as the responsible guide. He had refused to go alone and had induced Sayyid ʿAlī el-ʿAṭṭās after long persuasion to accompany him. Sayyid ʿAlī, who has a wife and child in ʿAmd and intended to stay there, has brought his son with him and has to give much of his attention to this small, three years old offspring, who is now a great hindrance to him. This infant sayyid sits pluckily on a camel [492] with both small hands clinging firmly to the long wooden pommel. To European eyes this looks more than dangerous on the zigzags of the precipitous rock-wall, but the Arabs

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

000 seem to look upon it as the most ordinary thing in the world and to concentrate all their attention on the rifle-fire which, at intervals, proceeds from the other side. The noise of war has put a sudden end to all the bickering and squabbling, and all the troubles of the day, now nearly at its close, seem to be forgotten. Everyone lets himself go in tales of war, we are all carried away by our imagination, and in a gentle, happy and friendly mood we ascend the mountain path which leads us away from our fellow men in the hot wādī below. The path again leads along the safe side of the spur and, at this point, is overhung by a long piece of rock, under which travellers are in the habit of bivouacking. It is too late to reach the *djōl* before dark, so we decide to stay here and to go on the following morning as quickly as possible to the next *neqāba*[1] in the hope of finding water there. We have just enough left for a pot of tea and we are parched with thirst, but no one can be induced to return to ʿAmd to fetch water. As we look down from the steep rocky slopes into the wādī far below us we are filled with great rejoicing. ʿAmd is still visible just at the bend, and we are well away from the wearisome negotiations with the people there and from their rather intrusive interest in us. Also the protecting rock-wall is between us and enemy territory. To-night we are free and alone, far above men, looking out, from our shelf of rock, right to the eternal kingdom of the stars.

485 Sayyid el-ʿĒderūs, our *siyāra*[2], relates how, a short time ago, sharp-shooters with mausers succeeded in sniping three men on this very zigzag path. It is the custom towards the close of day to exchange a few shots from the fortified watch-towers, as if to show that guard is being kept. Perhaps we had underestimated the danger again on this occasion.

855 Little Sayyid Muḥammad bin ʿAlī felt quite at home in his narrow camp in the rocks on the edge of the precipice. He had

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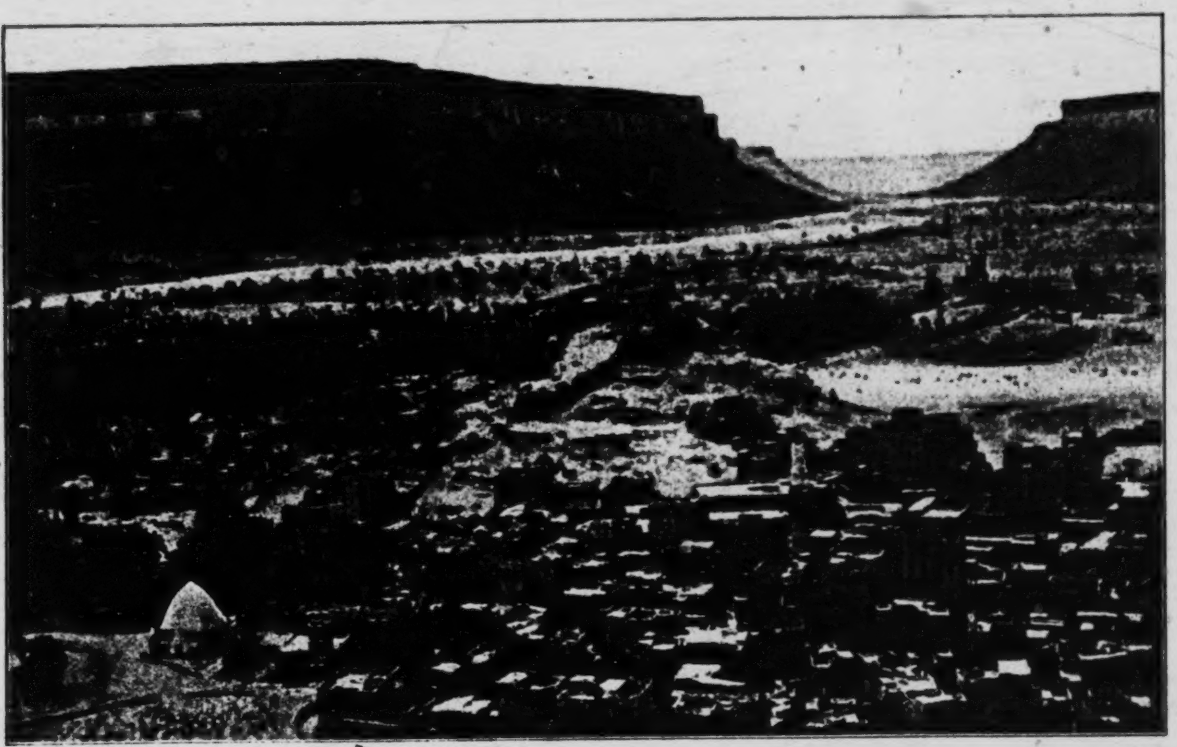
[1] See p. 52.

104 [2] A *siyāra* (سيارة) is a guide in Bedouin territory, who makes possible safe travelling in the area of his tribe.

24:Meulen and Wismann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

facing p. 208



The town of ʿAmd and a view in Wādī ʿAmd, looking northward.

361

See page 204.

a good tuck-in to our biscuits — to him something wonderful — and then curled up peacefully to sleep on his hard bed of rock. In the middle of the night cries reached us from the plain below: Muḥammad bin ʿAlī's mother was very anxious about her truant son and kept up a continuous moan: *"Yā waladī, yā waladī!"* (Oh, my son!), nor did she stop till some members of the family came up the mountain with a donkey to fetch the little chap home. She did not seem to place much trust in her adventurous husband. The relief expedition got up to us safely, but dared not make the dangerous return by night. Towards day-break Sayyid ʿAlī el-ʿAṭṭās, with his little son sitting proudly on the donkey, returned to Wādī ʿAmd, and we went on upwards to the plateau of the Deyyin Bedouins, with the primary object of finding water for ourselves and our camels.

2. TREKKING OVER THE DJŌL AGAIN.

Our escort was now reduced to two sayyids. One was for the camels and he knew the way although he had been over it only once in his life; the other, Sayyid el-ʿĒderūs, a ready-witted and talkative man, was responsible for our safety and was to be the intermediary in our relations with the Deyyin Bedouins. These latter are very primitive and so might be dangerous for strangers travelling alone. We had met their old shēkh, ʿUthmān, in the *Maṣnaʿa* of Dōʿan with Governor Bā Ṣurra, and Von Wissmann had taken advantage of the occasion to pick up information from him about his territory and tribe and to put out feelers as to whether a visit to their headquarters at er-Rēda would be welcomed. Thereupon the old shēkh had invited us to come and had even promised to let us see his still very wild country.[1] Thus, much depended upon whether we should find the chief of the Deyyin himself in er-Rēda.

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[1] See p. 66 sq.

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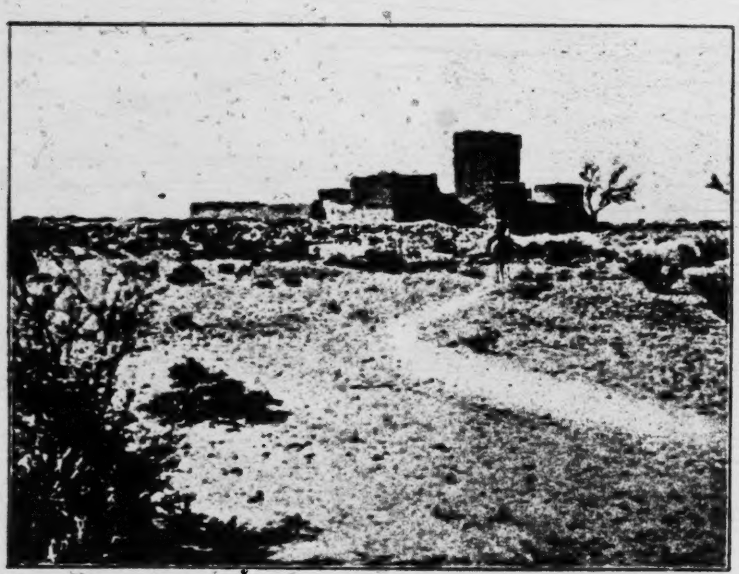

The first watering station on the *djōl* of the Deyyin.

133

The *djōl* of the Deyyin Bedouins.

facing p. 209

See pages 210 and 212

133 We mounted our camels on reaching the *djōl* and made as fast as possible for the first halting place, where there was drinking-water to be found. This *djōl* differed little in character from that which we had crossed on our way to Wādī Dōʿan. It is again the same flat, limestone plateau, thickly strewn with sharp fragments of stone; through this winds a similar narrow camel path. The view is limitless in every direction; the characteristic, long chains of table-mountains are absent here. Here and there we pass some dwarf trees, crooked and gnarled. Deep silence reigns in this motionless
361 region. After some hours marching we saw, in a fold in the land, a fortification built of rough stones with strong, square
312 towers at each corner. Some people are living in it, so there must be water at hand, and it is high time, for our thirst is becoming a torture. Not a living soul was to be seen, nothing but a wall enclosing a square space, with towers rising up out of it. Close by rain had conveyed some earth to a depression in the ground, where there were some dried-up fields and a few *nibq* trees, leafless and grey, with not a sign of green; everything was monotonously grey and lifeless like the rocky plain all around us. As we neared the settlement we saw a few large *neqābas* and people drawing water from them. There had been no rain for a long time and, consequently, the water-supply in some of the *neqābas* was exhausted, whilst, in the others, the water which had been stored in them for so long had a brackish taste; in spite of this, we slaked our thirst with it and filled our water-skins and thermos flasks. We dealt out biscuits from our store to the poor, friendly inhabitants, who were experiencing extra hard times on account of the long drought. A small caravan from Makalla was also resting there.
438 Dried fish, principally small sharks, and rice were being carried to Wādī ʿAmd, but the cost of transport appears to exceed the market value of these articles in Makalla.

361 Our way continued over the *djōl* until we reached Sherdj el-Abyaḍēn Bā Manṣūr, where we rested for the afternoon. Here we saw the same picture of drought and poverty. The

place consists of a few small houses and sheds, built of stone 361
and mud and with flat mud roofs. There are still some green
leaves left on the few *nibq* trees growing between the cultivated
acres, and these, to the last leaf, are gathered for the
goats. The latter, with outstretched necks, stand watching the
movements of a shepherdess who, armed with a long stick,
was climbing about at the top of the tree to knock off the
foliage. Only one family lived in the hamlet; an empty house
was offered to us as a lodging. No eggs, no flour, no rice, no 262
milk were to be bought here, the only thing obtainable being
large quantities of the dried fruit of the *nibq* tree, which help
one to stave off starvation. These are ground to powder and
then made into porridge or bread. When eaten raw only the
thin rind of dried pulp is edible; the seed, which is as hard
as stone, is then thrown away. The *nibq* menu is eked out occasionally [231]
with a little goat's milk or camel's milk, and when
the date harvest is gathered in Wādī Dōʿan a portion of it
will find its way to the Deyyin Bedouins, who, in return,
protect the inhabitants of the wādī against enemies. All the
same, a long hard training is necessary in order to live on
such a minimum of food as these Bedouins seem able to do
in times of drought. The few shepherds and shepherdesses
whom we met later in similar depressions of the ground and
in wādīs where some bushes and trees were growing had
as their only food-supply small round woven baskets filled
with dried *nibq* fruit.

Thanks to the ready tongue of our *siyāra*, Sayyid el-ʿĒderūs, 562
as well as to the respect accorded to all sayyids among
these simple folk, we succeeded in photographing the female
inhabitants of the hamlet consisting of a mother, two daughters
and a friend.

The women go unveiled and are much more free and open
in their manner than in Wādī ʿAmd. They seem to feel quite
safe, for we met them far away from their homes, alone with
their flocks or on their way to some business in another hamlet
hours distant. Maryam, encouraged by her mother, even yield- 000

301 MARYAM, ENCOURAGED BY HER MOTHER, EVEN YIELDed up to us her graceful girdle of copper wire with fine silver wire twisted round it, in return for good payment, as well as her necklace of oval silver beads. Having made a success of this transaction, Maryam at once made her way with a part of the proceeds to the goldsmith, living in a village hours away, to buy a new girdle and necklace!

361 We continued our way through the monotonous stony levels in the burning heat of the afternoon. In the distance we saw a few scattered hamlets belonging to the Deyyin territory. These villages generally have a piece of cultivated land and a few trees, and the well-ploughed land lies waiting now for the rain, which will make sowing possible. The trees are burnt up, brownish-grey, dead as in a northern winter.

721 On our left we passed the ruins of el-Khamīs. Our sayyid told us that this had been the dwelling-place of a Ḥaḍramī, who had amassed a fortune in Java and, when he returned to his fatherland, had tried to conquer a kingdom. With the money he had made in Java he recruited soldiers, made raids into the fertile lands of Wādī Dōʿan and destroyed its gardens of date-palms. In place of buying him off with a piece of land, the Qeʿēṭī Sultan raised an army against him and even transported a few cannon to his village. The man, who was out for a kingdom, was not prepared for this development; he was taken prisoner, his village was razed to the ground and a heavy ransom was exacted from his wealthy family in Java. The family petitioned the Netherlands Government on behalf of the captive adventurer, basing their appeal on his Dutch nationality. It was then that the desirability of being accurately informed as to conditions in the land of origin of a considerable number of its subjects became evident to the Netherlands Government.

312 A little further on we came to the village of Khalīfet Bā Suwēde. There we made a halt to beg water for man and beast and to try to purchase some food for the animals. It appeared that there was not much water left in the *neqābas*, and doubtless this accounted for our none too friendly reception. There 00

there
was also no large supply of fodder;[1] we could only buy thirty 435 436
bundles of dried *dhura* stalks, which cost us one *riyāl*. The *riyāl* seemed to be the only coin in use; for a half *riyāl* one could buy nothing. Our help was asked for a sick camel 232
which, we were told, had been bitten by a snake. The local camel doctor had smeared the animal with a black salve and had cut off half of its ears. A sick man, who was obviously 753
suffering from elephantiasis, told us that he had been hissed at by a snake. With regret we had to explain that we travelled without our medicine-chest and were unprovided with means for helping against the dangerous snakes of the country.

3. ʿRĒDET ED-DEYYIN.

We went on our way very soon, in the hope of reaching 574
er-Rēda, the central point of the settlements of the Deyyin Bedouins, that evening. There lives the chief whose acquaintance we had made at Bā Ṣurra's castle. It was long after sundown when we approached Shēkh ʿUthmān's village, Nedjēdēn. We stumbled on through the darkness, following the camels, till we came to cultivated land with a few dried-up *nibq* trees dotted about here and there. The village showed no sign of a friendly, inviting light; the fortress-like houses resembled nothing but black cubes. Directly the watch-dogs heard us they proceeded to attack us, barking furiously, and this noise roused life in the houses: first there were questioning voices and then a few lights. We kept the dogs at bay with stones and, aided by information proceeding from the closed houses, found our way to Shēkh ʿUthmān's dwelling, which was a miserable-looking, low building with nothing attractive about it. We awakened the inhabitants by our shouts and, with distrustful aversion, they admitted us to a large room with an earthen floor where we sat down on our travelling rugs. Our hopes of a speedy sleep after this very tiring day

[1] [at a time of drought --Analyst]

574 soon vanished when we saw dark figures looming up in increasing numbers out of the mysterious darkness; they had come to shake hands and they sat down and joined the circle of very bold questioners. Shēkh ʿUthmān was again in Wādī Dōʿan with the Governor, Bā Ṣurra; he had not told his sons about his meeting with us and so we had to give a detailed account of it. Only then did they tell us that we were welcome and served us with coffee. We were literally stormed with visitors, who were unblushing in their questions. Our sayyid did not help at all to uphold our prestige; when our welcome took place he saw to it that his hand was kissed and gave the information that we were only ordinary mortals, "Bedouins from Europe", a handicap we had to try and get the better of in the conversation that followed. I attempted this by leading up to the subject of the Holy Land and telling about conditions there and about Bin Saʿūd and his *ikhwān.*[1] Then, when everyone was listening attentively, I asked our sayyid quite casually: "Of course you have made the *ḥadjdj.* Tell us all about it!" He was then obliged to confess that he had not been to Mecca, and if he tried to swank again by saying that he had seen the world and had been, among other places, to Aden and Zanzibar, my obvious answer was: "I should have thought that your first journey would have been to Mecca and not one in search of wealth." There was nothing left for the pious sayyid after this but to reply: "If God wills I shall yet go to Mecca."

000 The Deyyin Bedouins give the impression of being primitive folk, dirty, poor and having little touch with the outside world. Their long, curly hair hangs round their faces and over their shoulders. On the following morning, when we had got rid of our sayyid, they turned out to be more friendly towards us and more ready to help than we had anticipated. That

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104 [1] *Ikhwān* (إخوان) is the plural of *akh* (أخ), which means "brother". King Ibn Saʿūd, the great *Wahhābī* leader of Central Arabia, founded colonies of *ikhwān*, with whom he conquered the whole of Central Arabia and the Holy Land of Islām.

evening, as the company crowded into our room and would ODO not leave us, we were finally obliged to ask permission to lie down to sleep. "We have no objection — by all means do so," was the reply, so there was nothing for it but to stretch ourselves out where we were and to try to sleep despite the loud conversation going on all round us.

4. IN FORCED MARCHES TO WĀDĪ YEBʿETH.

On June 13th, we were awakened long before sunrise. We had to get fresh camels and a new escort and had expected this to take some doing, but as a matter of fact it went quite easily. The camels were brought in during the night, and one simple, stammering Bedouin called Saᶜīd was told off to see us as far as Yebᶜeth.

Though we had tried our utmost, we found nobody who had the courage to take us to Niṣāb. Again we had to circumvent an unsafe zone and to go southward to Wādī Yebᶜeth. There people might see whether they liked to take the risk of hurrying with us across the lawless area between Ḥaḍramaut and the Aden hinterland. Owing to the drought, the camels had not much food and went slowly and had to be spared as much as possible; we ourselves walked most of the way. Towards noon we reached Wādī Gharba, where our path descended a limestone slope that the pads of camels had polished until it shone. A few trees and bushes were growing in the sandy soil of the wādī. Ṣāliḥ helped Saᶜīd, our guide and camel-driver, during the descent, by looking after one of the camels; these beasts, trained to the mountains, went down the rock-wall with great caution. The heat in the wādī was so intense that we nearly lost courage and from time to time anxiously deliberated whether we should really be able to stand it for some hours more.

Fortunately the wādī was not long and in half an hour we were standing at the foot of the rock-wall up which we ooo had to climb to regain the highland. But such exertion during the overpowering heat would be too much for both men and beasts and we therefore decided to take the noon rest under a tree in the wādī. We hung travelling rugs between the branches of the tree to increase the very small amount of shade made by it, and, in spite of the heat, rest was sweet and we revelled in endless quantities of tea. Then, in the afternoon and with renewed courage, we began the ascent of the precipice at the end of Wādī Gharba. In the wādī we had seen a few shepherds and shepherdesses feeding their little flocks of goats with leaves from the trees. On the *djōl,* over which we journeyed till after sundown, there was somewhat more vegetation: clumps of grey-black, dried-up acacias and other stumpy crooked trees were to be seen from time to time, but no animal life, no sound, no movement could be seen or heard. Hour after hour we pressed forward, now walking over the hard, stony plateau, where the loose stones rang like metal, now rocking to and from on the backs of our camels, fighting against sleep. We passed a few dry *neqābas* and then, when darkness had fallen, let the animals kneel by a clump of gnarled, old acacias. We pushed aside the loose stones and spread our travelling rugs on the rocky ground, still hot from the sun. These preparations for the night were much simpler than on our outward journey; we were only four in number now and had but a minimum of baggage. The night's rest, far from human beings and with only a taciturn guide as companion, was welcomed as a great privilege. The evening meal was very frugal indeed, consisting only of some dates and a few biscuits, and the supply of drinking-water was only just sufficient. But there were no harsh and rough voices to disturb the silent peace of the desert night, and we were not forced to carry on negotiations for our further journey. The idea of hurrying on in the direction of Aden had become an obsession with us and we held tenaciously to this plan and felt distrust and opposition rising within us whenever anyone explained that we could not go direct to Niṣāb, but must

133

The descent to Wādī Yebʿeth.

p. 216 (A)

See page 217.

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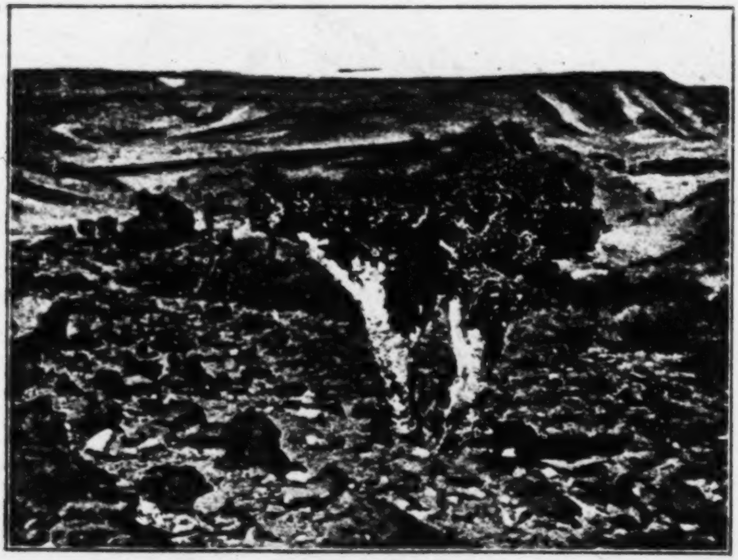
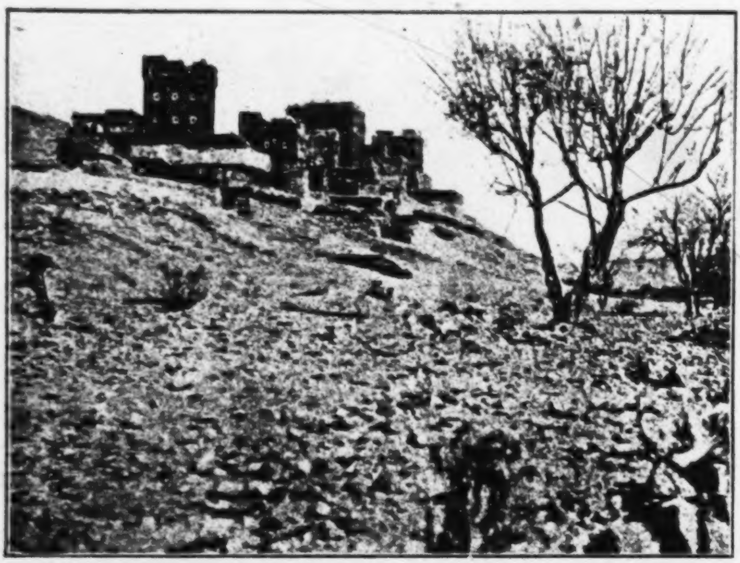


The rock-like trees near Yeb'eth.

p 216 (B)

See page 217.

361



One of the strongly built stone villages in Wādī Yebʿeth.

p. 216 (c)

See page 218.

133

Panorama of Wādī Yebʿeth.

p 216 (D)

first make a detour and then make an attempt from the next stopping place. Having already come too far south of Niṣāb, we made up our minds to try and reach Shuqra on the coast by way of el-Ḥōṭa-ʿIzzān-Ḥabbān-Yeshbum. From Shuqra to Aden there is a road which has been used sometimes for motor traffic. The final decision was to be made at Yebʿeth on the following afternoon.

On June 14th, we were ready very early for the start. Every one helped: screams and squabbling did not, on this occasion, disturb the preparations for departure. This next part of our route went over a rocky plateau with occasional basin-shaped depressions; on the edge of one such wide basin we saw three gazelles. The *djōl* does not seem to furnish enough food even for the very modest needs of these animals: these three were the only examples of their kind that we ever saw on these plateaus. After a few hours' march we reached the *ʿaqaba*, the steep rocky path, by which we dropped down to the wādī wherein lies the group of villages called Yebʿeth. It was certainly a long, hot descent, but the path had been laid out to a certain extent and appeared to be pretty much in use. The first part passed between high walls of rock, but, after that, we reached the slopes of the wādī proper, which is very wide, and we had a magnificent distant view over the hills in the foreground, then over the wādī with many villages of stone-built houses, and over date-palms and *nibq* trees, to the other bank of the wādī and the *djōl* stretching out beyond it as far as the eye could see. We saw several curious little trees close to the path. The struggle for existence in the drought and heat has made the branches grow gnarled and short and so close into each other that the tree resembles a toadstool made of rock, strewn with small green leaves.

5. WĀDĪ YEBʿETH.

As we descend into the silent wādī we are filled with suspense as to whether we shall be able to secure guides and

000 camels for the expedition to el-Ḥōṭa. The heat keeps people
indoors during the day-time, now that there is nothing to be
done in the gardens. Yebᶜeth seems to suffer badly from the
long-continued drought. The date-palms had had too little
water and had borne no fruit; the grove of vigourous *nibq*
trees on the well-tilled fields was bare and colourless. The
361 light-brown loam soil of the wādī must be very fertile. The
villages[1], built on hills at the base of the gently sloping bank
of the wādī, have an appearance of prosperity. The houses
are built of pieces of rough stone, dark, almost black in
colour and bound with mud; there is generally one high square
484 house which can do service as a tower for defence. Saᶜīd
took us to el-Qarn, to the house of Shēkh Abū Bakr, for whom
we had a letter of introduction from the sons of Shēkh ᶜUthmān
at Rēdet ed-Deyyin. His house was shabby, but he gave
us a kind reception, set before us dates, some bread and
a little piece of salt fish, but informed us at the same time that
we should have to wait for at least two or three days for
camels and, especially, for *siyāras* (responsible guides) to
accompany us to el-Ḥōṭa. The district through which we were
to pass was very dangerous: quite recently people had been
robbed and murdered there. Not until a caravan had come in
and was ready to leave again could we join it and go on
our way, as no one would run the risk of guiding us through
000 that region without the protection of a caravan. We could
not afford to wait for days on such an uncertain chance. For
a few hours we deliberated and sought other advice, but no
one made a satisfactory proposal, and meanwhile Ṣāliḥ had
come to me whispering that we ought not to stay, as the
people of the place were *not* well disposed towards us.
A sojourn of days in this miserable dwelling, where we were
already in the day-time plagued by bugs, was not attractive.
The faithful Saᶜīd, who seemed convinced that we were in
danger here, offered to take us on as far as Ṣidāra, in Wādī
Ḥadjr, with his own camels, if we could find just one guide
to show us the way. It was at this stage that we gave up the

[1] [of Yeb'eth -- Analyst]

attempt to reach Aden overland — the attempt for which 600 we had made such forced marches and conducted such frequent and difficult negotiations. Fatigue, bad and insufficient food, bugs, and the marked antipathy shown us, the first Christians to visit Yebᶜeth, by the local people, all contributed to our decision. The expedition to Aden, even were it to succeed, would apparently take too long.

We could reach Ṣidāra in Wādī Ḥadjr in two days, and, according to people here, it would take three or four more from there to Makalla. In reality we found that twice this time was actually needed to cover the distance. As soon as the decision was made we prepared for departure; we were given a negro slave to act as guide and protector. This was not as it should be: a man of some position ought to have accompanied us. In this wādī[1] the slave element is again much to the fore; we had seen only a few negro types in Wādī ᶜAmd and in the Deyyin district, but here, on the contrary, we saw many.

It was still early in the afternoon when we set off. Our 609 host came out of his house whilst we were taking photographs of the bystanders and watching the camels being loaded, but he no longer attempted to shield us from the rude manners and mocking remarks of the young men, who stood looking on without stretching out a hand to help. We had to check them from going too far by giving a few menacing answers. Ṣāliḥ and Saᶜīd, obviously disturbed over the turn that affairs were taking, worked hard to get the camels ready. When we were alone Saᶜīd said that he had overheard evil-boding talk and had been asked whether we had much gold coin with us. On his replying in the negative they had said that *Naṣrānīs* would certainly not venture so far afield in unknown lands if they had not plenty of money and that they only travelled under such poor conditions in order to avoid the danger of robbery. If Saᶜīd would join in with them he would get a share of the loot, and no one would get to know anything about the matter, if both simply said that we had been fallen

[1] [Yebᶜeth -- ANALYST]

upon and murdered by robbers during the journey. Ṣâliḥ also had a great mistrust of the people of the place, and both he and Saʿîd suspected that the slave who had been given us was meant to be a participant in the plot and to attack us that night whilst we were asleep. We were not unmoved by their great anxiety, although not yet willing to believe that the remarks they had overheard were more than an idea conceived for the simple pleasure of frightening us.

We followed a broad and much trodden path beside cultivated fields half-shaded by a number of *nibq* trees and small groups of date-palms. From every village we passed inquisitive inhabitants came running out with the stereotyped question: "Why do you bring the *Naṣrânîs* here? What have they come to do, and where are you taking them to?" Attempts to exchange a few friendly words generally met with ill-will and dislike. An impoverished sayyid constituted the one exception; he had performed the *ḥadjdj* and thus seen something of the world and he accompanied us some distance on our way talking the while. He was not in the least disturbed by the hateful remarks made by the wâdî people and excused their rudeness to us on account of their ignorance.

6. A LOST ILLUSION — TURNING OUR FACES TO MAKALLA AGAIN.

Before we left the inhabited wâdî and struck up a side-valley, we filled our water-bags from a deep well at the last hamlet. We were not left in peace by a troop of abusive boys until, going as fast as we could, we were well advanced into the deserted side-wâdî. Once there, it gave one a feeling of deliverance to be no longer pursued by the scorn and hate and ill-will of men. Ṣâliḥ and Saʿîd felt the need of giving vent to their bottled-up feelings in hearty abuse of those "faithless dogs". We ourselves were not angry and only wondered over this unexpected and inexplicable antipathy towards the foreigner and non-Muslim. As we proceeded the conviction that we were threatened by real danger grew and, 609 therefore, that we ought to get as far as possible from the inhabited world before evening fell.

Ithl trees and various shrubs grow in this side-wādī. 000 Shepherdesses are driving their flocks homewards. Before long our path again leads up the rock-wall towards the *djōl*; arrived there we stop for a breathing-space but after that go on again with renewed determination. It gives us a strange feeling to realize that we have given up the plan we had held on to so tenaciously and are now returning to our starting point. It is a great disappointment, but we are both convinced that it would have been impossible to reach Aden overland in the time left to us. Also we now follow a route, a great part of which is unknown, and shall only reach the country explored and surveyed by Little when we enter Wādī Ḥadjr.

Our black guide is thoroughly mistrusted by Ṣāliḥ and Saʿīd. They think that he may have orders to make our camp for the night at a pre-determined spot so that we can be attacked unawares and plundered there. Thus, in the first place, we wish to push on as far as our own strength and that of the camels will permit and, in the second, we wish our guide to see that we are prepared for an attack. When, at the end of a further march of two hours after sundown, we at last made a halt and had spread out our blankets by the side of the path, our revolvers were unearthed from the depths of a travelling bag, thoroughly examined and loaded, and then laid under the roll of clothes which served as a pillow. Nothing happened, however, and we slept splendidly on this night as always.

On June 15th, we had a heavy march over difficult country with many *ʿaqabas*. Fatigue and hunger gradually made their effects felt, — the sickening sweetness of our diet of dates, biscuits and tea nauseated us, and also we never had enough sleep. After the cool nights on the plateau, the heat which begins so rapidly with the coming of day was doubly disagreeable. One could tell from the increasing dampness of the

000 air that we were nearing the coast and Wādī Ḥadjr, where there is always water. Our clothes and other things were already damp by the time the sun rose.

Not till twelve o'clock did we halt in a sweltering wādī
under the shade of a boulder which radiated heat. An effort of
will was necessary to get us under way again, towards half
past two. We went on in silence, avoiding speech with each
other, as the energy which makes for friendliness and gaiety
133 was lacking. We pass through a region very interesting from
a geological and botanical point of view. The *djōl* ends here
and a broken, uneven area of rock and wādī takes its place.
The direction of the strata, until now uniformly horizontal,
is disturbed and new strata of coal-black rock formation
break a way through the layers of limestone and sandstone and
sometimes rise up above them like solitary cones. There
is more water, but it contains a high percentage of salt. We
go through jungles of grass, several feet high. Here and there
the ground is swampy and covered with a crust of salt; a tall,
slender palm-tree of a kind we have not hitherto come across
grows in this salty marsh land. Later on we come again to
361 barren stretches covered with boulders. To our amazement
312 we found no human settlements here: we only saw people when
much farther on, by the thickly-grown banks of a shallow but
swift-flowing river. This turned out to be the upper reaches
of Wādī Ḥadjr. The water was very warm and bitter. The sun
was already setting when we crossed the stream and hastened
on to reach Ṣidāra before nightfall, but before long we saw
the scattered stone houses of this large village lying on the
hilly banks of the wādī. Here cultivation begins again: fields
of sesame and *dhura* alternate rapidly with gardens of date-palms.
Vigorous springs throw up water which is nearly
boiling; this water is carried to the fields and date plantations.
The conduits have been made of such a length that the
water is sufficiently cool by the time it reaches the plants, but
even so it is still very warm. We noticed a white deposit in
the conduits.

It was dark as we approached the first houses of Şidāra, and 0b0 it was with aversion and distrust that we again came near our fellow men. Should we here again encounter the self-same prejudice against the *Naşrānīs*? Should we have to meet, as before, inquisitive and often obtrusive questioners and have to listen to harsh voices till deep into the night?

CHAPTER XVII.

WĀDĪ ḤADJR — A BIT OF ARABIA FELIX.

1. ṢIDĀRA, ITS CHIEF SETTLEMENT.

361 131 621 Ṣidāra gave us the impression of being dirty, yet fairly prosperous. The stone houses are scattered wide apart; they have generally two storeys and are built square and strong so as to hold their own in case of hostilities. Ṣidāra is independent; the farthest frontier post of the Qeʿēṭī Government is a good two hours' march south-east. Much fighting has been carried on for the possession of this very fertile Wādī Ḥadjr, and in the days which followed we saw many traces of this strife.

609 186 Here we stood at last in front of the house of the village-chief, wondering how we were to be received. A roof-terrace was rapidly prepared for us and, after that, the master of the house came to bid us welcome and invite us to enter. We recall him gratefully to mind, for we owe it to him that the people left us more or less in peace, although here again they did not exactly sympathize with foreigners. Our host had performed the *ḥadjdj* and had brought back with him two very favourable recollections of Europeans: when passing through Aden he had become acquainted with the Mission Hospital at Shēkh ʿUthmān and spoke with great respect of the Mission doctor whom he had met there; and then again, in the Holy Land itself he had met a Dutchman who had become a Muḥammadan; after the *ḥadjdj* was over he had seen the latter again in Djedda and had been treated by him as if he were his own brother. I told him that the Dutchman at Djedda was a good friend of mine, and with that we were in friendly touch at once.

000 The roof-terrace was soon full of people and hand-shaking and questions began as usual. The youth of the village was

p.224

133

Peaks of black stone piercing the lime- and sandstone strata near Wādī Ḥadjr.

361

Ṣidāra, situated at the beginning of the cultivated area in Wādī Ḥadjr.

facing p. 224

See pages 222 and 22

The you[illegible] of the village was
diverting itself in the street below us, when suddenly we 825 heard a great noise and saw people running from all directions and bombarding the house opposite ours with stones. We thought that a general fight was about to ensue. Then came some men carrying burning palm-leaves and the house which was a target for the stones was fantastically lit up. To our great relief we discovered the cause of the disturbance: a large snake was trying to escape along the front of the house. Some of the stones hit their mark, the twistings and writhings grew slower and then the creature fell into the street as if broken. One of the most daring in the crowd approached and cut off the end of its tail; with that the danger was ended and peace was soon restored.

When we were thoroughly tired of answering the numer- 000 ous questions put to us and of greeting those who put them, we asked permission to retire to rest. The whole assembly gave its approval; our host announced that we were to sleep on this same terrace, but no one moved an inch for us to be alone. So there was nothing for it but to stretch ourselves out between our visitors, who were packed as close as sardines. A little later on we were awakened for a meal; every one was still sitting in the same place. We ate and then at once went to sleep again, but were awakened before the sun rose by the loud voices of our visitors, who had already come back.

That day was to be devoted to getting our caravan ready for the journey to Makalla. Stammering Saʿīd, who had been such a trusty helper to us all the way from Rĕdet ed-Deyyin, would give his exhausted camels a good feed and rest and then return with them to his boundless, hard rock-plateau. The taciturn black slave from el-Qarn in the Yebʿeth district had been a good guide; he went his way homewards well pleased with a thank-offering for the faithfulness, of which we had had so much doubt at first.

A reconnaissance of the neighbourhood showed that several 312
hot springs water the date-gardens and cultivated fields near 273

245

The hot springs of Wādī Ḥadjr.

Wādī Ḥadjr, the only everflowing river in the neighbourhood of Ḥaḍramaut.

facing p. 225

See pages 226 and 228.

312 Ṣidāra. The high temperature of the water does no harm
273 to the vegetation as can be seen by the thick and almost
245 tropical growth even at the sources of these hot streams. The picture made by this landscape in the midst of the deserts of rock was quite new to us. New to us also was the custom, which exists here, of tapping sap from the palm-trees: this sap soon ferments and produces a by no means innocent
[538] drink which is consumed in large quantities. Artless tales were told us of many a man who had become a regular slave of the wine of the date-palm. That this abuse of the date-palm, so strongly condemned by orthodox Muḥammadan opinion, does not seem to exist in other districts through which we travelled, is probably due rather to poverty than to religious conscientiousness. The people only indulge in the luxury of this sin in the well-watered country of Wādī Ḥadjr, where date plantations succeed each other continuously for hours and even days.

312 We had a bathe in one of the warm springs, a comfort
133 lacking since Diyār Āl Buqrī; but the crowded circle of critical and youthful spectators and their mocking remarks, added to the somewhat too high temperature of the water, prevented complete enjoyment of the event.

These hot springs point to volcanic action. Ṣidāra lies on the edge of the coastal chain of mountains, which is full of clear traces of volcanism. The monotonous similarity of the *djōl* and *wādī* formation of the interior has disappeared. The geological strata are no longer horizontal, nor do they consist any longer of limestone and sandstone and loam. Fantastically folded and broken strata, high precipices and peaks of archaic rock, between which extinct volcanoes can be recognised, characterize the landscape between Ṣidāra and Makalla.

000 The necessary waiting for camels and escort gives us the opportunity to write up our diaries, which has been pushed aside lately by other and more urgent affairs; but although our host does his best to give us the chance of a few hours' quiet work in a room upstairs, he does not succeed in doing so.

He cannot resist the wishes of his guests and very soon there 000
is again a crowd of inquisitive people in the sweltering upper
room, staring at us and hampering us with questions and loud
conversation.

2. PROSE AND POETRY IN WĀDĪ ḤADJR.

We manage, by exercising much insistence, to get off at 487
four o'clock that afternoon. There are two roads to Makalla:
one goes direct through the mountains, the other makes
a great circuit by following the main wādī as far as the sea
and then going up the coast to Makalla. The mountain route
is the shortest but the hardest; we are told that it is *too* hard
for our camels, who are not strong. Moreover, it would be 114
unsafe for our little company in the mountains, in the absence 487
of an armed escort. Considering that even Little, with a big
military escort, was attacked in this country — a sayyid who
was acting as his guide was killed in an engagement — we
accepted the assertions of the people in Ṣidāra as reasonable and therefore chose the detour by way of the wādī,
which however has a bad name for malaria. Little had to
contend much with this illness: his escort had to be almost
entirely renewed after a short sojourn in Wādī Ḥadjr. We
tried to avoid risk by sleeping away from human habitation
and, as far as possible, on high-lying, dry ground.

The caravan was under the leadership of a strong, slight 661
Arab, of the name of Dhēb. He had spent his youth as hostage 212
in the Sultan's palace at Makalla. This shows that Ṣidāra some 533
twenty years ago was still a part of the Qeʿēṭī territory, but 857 463
that the Sultan considered it necessary to strengthen his hold 231
on the country by bringing up the sons of the leading families
in his palace. It was to this circumstance that Dhēb owed his
education — for this country a very good one — and he was
much more cultivated than the other young men of Ṣidāra.
In spite of his long hair, his face was handsomer and gentler
in expression than is usually the case here. We also had

661 with us ᶜAlī, an old and rather sour man, who was proud of
912 being able to read and who faithfully spelt out the names of
533 the places that we passed. When we had gone a little way
857 he asked if we would buy a pair of spectacles for him at the
463 *sūq*, the bazaar, of the Bandar (the seaport town, *i. e.*
231 Makalla) so that he could better read the Koran. Our third man, ᶜAbdallāh, is a very ordinary sort of Bedouin; he speaks little, but startles us time and again on the march by his monotonously ugly and melancholy Bedouin singsong: *"Yā dānā . . . ā . . . ā . . . ā!"* etc. Finally there is little Muḥammad, an indefatigable boy of twelve, who is now having his first experience of a journey of this kind and who has never yet seen either the sea or a town. Besides these, a weaver from Makalla has joined our caravan with a baggage camel and two boys. We ourselves have an enormous camel that we call the *fīl* or elephant, a female camel for the milk supply, and a young and slender animal making its first trip.

292 The caravan leaders here wear a strange kind of sandals. Broad strips of leather cover not only the whole upper part of the foot but extend out beyond the sole, which makes a rustling noise in walking. It is meant to keep off snakes and scorpions, especially on night journeys. Because of the richer vegetation and greater moisture, these creatures seem to be more prevalent here than in the arid interior, where sandals are chiefly worn in the afternoon to protect the feet from the heat of the ground.

241 Nearly all the men of the village accompany us through the
311 palm-gardens to the river; we wade through the warm water
137 and then come to more date-groves. After that there are *dhura* fields, which finally give place to shrubs, grasses and acacia trees. We make a short cut where the river bends; the fringe of palms continues uninterruptedly beside the water.

114 Dhēb declares himself ready for *takalluf*, *i. e.* for doing his utmost, so it is perhaps possible that we shall reach Makalla in six days. As soon as we enter the region mapped out by Little, Von Wissmann is able to give up his detailed survey

of the route and we are free to travel in the darkness, that 114
is to say, after sunset and before sunrise.

Some two hours after starting, we arrive at the Qeᶜēṭī 712
frontier. Here, besides a castle named Ḥuṣn Bin Dighāl and 361
manned by the inhabitants of the wādī, we find the first stronghold occupied by a garrison of Yāfiᶜ soldiers of the *Dōla* (*i. e.* Government); it bears the name of Bedaᶜ Qeᶜār. We pass by this lonely castle; the soldiers, who are weakened by malaria, stare inquisitively after us, crowding each other aside to get a view of us from the little windows near the roof. We have come nearer to the river again at this point, and before long our path goes through fertile date-gardens, beside and across irrigation canals full of water. It is already growing dark as we approach Ḥūte, the first village on Little's map. We had 000
decided not to spend the nights in villages and houses, if it were at all possible to avoid it, so as to have no bother from inquisitive visitors; we let the camels kneel down for the night where the slopes of a hill began a little way beyond Ḥūte.

We had not been able to replenish our stock of food at Ṣidāra, and here also the men we send out to do so come back empty-handed. The rocky slope was unpleasant to lie on and the proximity of the river and irrigated fields makes the atmosphere very damp, which is oppressive at night. Mosquitoes, the tormentors of mankind in hot, damp countries, make their appearance here again. In the middle of the night we were startled by a hyena that was snuffling round us but ran away like a hare when some of our company awoke and got to their feet.

On the following morning, June 17th, we did not succeed in making an early start. The camels had to be generously watered; then we were told that one of them had strayed, though in reality our men were only trying to give the animals plenty of time to feed from the *rāk* bushes which grow around. Bedouins invariably do everything they can to keep their camels in the best possible condition.

312 361 511 241 The way ran by the river all the time now, through an uninterrupted grove of date-palms. At one time the path follows the left bank, then at another the right. At regular intervals we pass long, low dams made of boulders; these store up the water which is conducted through channels for the irrigation of the palm-gardens. The fringe of palm-trees is not, as a rule, wide and above it, against the rocky slopes, where no shade falls, villages swelter in the heat of the sun. They are always in a good strategic position, for this fertile Wādī Ḥadjr has been a much disputed territory until a short time ago. To this must be attributed the low degree of prosperity and the lack of intensive cultivation of all the arable land here. In this respect Wādī Dōᶜan is on a much higher level.

361 342 After a few hours the wādī becomes narrower, the rocky slopes approach the river, and the cultivated strips of land grow narrower and, at last, cease entirely. Our way goes over a plain strewn with sharp, reddish-brown stones, where lies the village of Ḥuṣn Mṣēneᶜ, which consists entirely of houses with neither front nor back walls; they are like short tunnels of stone with their further end towards the rock-wall and their front facing the river. When we asked the reasons for this way of building we were told that they were poverty and the great heat; in this way advantage is taken of the breeze which blows through the tunnels. Its inhabitants belong to a kind of gypsy tribe living apart from other people. Further on they dwell in large villages of straw-huts; they are half-nomads and are despised by the settled inhabitants.

312 The wādī narrows until it becomes a rocky gorge through which the river flows underground. Its narrow bed is full of boulders; probably the *sēl* after rain rushes through here above ground as well. The path rises steeply up the rocky slope, and it is a real feat on the part of the camels to climb up, with their heavy loads, over the slippery boulders and then to descend again into the wādī where it widens out. Halfway through the gorge the river comes to the surface again, showing a beautiful greenish-blue colour.

After the descent no one could resist the temptation of the shady trees and shining white sand by the river, which has here broadened out into a deep pond. But it is a case of deceptive appearances. Burning heat soon made this afternoon camp untenable, for it is only the date-palm, in Arabia, that gives satisfactory shade. Other trees are illusive on account of their apparent shade, as their leaves generally take an upright position in the heat of the day to protect themselves from the sun's rays.

At the point where the river runs against rock and makes a bend of 90°, it has hollowed out a basin so deep that we could not reach the bottom by diving. The sand on its margin and also the rock were so hot that one could not stand or sit on them without one's clothes on. The water also was warm. The dry desert wind alone brought coolness, and that only as 000 long as one's body was still wet. The succeeding hours spent in that bivouac were a martyrdom. Ants and camel's ticks gave us no peace, and the piercing rays of the sun, together with the high temperature, made us fear for sunstroke.

Quite early in the afternoon we went on our way. The path wound from one bank of the river to the other. The wādī is still narrow here and the arable strip of land inconsiderable. At long intervals we saw an occasional field of *dhura* with a hut for its guards. Otherwise the wādī is uninhabited in this part.

Before sunset we reached el-Ghabara, where our road was to leave the wādī and cross the mountains for some distance. Our Bedouins asserted that we should be without water there for two days and that therefore it was necessary for us to bivouac here, where it was still to be found. Of course what they were after was to give their camels yet another opportunity of eating their fill from the *rāk* bushes. We went to sleep as good friends, having obtained the promise to break camp at half past three the next morning. The camels, who had strayed far away, were however not to be found in the darkness before the dawn, and it was nearly five o'clock

000 before we got our caravan on the move. A disappointment of this kind does not improve the mental atmosphere, especially before one has learnt to know one's followers. Distrust of the honesty of their promise to do all in their power, and the overwhelming desire to go quickly forward on account of the scantiness and bad quality of our food bred in us a mood of tension and exhaustion.

133 The mountain scenery through which we passed became
312 gorgeous. The geological strata were clearly visible in the
712 walls of the dry river-beds through which our path ran. Before us was a lofty chain of granite mountains like a huge wall with sharp peaks and jagged tops. It grew very warm among those bare rock-walls where we had to climb laboriously over sharp, slippery ground. To one side of the path was a brackish spring of whose water even the animals refused to drink. We mounted towards the high mountain-pass which our people called Hūta. The remains of a strongly fortified wall built of fragments of uncut stone stand in the pass. Heavy fighting took place there ten years ago when
[764] el-Qeᶜēṭī sent an expedition to conquer Wādī Ḥadjr. The graves of the slain are marked by simple heaps of stones, on either side of the mountain path. After a long descent we reached the wādī again at just about the hottest time of day. Its banks here are steep and so we could not get at the enticing water or the green *rāk* bushes, but our Bedouins went in search of a place where it would be possible
000 to descend. We had made up our minds to rest for the afternoon, not here in el-Qulēta, but further on at Nēfa. The intense desire to hurry on at all costs and to get to the end made Von Wissmann and me decide foolishly to force matters and, if need be, to walk alone to Nēfa without the caravan. The path wound on through a region of sand-hills and the heat was so great that we became uneasy over our decision. Luckily Dhēb had the magnanimity to give way and gave the order to follow us. Nor had we trusted in vain to Little's map, for Nēfa was close at hand. Near the path was a great

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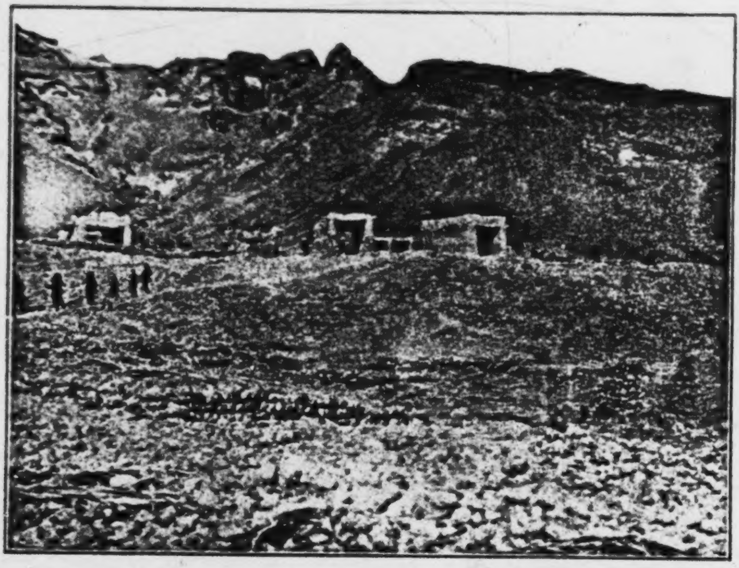
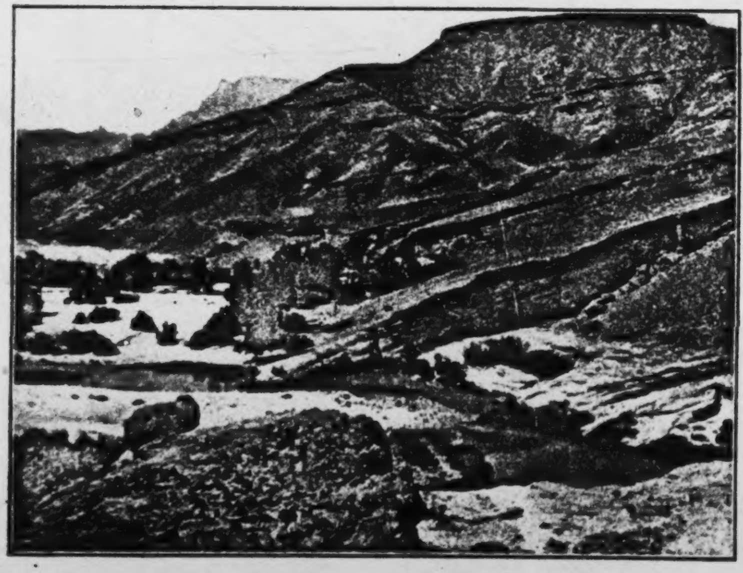


Ḥuṣn Mṣēneʿ, the gypsy village with the tunnel-shaped houses.

312



Our hot swimming-pool, past ʿAqabat Sfēye.

facing p 232.

rock, in shape like a toadstool, and the whole caravan could 000 find protection in its shade. The river was not far away and green bushes from which the camels might feed grew along its banks.

Our supply of dates and biscuits was beginning to run 262 short. Our Bedouin companions were very frugal eaters: they had two meals a day, one during the afternoon rest and one at the night bivouac, when they baked a few underdone bread-cakes with a yellow flour of some sort. The taste of these was none too attractive and, what was worse, they lay heavy on the chest like an indigestible stone. Von Wissmann had always 000 drunk the milk of our she-camel in the evening, but I had refused the drink, which had the penetrating odour of the animal's sweat. We were getting underfed and overexhausted. The inner tension and self-control demanded for the long negotiations and conversations at ʿAmd, in the Deyyin country, at Yebʿeth and Ṣidāra were beginning to take their revenge on my digestion. But we were obliged to go on and that day we marched till half past six in the evening and spent the night on a little plateau of rock among the granite mountains. During the day the Bedouins collect branches and 372 dry shrubs and parched-up plants for the evening fire, on 252 whose ashes they bake their bread and over which we make our tea. It is the best hour of the day; it brings us all together in a mood of good fellowship and of thankfulness for the completion of the day's hot and tiring journey. It was also the 302 moment when our Bedouins smeared themselves carefully — arms, breast and neck — *with samn. Their hair also* was kept well greased. It struck us that the skin of our bodies, which perspired continuously and were seldom washed, felt stiff and grainy from the salt of evaporated perspiration. The Bedouins get rid of this unpleasant feeling by rubbing themselves with grease; moreover, the practice makes their skin more resistant against the sun's heat and the sudden coldness of the air in the evening. They told us that the skin became so pleasantly "moist" from the grease.

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

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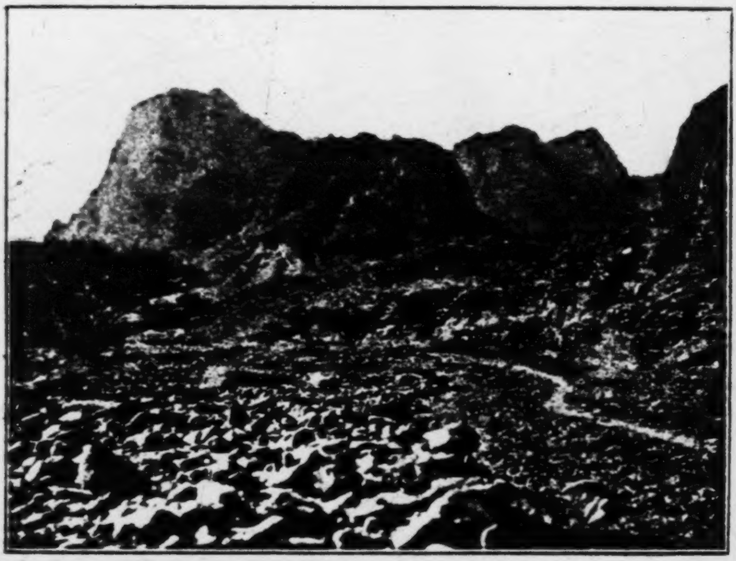

Granite walls in the coastal mountain-range.

Hūte, where the Qe'ēṭī troops fought a hard struggle.

facing p 233

000 That night a wolf came near our bivouac. The Bedouins heard his call in the encircling mountains and rose in haste to gather the camels together inside the camp.

On the following morning, June 19th, we rose very early, for it was growing important to reach Makalla as soon as possible. The caravan was in motion at a quarter past four and we made a straight line for the sea coast, scrambling
361 laboriously over granite boulders. By ten past eight we had reached Mĕfa^c, a forlorn little village by the sea at the mouth of Wādī Ḥadjr.

312 The river here has shrunk till it is no more than a swiftly flowing stream. No doubt the major portion of the water flows underground to the sea.

361 The population of Mĕfa^c dwells for the greater part in
164 miserable shacks; the few mud houses are dilapidated and poor and dirty. The house where the soldiers live was opened for us; it was the best to be had, but still miserable enough. Only one soldier still remained; his companions had died of the fevers for which Mĕfa^c has an unenviable reputation. Yāfi^c soldiers from the healthy highlands are among the least resistant to the fever of the damp, hot coast. When this soldier's last comrade died, he had fled from the house, not daring to live there any longer. No food was to be had from the villagers for love or money, but the soldier shared some of his provisions of rice and eggs with us. He told us that the people of the place are desperately poor and unhealthy. Emigrants come here, it is true, but they do not stand it for long, and only a portion of the arable land is under cultivation. The Qe^{c}ēṭī soldiers regard transference to Mĕfa^c as equivalent to a death sentence. Their constitutions are not resistant against the endemic fever, they have not enough pay to feed themselves well, and the people of the village are so poor and miserable that nothing can be got from them.

257 Whilst lying in a corner of a little room, which smelt of indigo, I got a violent attack of cramp in the stomach, and it looked as if I should not be able to go further. Luckily the

people had a remedy which they unanimously declared to be unfailing, namely, a large spoonful of fine pepper. I conquered my distrust and managed to get down half a spoonful. The cure was not so immediate as my medical advisers had expected, but I was at least able to go on with the caravan in the afternoon, and we left that unhealthy spot with a sigh of relief.

CHAPTER XVII.

ALONG THE COAST BACK TO OUR STARTING POINT.

000 We now turned back in the direction of the mountains, crossing a broad rocky plain covered with small stones. When darkness fell we lay down on a granite plateau and were lulled to sleep by the sound of the waves swept against the coast by the monsoon, which was now gradually breaking.

On June 20th, we were up by half past two and left our last mountain camp at three o'clock. At el-Ghabar, where the wādī of that name flows into the sea, we took a rest and had food and drink. There was well-water a few yards below the surface of the wādī-bed, but the water is brackish, which is not to be wondered at, as the well is only a few hundred yards away from the sea. We dozed under some bushes, but the sun, rising high in the heavens, soon drove us on our way.

The afternoon's rest was taken close to a well of sweet water at the mouth of another wādī. Here, in the shadow of an overhanging rock, rest was turned into torture by swarms of camel-ticks; we found however on the beach a cave which the waves had hollowed out. There, free from ticks we dreamed — to the booming of the surf and splashed with its spray — that we were sailing on a choppy sea, making for Aden.

341 In the evening at eight o'clock we arrived at Burûm. This is the famous harbour of refuge for steamers which cannot pass the nights in the roadsteads of Makālla and esh-Shiḥr during the S. W. monsoon and which lie at anchor here, protected from the wind by Râs Burûm.

000 We set up our bivouac for the night on a rocky level outside the town. None of the inhabitants ventured to leave the protection of the village at night to satisfy their curiosity and

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disturb us with questions. It was a disappointment to find ooo that there was, apparently, no food to be bought, but . . . we hoped to be back again in the palace of the hospitable Sultan of Makalla on the morrow!

June 21st was to be the last day of our travels and the 361 fifteenth since leaving Terīm. We were on the march at 162 twenty past four, going round the village towards the sea, 226 where a few fishermen were already busy with their nets. Burūm has barely a few hundreds of inhabitants and has known better days. There are only soldiers now in the white palace of the Sultan. A white mosque, as well as a few white stone houses, give it an attractive appearance when seen from a distance. A date plantation and *dhura* fields lie between the village and the mountain-wall, but there is no room for them to spread out in this narrow coastal plain shut in by rocks. Makalla controls Burūm by means of fiscal regulations. The fishing trade is the only source of income left to the people. We saw good-sized, dried shark's heads thrown into a heap, amongst them those of the hammer-head.

From the beach the path mounts to the rock-wall beside ooo the sea. On the rocky cape the remains of a fort and a few rusty cannon are to be seen. For a part of the way the path is hewn out of the precipice. Little Muḥammad, who has never seen the sea, lags behind constantly, quite lost in wonder over this new marvel. At one time our way ascends high up onto the rocks, then, at another, leads over a beach of glittering white sand. The farther we go the farther the mountains recede and, at last, one is walking along the flat sandy beach. The way is much travelled and there are plenty of *siqāyas*. Fūwa, our last stopping place before Makalla, comes in sight. The white town, encircled by an extensive district under cultivation, lies at the mouth of Wādī Fūwa. We pass through fresh green fields towards a group of shady trees, our chosen halting place, but it proves to be too warm and we are forced to seek human neighbourhood. Hospitality will be readily offered us in the high, white houses, but there we shall neither be able to rest nor to get away early, so we ask for shelter against the sun's rays in the village of huts where dwell the negro slaves. An empty hut is allotted to us and we even succeed in buying rice, a few eggs and some slices of fish. Ṣâliḥ prepares a regular feast from these supplies and we banquet upon it fraternally with our caravan companions in the negro hut. Then we set out again cheerfully into the glowing oven of a South Arabian afternoon.

Close to Fūwa we pass a British aerodrome, which has just been completely levelled and cleared of stones and can be reached by car from Makalla. The track makes a bend towards the beach and continues there till we reach the town. We see it from the distance like a white blur, dim and quivering in the haze of the afternoon heat. The camels are afraid of the waves and dare not go on the wet hard sand close to the sea. They are also tired to death; the young camel that is making its first journey moans continually as it walks, like a weeping child, and it only ceases when Dhēb talks to it to give it courage.

It is Sunday afternoon and we are nearing the end of our fatigues, annoyances, hunger and dangers. We are returning to our starting point and we ought to be feeling happy and thankful. The sight of our journey's end ought to give us fresh strength and make our eyes shine with joy, but instead we toil dumbly and slowly on in our completely worn-out shoes and gaze towards Makalla over the sea, which reflects the glare of the sun, with aching, weary eyes. The young camel moans and puts forth the remnant of its strength. We are too tired to think, but we feel that something extremely beautiful and good is ending for us. Towards five o'clock we pass within the tall gate of Makalla and turn directly to the left towards the ancient Sultan's palace. The first to come to meet us is the harbour doctor, ʿAlī ʿAbdallāh Ḥakīm, who shakes us warmly and repeatedly by the hand with the words: "Thank God!"

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¹) b. = bin; W. = Wādī.

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487
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IA	IB	IC	ID	IE	IF
IIA	IIB	IIC	IID	IIE	IIF
IIIA	IIIB	IIIC	IIID	IIII	IIIF
IVA	IVB	IVC	IVD	IVI	IVF
VA	VB	VC	VD	VE	VF
					VI

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

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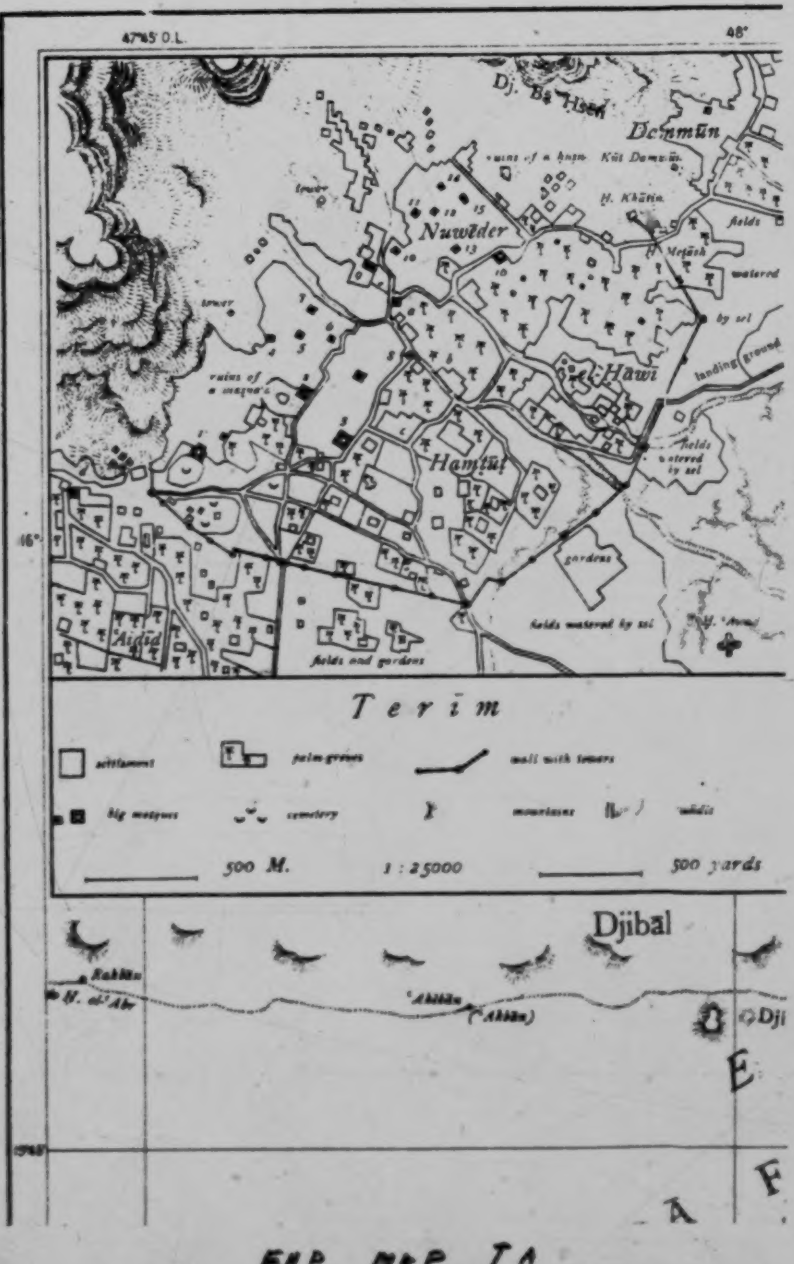
47°45' O.L.
48°
16°
15°45'
Dj. Bā Hsen
Demmūn
ruins of a hușn
Kūt Demmūn
H. Khātim
tower
Nuwēder
fields
Mețāsh
watered
by sel
tower
ruins of a mosque
landing ground
el-Hawi
fields watered by sel
Hamtūt
gardens
'Aidīd
fields and gardens
fields watered by sel
H. 'Awad
Terim
settlement
palm-groves
wall with towers
big mosques
cemetery
mountains
wādis
500 M.
1 : 25000
500 yards
Djibāl
Rahbūn
H. al-'Abr
'Aklān
('Aklān)
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END MAP I A

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

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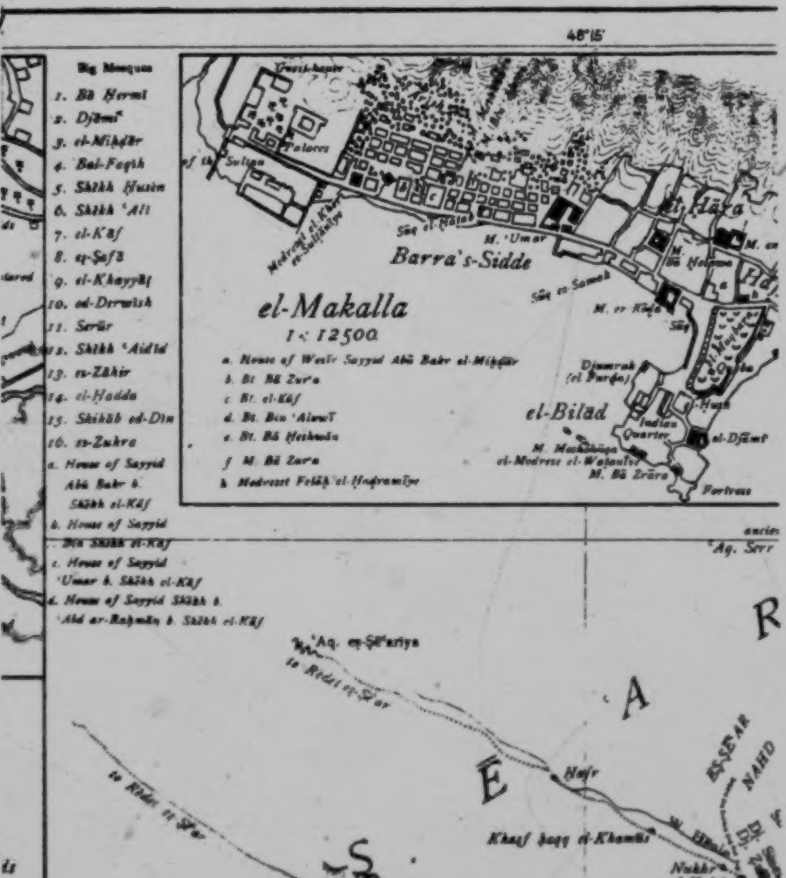
48°15'
Big Mosques
1. Bā Ḥermī
2. Djāmiʿ
3. el-Miḥḍār
4. Bal-Faqīh
5. Shēkh Ḥusēn
6. Shēkh ʿAlī
7. el-Kāf
8. eṣ-Ṣafā
9. el-Khayyāṭ
10. ed-Derwīsh
11. Serūr
12. Shēkh ʿAidīd
13. eẓ-Ẓāhir
14. el-Ḥadda
15. Shihāb ed-Dīn
16. ez-Zuhra
a. House of Sayyid Abū Bakr b. Shēkh el-Kāf
b. House of Sayyid Bin Shēkh el-Kāf
c. House of Sayyid ʿUmar b. Shēkh el-Kāf
d. House of Sayyid Shēkh b. ʿAbd ar-Raḥmān b. Shēkh el-Kāf
Guest-house
Palaces
of the Sultan
Medreset el-Kāf es-Sulṭānīye
Sūq el-Ḥaḍat
M. ʿUmar
Barra's-Sidde
el-Ḥāra
M. Bā Ḥeshmān
Sūq es-Samak
M. er Rōḍa
Sūq
el-Makalla
1 : 12500
a. House of Wezīr Sayyid Abū Bakr el-Miḥḍār
b. Bt. Bā Zurʿa
c. Bt. el-Kāf
d. Bt. Bin ʿAlawī
e. Bt. Bā Ḥeshmān
f. M. Bā Zurʿa
h. Medreset Felāḥ el-Ḥaḍramīye
Djumrak (el Furḍa)
el-Bilad
Indian Quarter
el-Djāmiʿ
M. Mashāhīqa
el-Medrese el-Waṭanīye
M. Bā Zrāra
Fortress
ancien
ʿAq. Serr
R
A
E
S
ʿAq. es-Sūfariya
to Rēdat eṣ-Ṣēʿar
Hajr
ES-SEAR
NAHD
Khaṭṭ ḥaqq el-Khamās
Nukhr el-Hedabi
W. Ghalīb
to Rēdat eṣ-Ṣēʿar
W. Sūr
el-Abtar
Sūr
Djibal eth-Thukmēn
Dj. el-Qīʿina
Nukhʿa
ar-Ramla
el-ʿAdān
ʿArḍ
(Rabḍīn)
Djidfa
Ḥuṣūn el-Khashʿa
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24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

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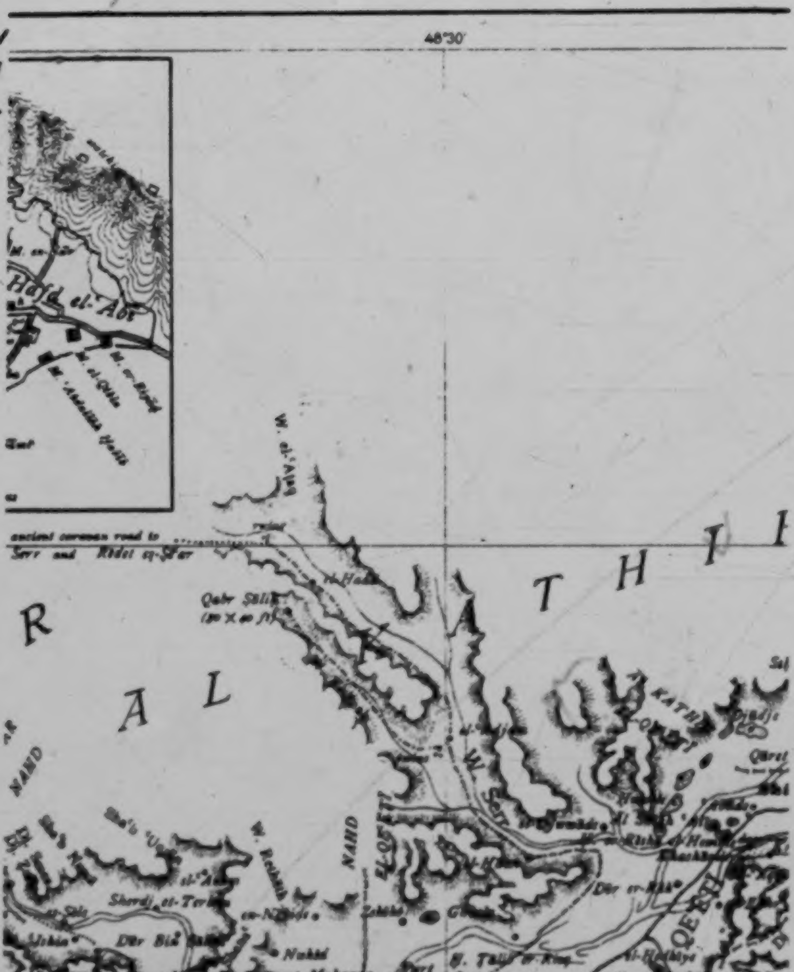

48°30'
Hajd el-'Abr
ancient caravan road to
Serr and Rēdet eş-Şē'ar
Qabr Şāliḥ
(30 X 40 ft)
R
A L
A T H I
W. Serr
NAHD
NAHD
Dūr er-Rāk
QATN
Hēnin
'Abri

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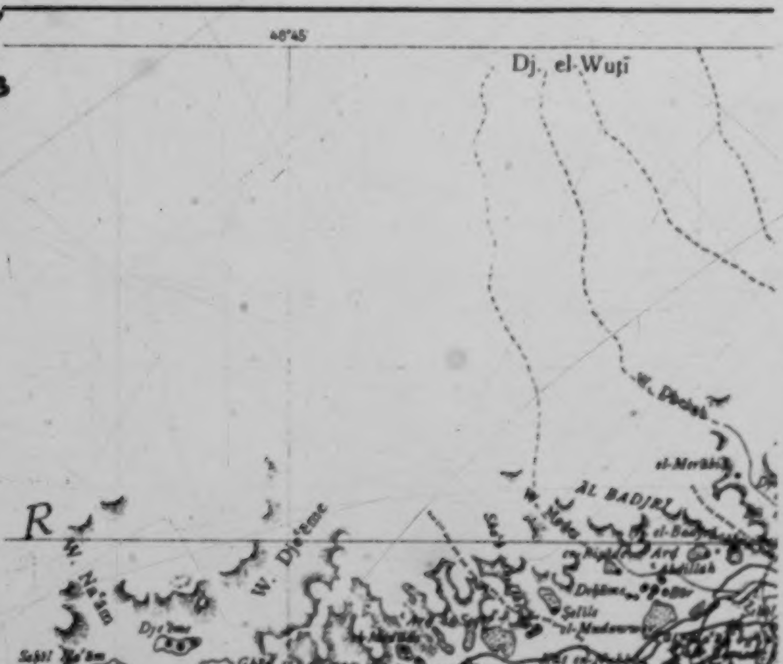
48°45'
Dj. el-Wuţi
W. Dhahab
el-Merabiḥ
AL BADJRI
R
W. Na'am
W. Dje'eme
Djo'ēme
Sai'ūn
Qarāw
AL KATHIR
'AWAMIR
AL KATHIR
AL DJABIR
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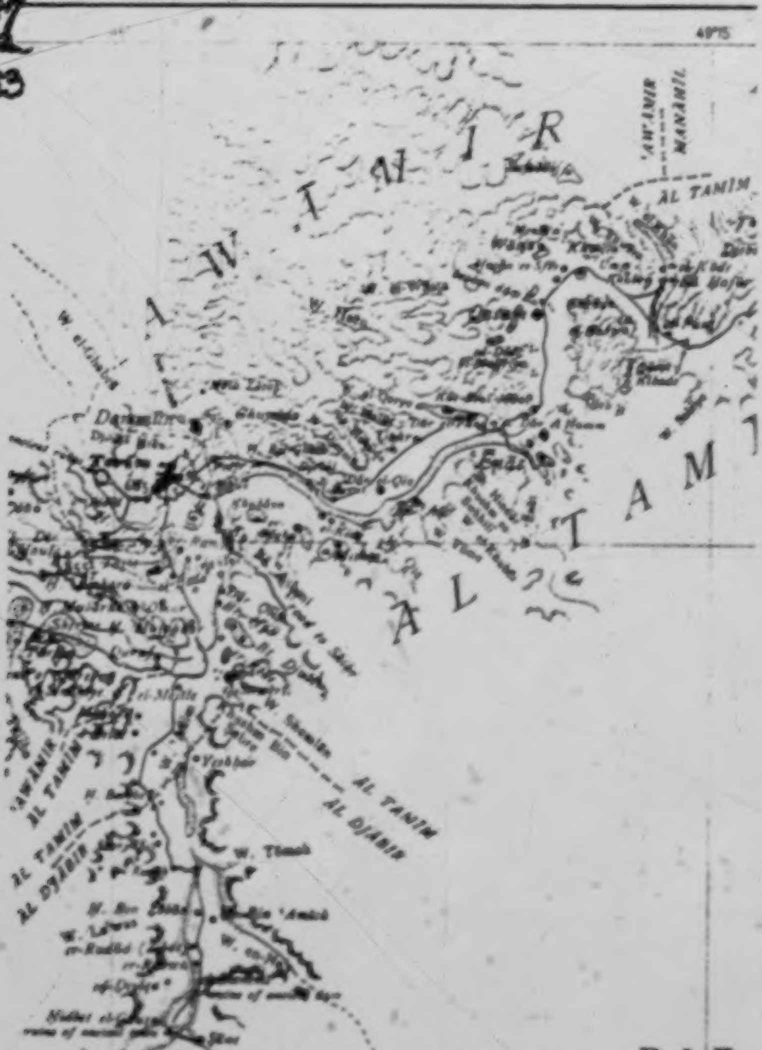
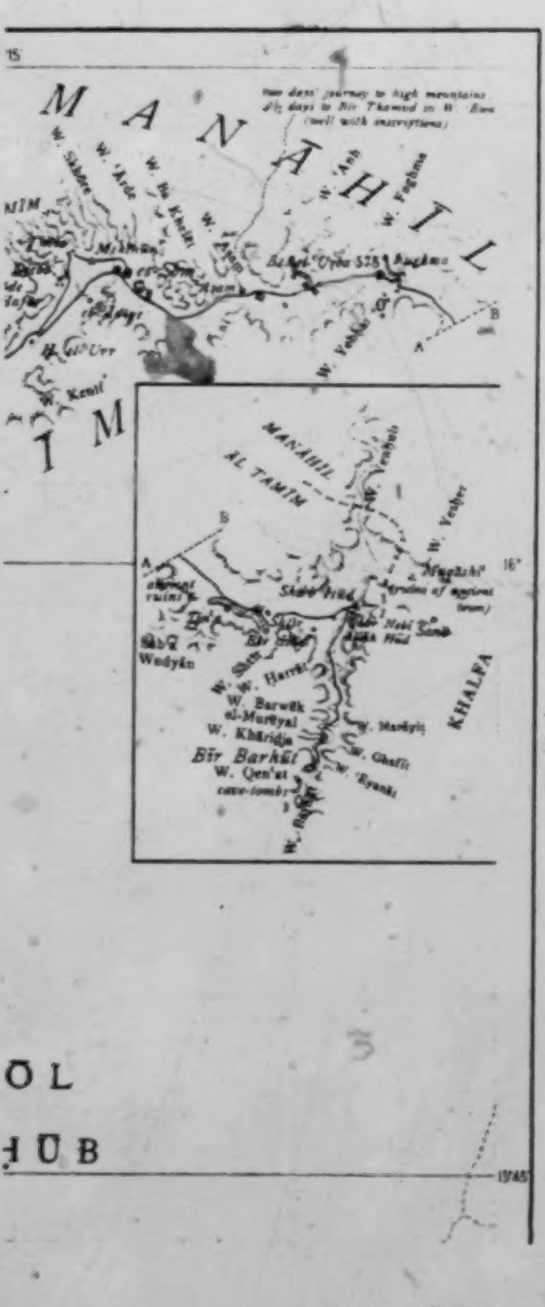

A W A M I R
'AWAMIR
MANAHIL
AL TAMIM
A L T A M I
Tarim
AL TAMIM
AL DJABIR
'AWAMIR
AL TAMIM
AL TAMIM
AL DJABIR
W. Timah
DJO
ISH

END MAP IE

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

249 (6)

487
102
133

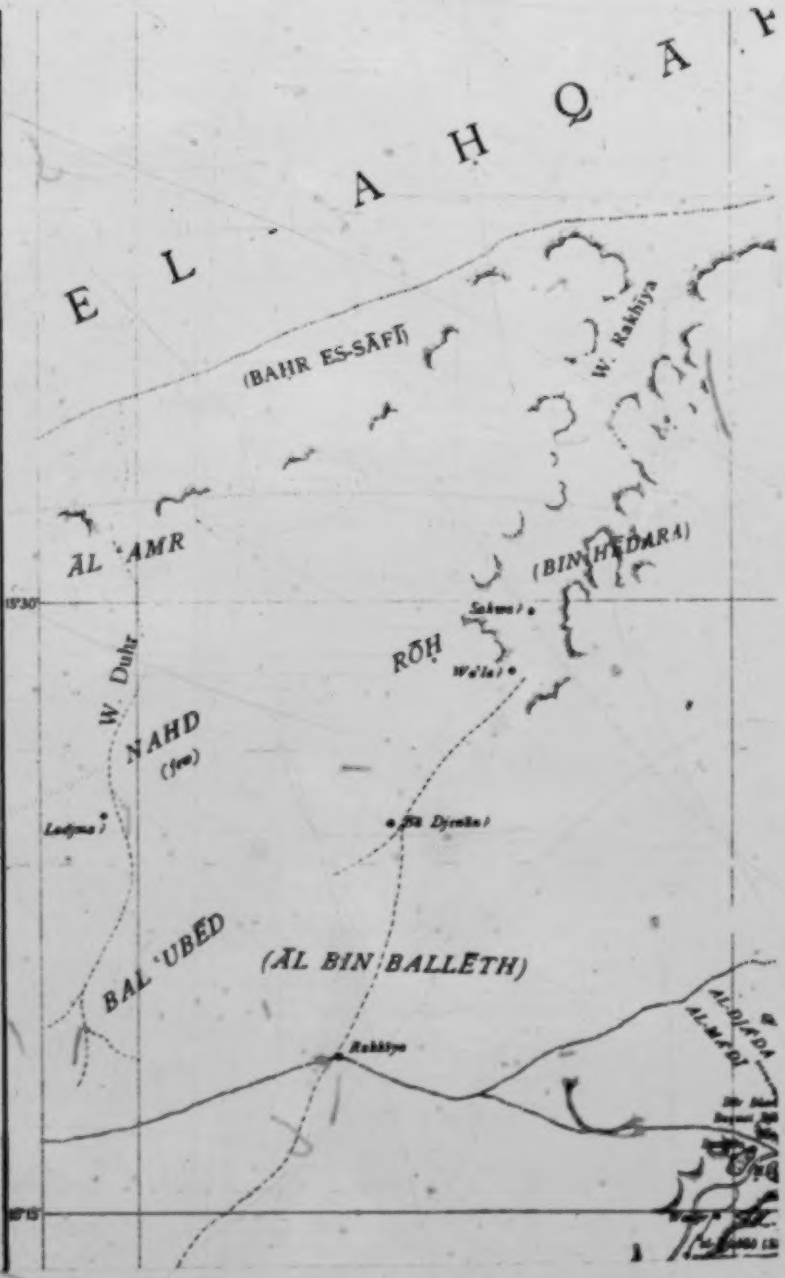

15°
MANAHIL
two days' journey to high mountains
4½ days to Bir Thamud in W. ʿEwo
(well with inscriptions)
W. Shibbe
W. ʿArde
W. Bā Kheili
W. ʿAsīb
W. ʿAnh
W. Faghma
NIM
Mishmās
es-Sōm
ʿAram
Bā Rot
ʿUrba 528
Raghwa
W. Yehbūl
W. el-Urr
W. Kenil
B
A
IM
MANAHIL
AL TAMIM
W. Yembuib
W. Yenber
B
A
ancient ruins
Shiʿb Hūd
Maghsil
(remains of ancient town)
Nebi Hud
Qabr Hud
Sonah
Bir
Shabi
Wodyan
W. Shifa
W. Harrāt
W. Barwāk
el-Murīyal
W. Khāridja
Bīr Barhūt
W. Qenʿat
cave-tombs
W. Markyiṯ
W. Ghafli
W. ʿEyank
KHALFA
16°
ŌL
ḤŪB
19°45'

END MAP IF

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931) 1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

249 (7)

102
487
133



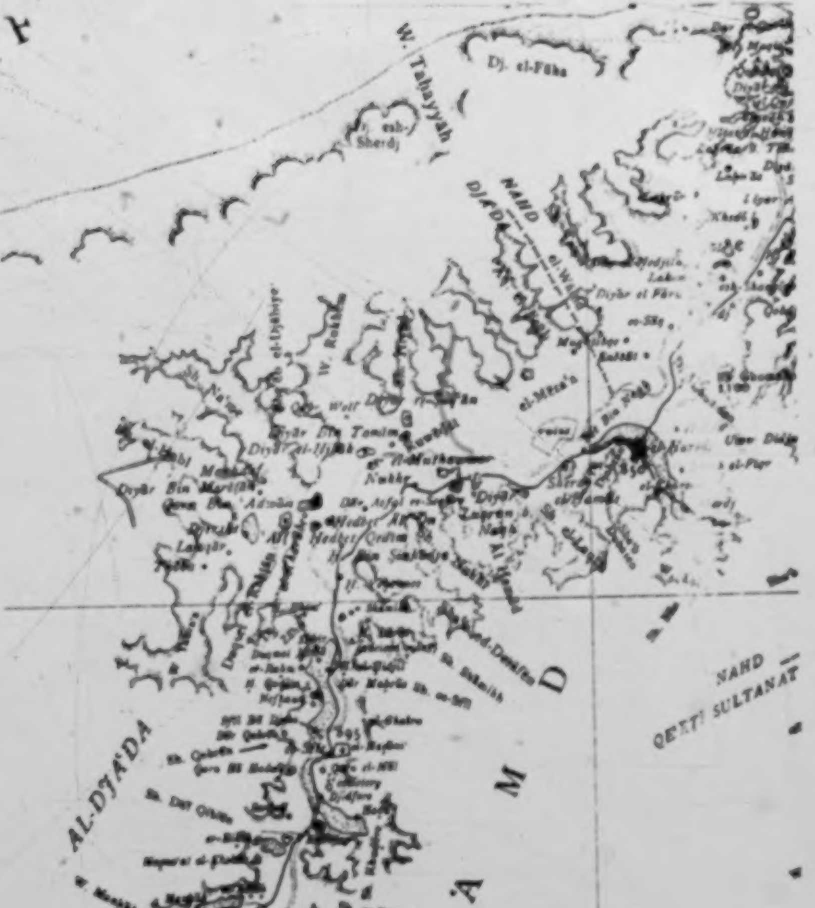
EL AHQĀF
(BAHR ES-SĀFĪ)
W. Rakhīya
AL 'AMR
(BIN HEDARA)
19°30'
Sahwa
Wa'la
RŌH
W. Duhr
NAHD
(frm)
Ledjma
Bir Djenka
BAL 'UBED
(ĀL BIN BALLETH)
Rakhiya
AL-DJA'DA
AL-MA'DI
19°15'

END MAP II A

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

102
487
133 x

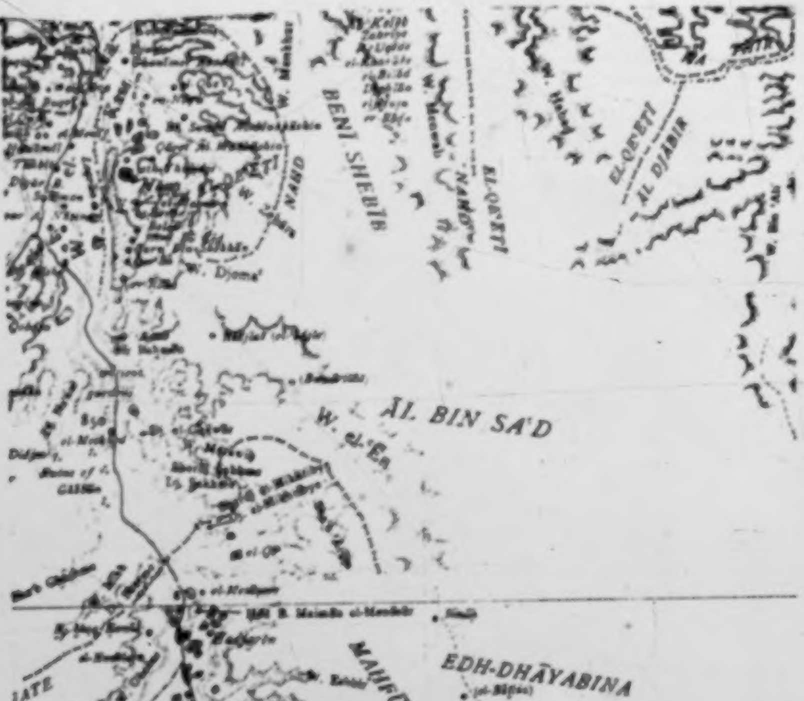
249 (8)


W. Tahayyah
Dj. el-Fâha
Dj. esh-Sherdj
NAHD
DJA'DA
W. Rakhla
AL-DJA'DA
NAHD
QEITI SULTANAT
W.
Â
M
D

END MAP II B

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

102
487
133

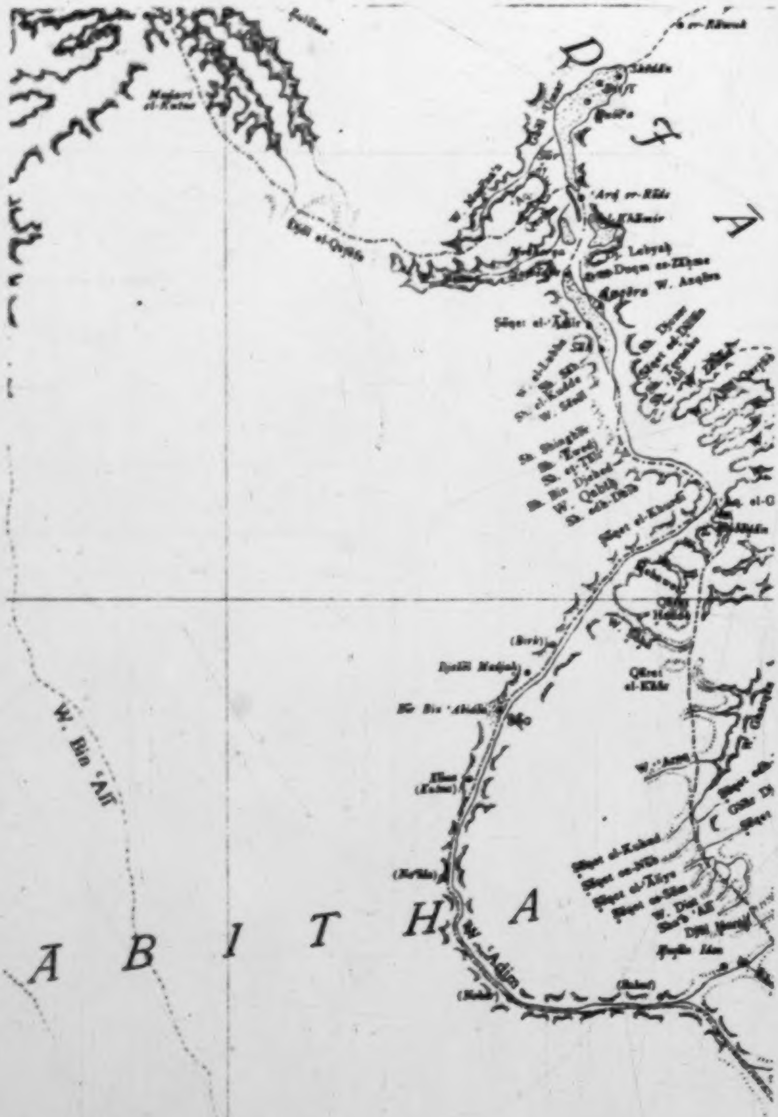

BENI SHEBIB
EL-QE'ETI
AL DJABIR
EL-QE'ETI
W. Djoma'
'ĀL BIN SA'D
W. el-'En
MAHFŪZ
EDH-DHĀYABINA
Hadjarēn
'A
W

End MAP II C

24: Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

249 (10)

102
487
133



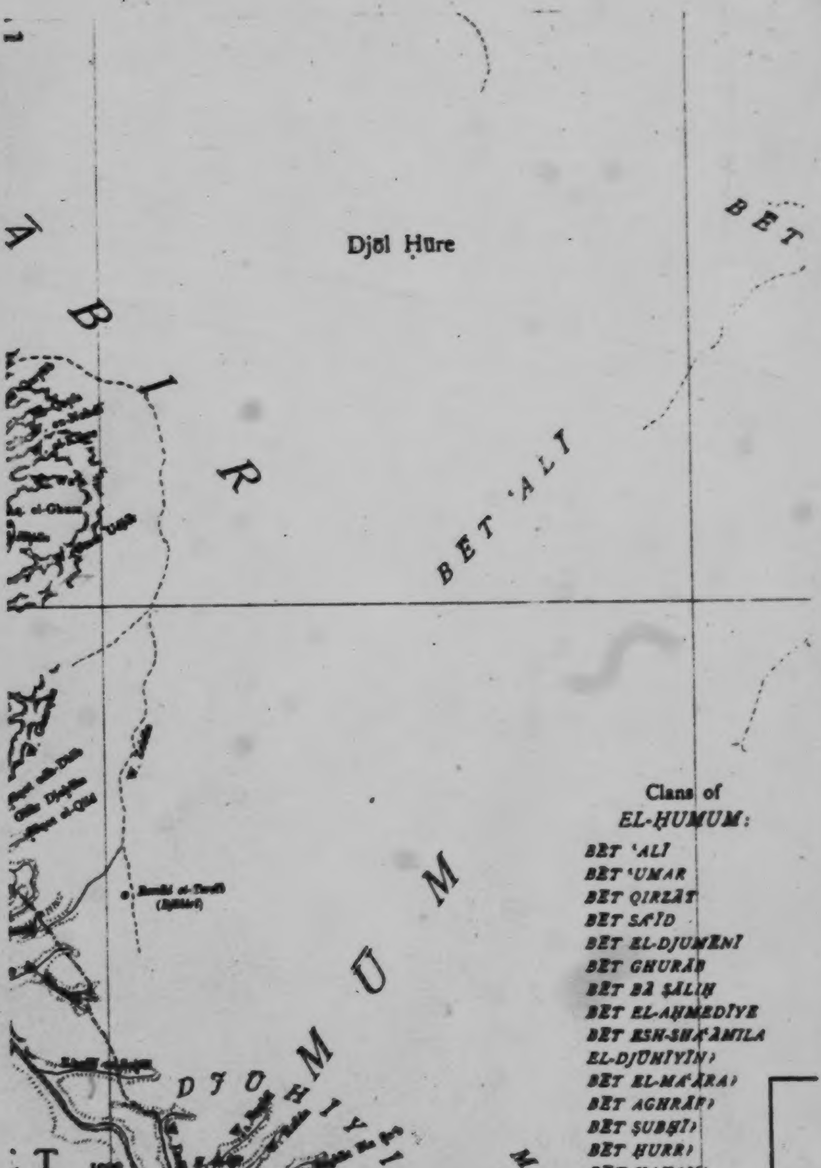
D J A
W. Bin 'Alī
A B I T H A
REDET
W. 'Adim
H. el-Qâ'
Aq. eṣ-Ṣawâghira

END MAP II D

24: Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

249 (11)

102
487
133

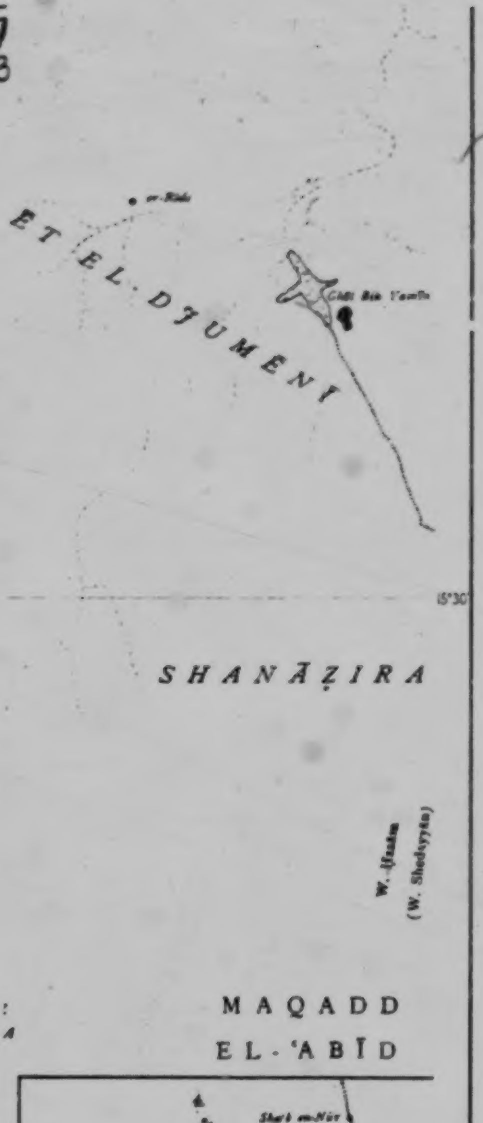

Djōl Ḥūre
Ā B I L R
BET 'ALI
BET
Ḥ U M Ū M
D J Ō H I Y I N
M A
T
Clans of
EL-ḤUMUM:
BET 'ALI
BET 'UMAR
BET QIRZĀT
BET SA'ID
BET EL-DJUMENI
BET GHURĀB
BET BĀ ṢALIḤ
BET EL-AḤMEDIYE
BET ESH-SHA'AMILA
EL-DJŌHIYIN:
BET EL-MA'ĀRA
BET AGHRĀF
BET ṢUBḤI
BET ḤURR
BET ḤAKAM
BET BĀ WAKI'

End map II E

24 Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

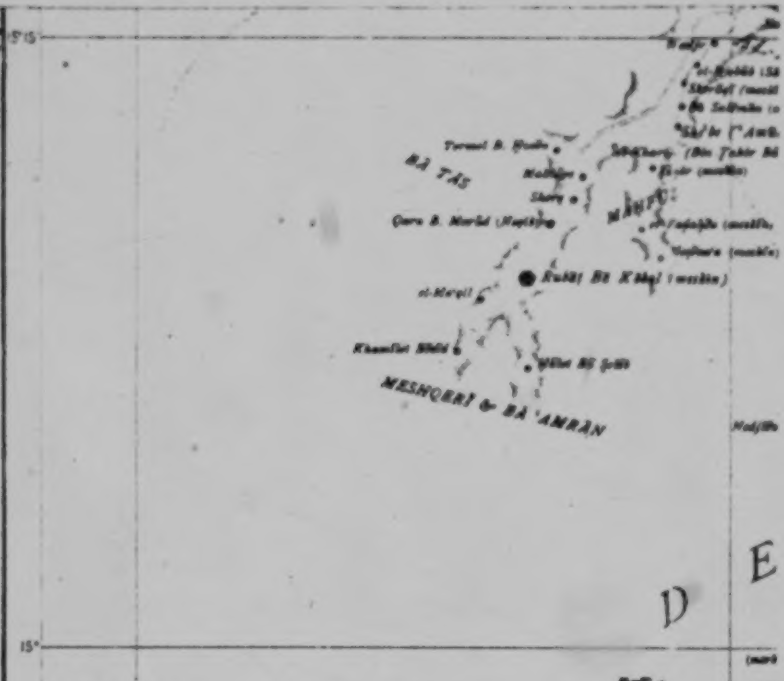
249 (12)

102
487
193


ET EL·DJUMENI
15°30'
SHANĀẒIRA
MAQADD
EL·'ABĪD
15°15'

End map II F

102
489
133

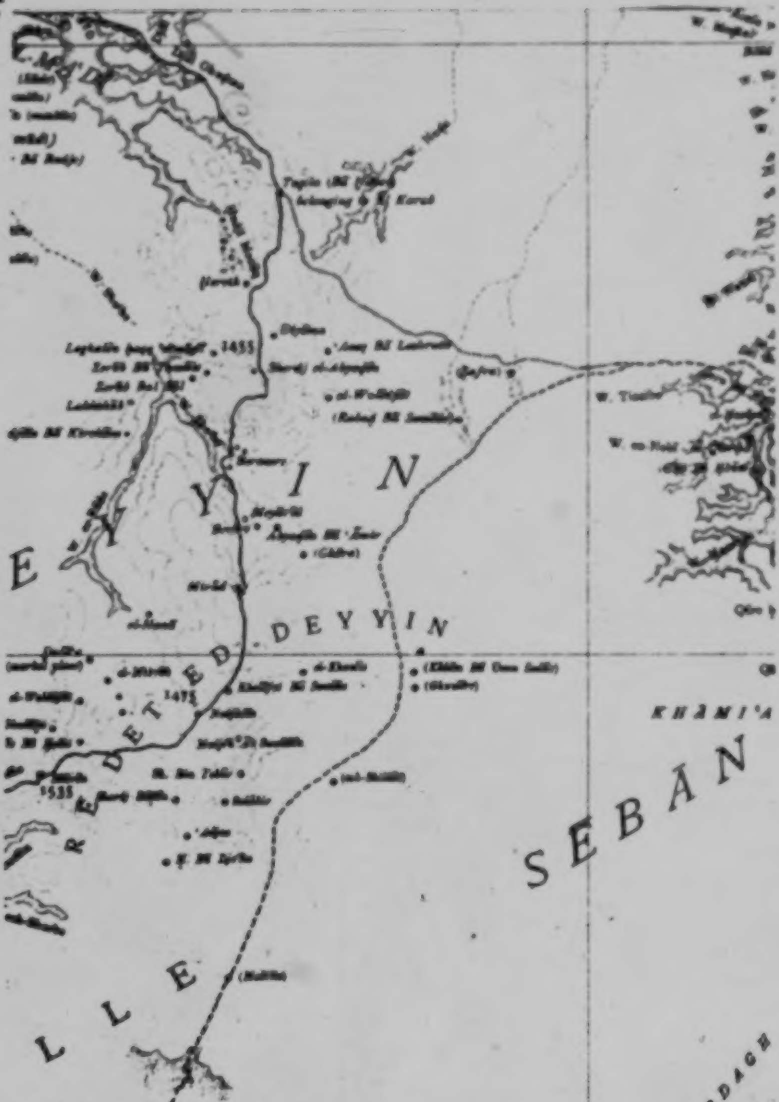

15°15'
BA TAS
MESHQERI & BA 'AMRAN
D
E
15°
1880
1855
M E D I
QUTH

END MAP III A

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM^2

249 (14)

102
487
133

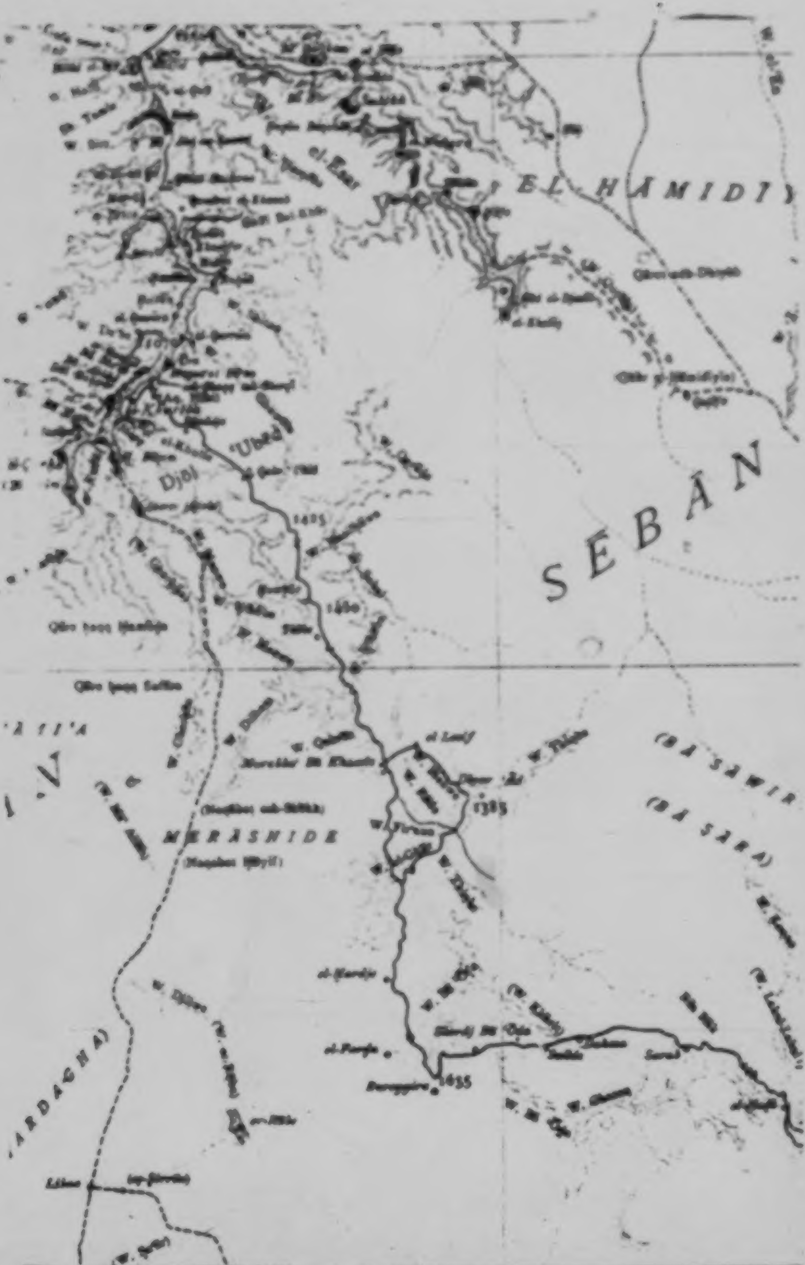

E Y Y I N
DEYYIN
ERDETED
LLED
SEBAN
KHAMI'A
:HAM
1455
1475
1535
(B) HARDAGH

END MAP III B

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

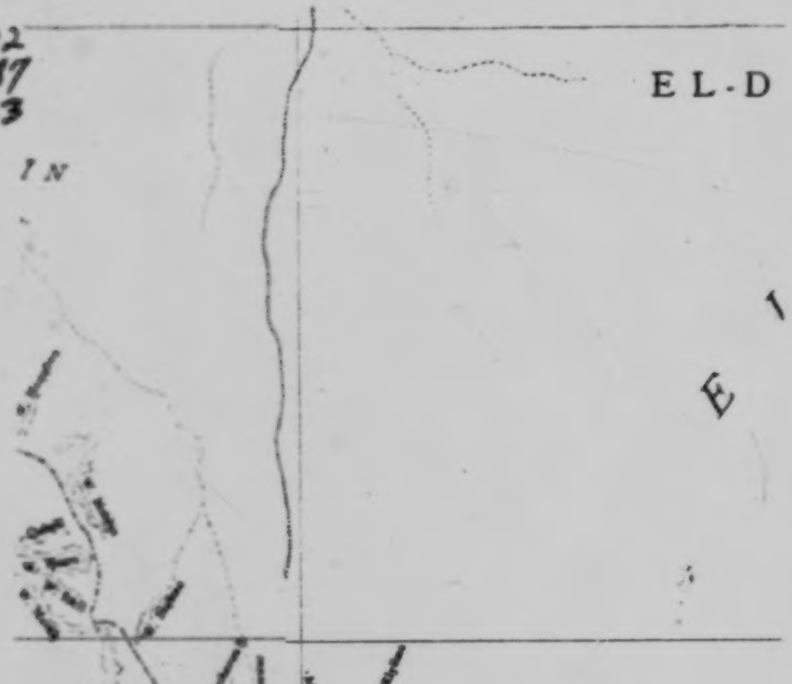
249 (15)

102
487
173


EL HĀMIDI
SEBĀN
'Ubēd
Djōl
1475
1450
1385
1435
'ĀLI'A
MERĀSHIDE
(BĀ SĀWIR
(BĀ SĀRA)
ARDAGHA)

End map III C

102
487
133

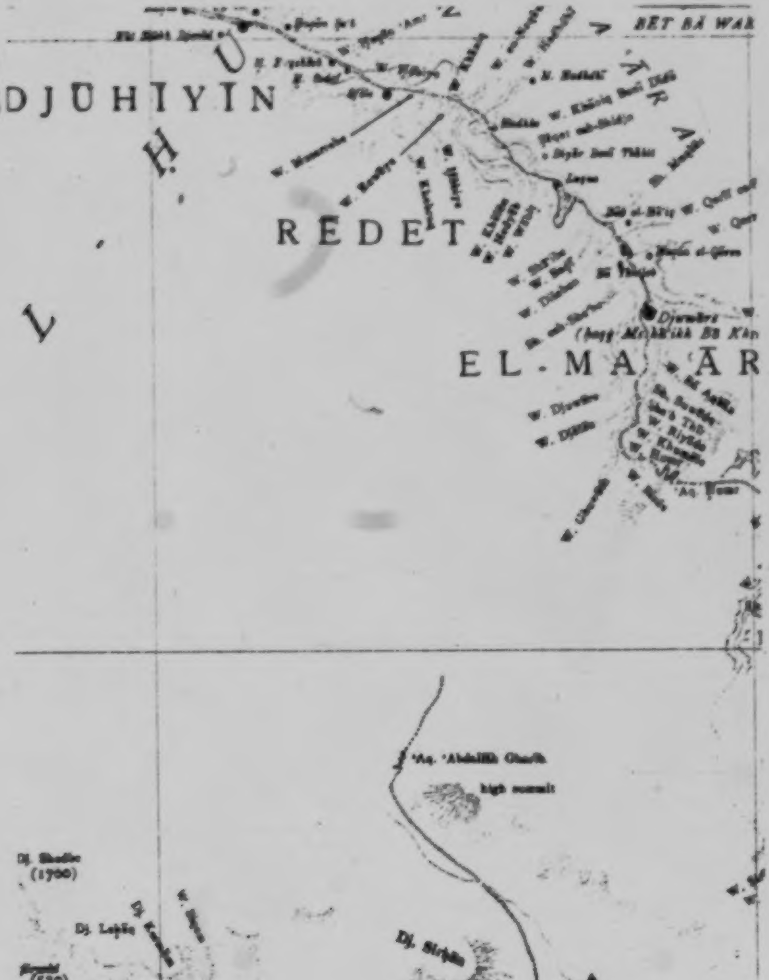

E L - D
I N
E
D
(1700)
Dj. Tehāḥ
EL-KŌR
Kōr Sebān
2000
(2100)
2150
1465
1935
1180
920

End map III D

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

249 (17)

102
487
133



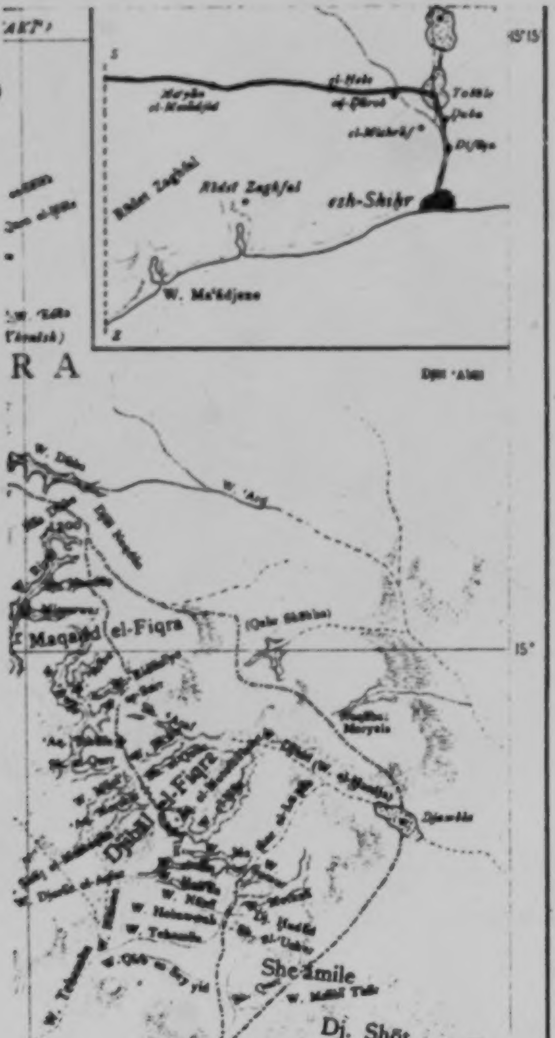
BĒT BĀ WAR
DJŪHĪYIN
H
U
V
REDET
EL-MAʿĀR
'Aq. 'Abdallāh Gharīb
high summit
Dj. Shadbe
(1700)
Dj. Lahūn
Dj. Sirhān
W. 'Abdallāh Gharīb
Dj. Dahān
Dj. Ghabra
Dj. 'Arūs
Gharīb
Reshdā

End map III E

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

249 (18)

102
487
133

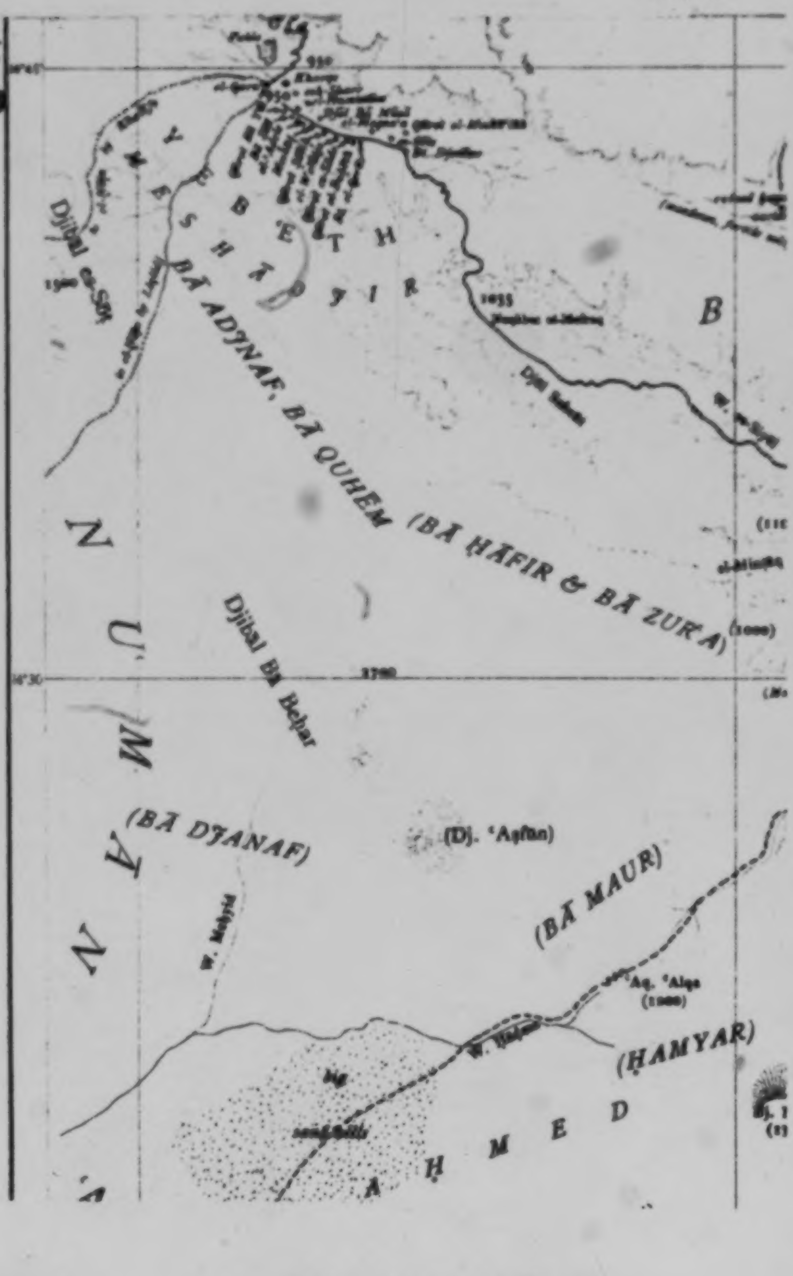

15°15'
el-Hola
Ridat Zaghfal
Ridat Zaghfal
esh-Shihr
W. Ma'adjene
R A
W. 'Arf
1200
Maqadd el-Fiqra
15°
Djebel el-Fiqra
She'amile
Dj. Shōt
110
Ghāl Bā Wazīr

End map III F

24; Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

249 (19)

102
489
133

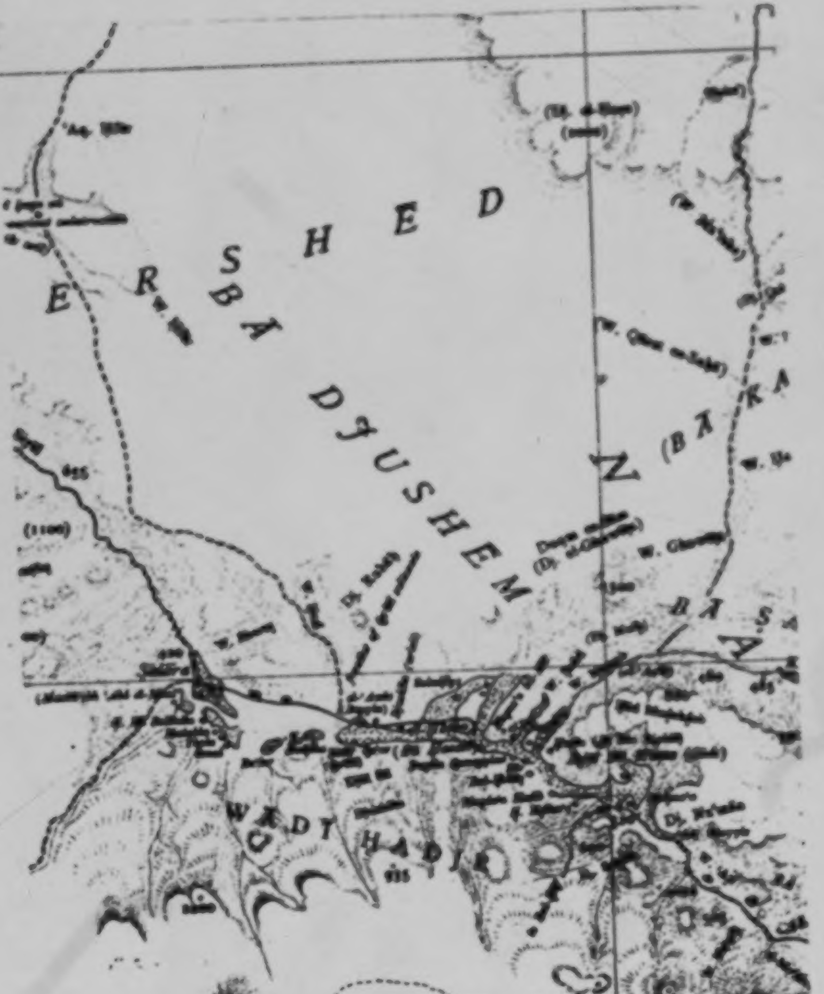

Djibal es-Sik
Y E B E T H
M E S H Ā D Y I R
BĀ ADJNAF, BĀ QUHEM (BĀ ḤĀFIR & BĀ ZUR'A)
B
1935
16°30'
N U' M A N
Djibal Bā Behar
(BĀ DJANAF)
(Dj. 'Aṣfān)
W. Mehjed
(BĀ MAUR)
Aq. 'Alqa
(1900)
(ḤAMYAR)
big
sand hills
A Ḥ M E D

END MAP IV A

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

249 (20)

102
487
133

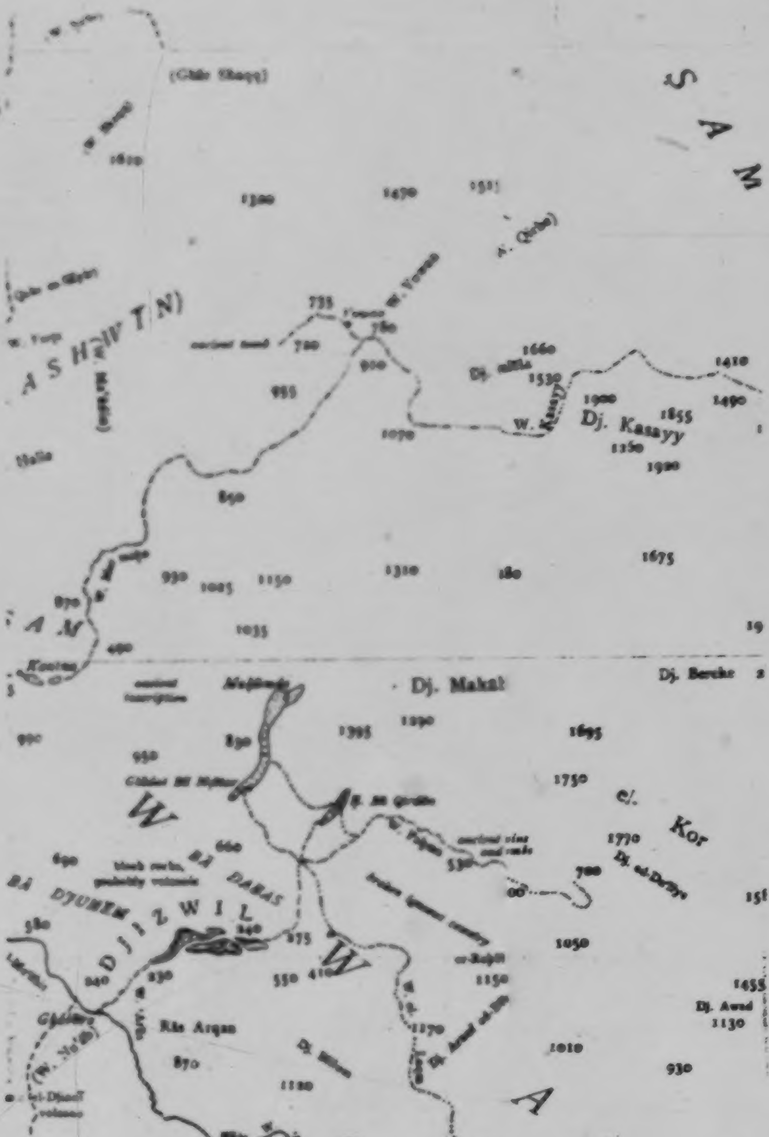

E R S H E D
S B A
D J U S H E M
N
(B A K A
B A S
A
W A D I H A D J R
F A Q'A S H
(1900)

END MAP IV B

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

249 (21)

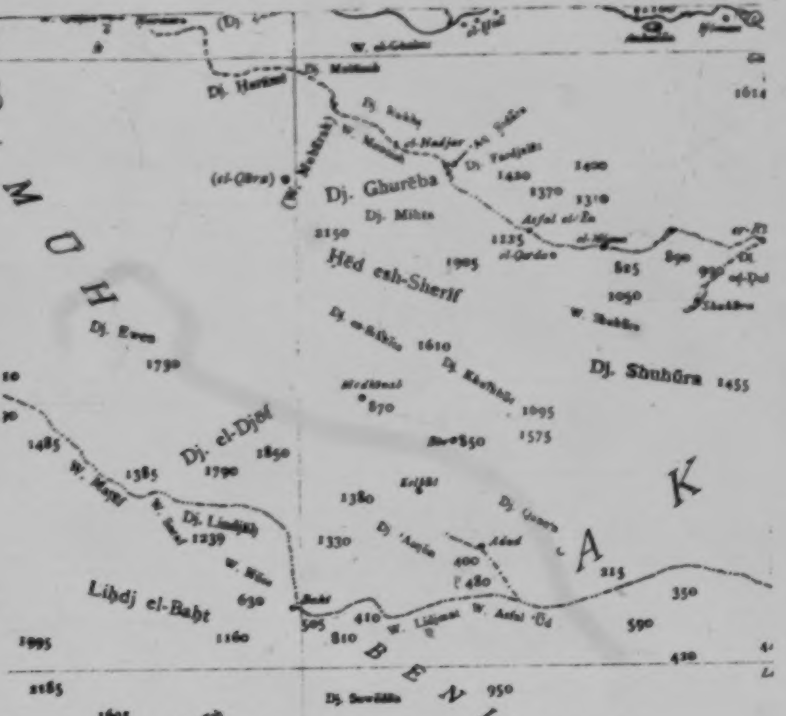
102
487
153



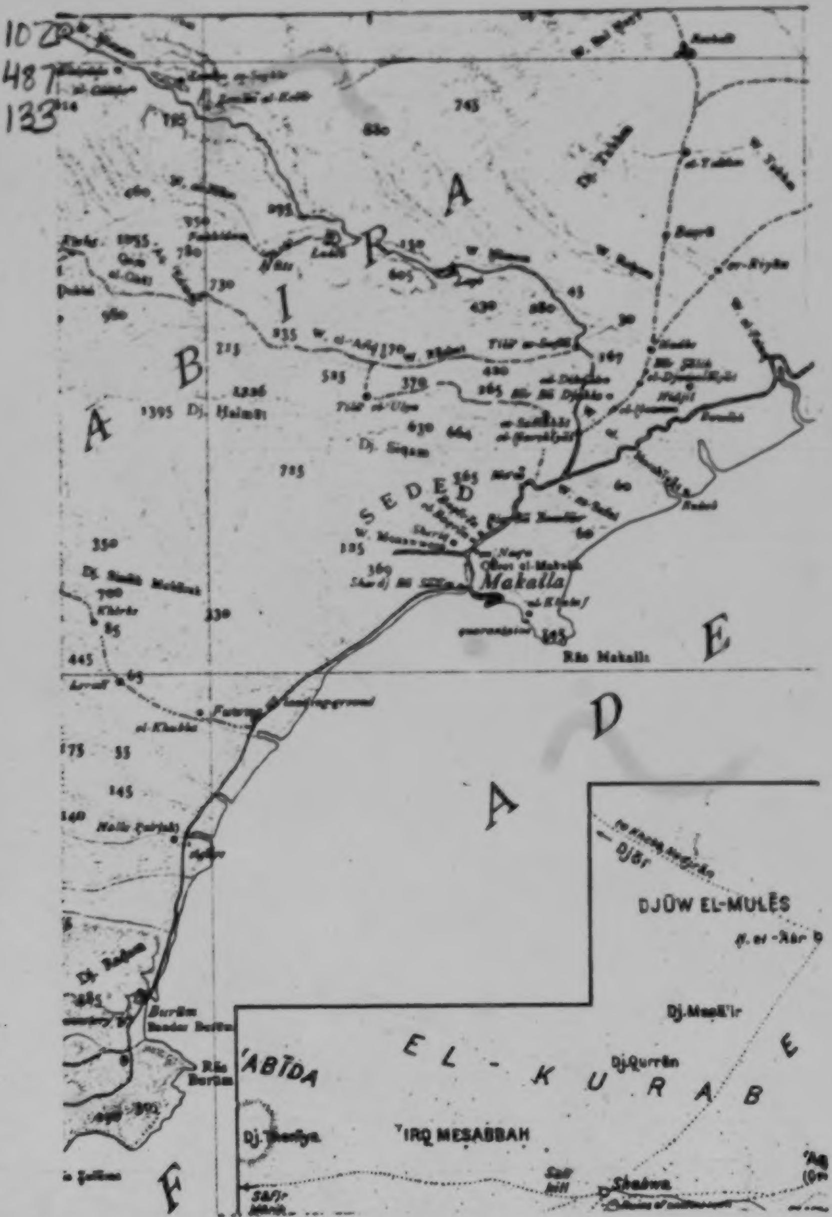
(Ghêle Shaqq)
S A M
1610
1300
1470
1511
ASH(?)IV TN)
735
720
780
ancient road
910
955
Dj. Kasayy
w. Kasayy
1660
1530
1900
1855
1410
1490
1070
1150
1920
Hello
850
1675
930
1025
1150
1310
180
870
A M
1035
19
490
Dj. Berche
Dj. Makal
ancient inscriptions
890
1395
1290
1695
890
950
1750
W
Kor
660
1770
690
black rocks, probably volcanic
BÂ DJUHEM
BÂ DAHAS
DJIZWIL
700
580
840
875
W
1050
840
230
550
410
1150
Râs Arqan
870
1170
1010
Dj. Awad
1455
1130
930
1180
A
volcano
500

END MAP IV C

102
487
133


W. el-Ghabar
Dj. Harkum
Dj. Mehhub
(el-Qêra)
Dj. Ghurêba
Dj. Mihta
el-Hadjer
Dj. Yadjulfa
Afsal el-'En
el-Qardan
Hêd esh-Sherîf
Dj. Shuhûra
W. Shuhûra
M U H
Dj. Even
Dj. el-Djôf
Dj. Lindjâh
W. Ma'shi
W. Hûn
Libdj el-Baht
Dj. 'Aqiba
W. Lidjmat
W. Afsal 'Ûd
K
A
B E N I H A S A N
Dj. Suwêdia
Dj. Djawîsh
W. Halla
M U H A M M E D I Y I N
Dj. Djubêsh
Dj. Yuhba
Qul'ême
2150
1905
1610
1095
1575
1455
1790
1485
1385
1850
1380
1330
1239
630
1160
505
410
810
480
400
350
590
430
215
1614
1400
1430
1370
1310
1225
805
890
990
1050
870
850
1995
2185
1695
1345
1370
1200
1495
950
175
80
665
140
1500
850
915
260
1085
1095
405
315
1580
1085
580
1455
830
895
1150
660
480

End map IV D

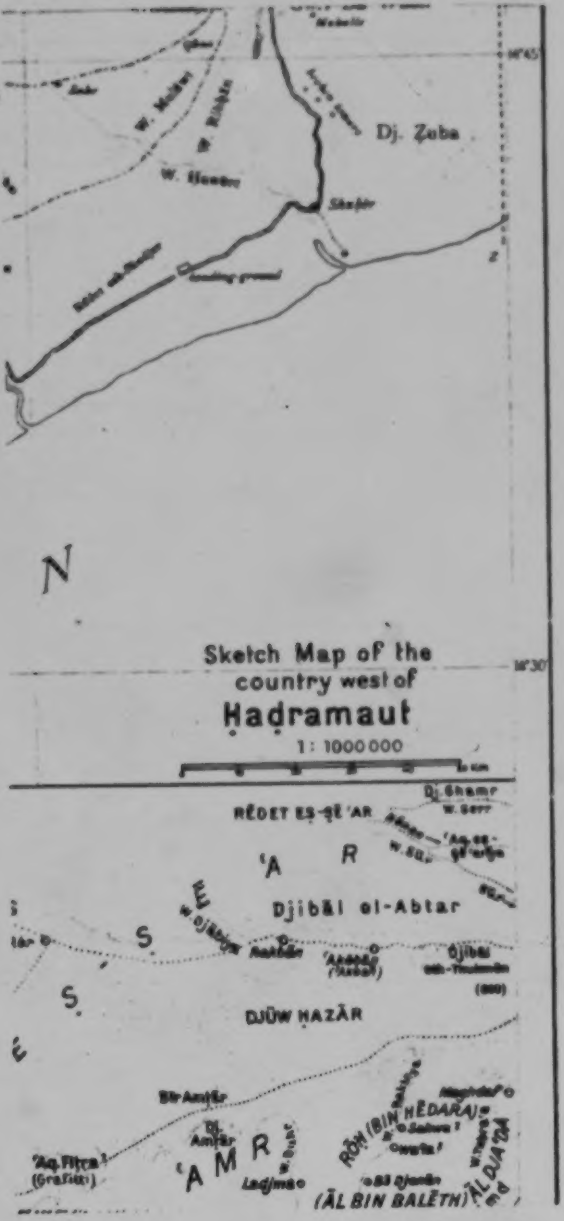

1072
487
133
A
R
A
B
I
A
S E D E D
Dj. Halmûi
Dj. Siqam
1395
Makalla
Râs Makalla
E
D
A
F
DJÛW EL-MULÊS
Dj. Maqâ'ir
Dj. Qurrân
EL - KURABE
'ABÎDA
Dj. Thanîya
'IRQ MESABBAH
Shabwa
Burûm
Bandar Burûm
Râs Burûm
Dj. Burûm
350
445
745
715
915
65
85
175
145

End map IV E

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

249 (24)

102
487
133

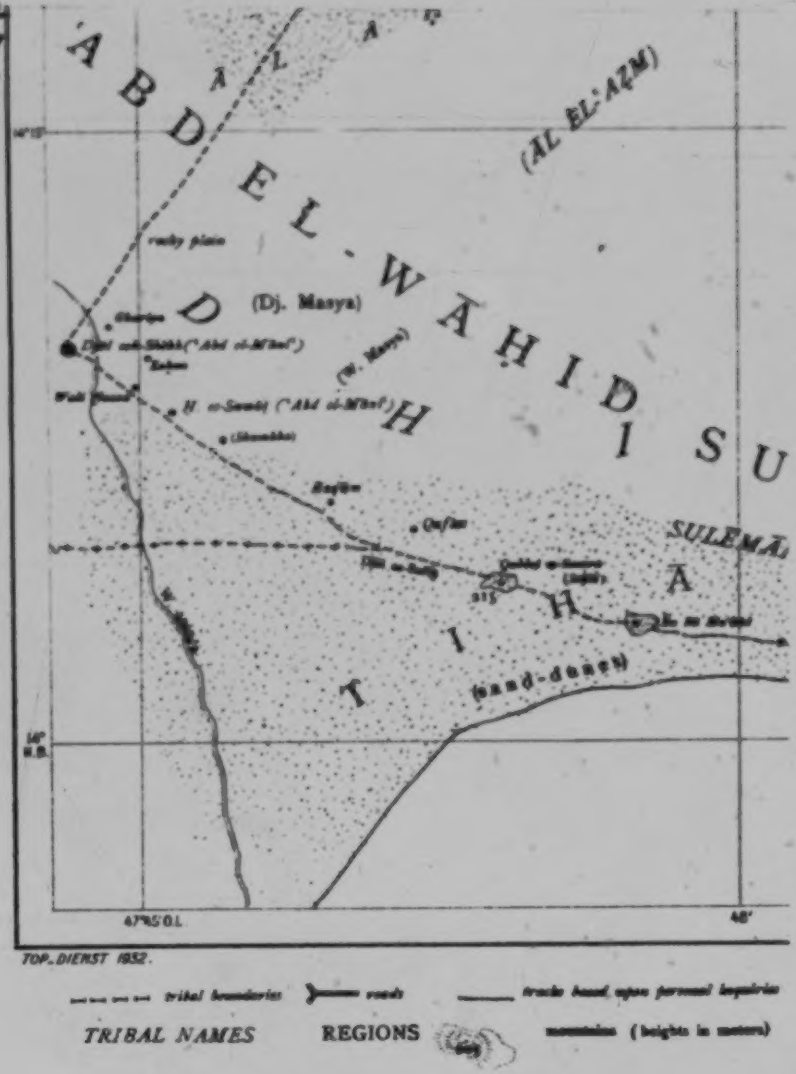

Mabeike
14°45'
W. Meifa'a
W. Hauwre
Dj. Zuba
Shafir
Landing ground
Bahr esh-Shafra
N
14°30'
RĒDET EṢ-ṢĒ'AR
Dj. Ghamr
W. Ġerr
'A
R
E
W. Djibdja
Djibāl el-Abtar
S.
S.
DJŪW ḤAZĀR
Djibāl
'Aṣabō
('Asbal)
Bir Amfār
Dj. Amfār
'A
M
R
Ladjma
'Aq Fitra'
(Grafitti)
RŌḤ (BIN HĒDARA)
Magidaf
(ĀL BIN BALĒTH)
ĀL DJA'DA

Sketch Map of the country west of Ḥaḍramaut

1: 1000000

End map IV F

10a
487
133

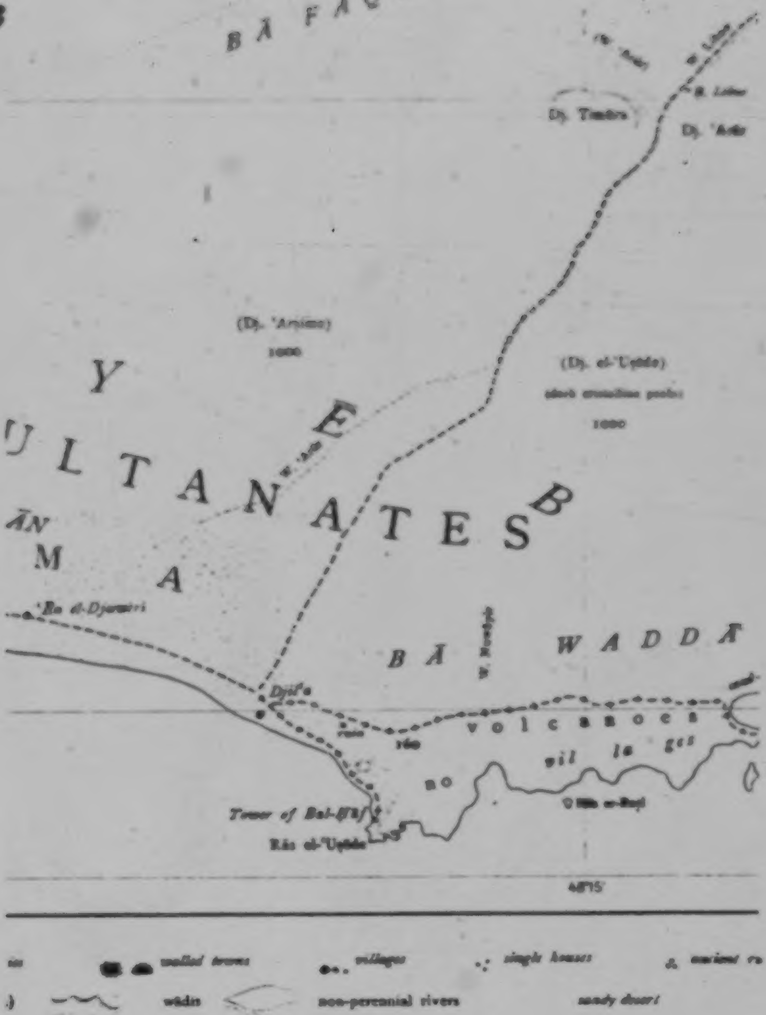

'ABD EL-WĀHIDI
SULEMĀ
(ĀL EL-'AZM)
ĀL
A
sandy plain
(Dj. Masya)
(W. Masya)
H. es-Sawdā ('Abd el-Wāḥid)
(Shumbba)
Qufim
Wadi
TIHĀ
SU
(sand-dunes)
315
14°15'
14° N.B.
47°45' Ö.L.
48°
TOP.-DIENST 1932.
tribal boundaries
roads
tracks based upon personal inquiries
TRIBAL NAMES
REGIONS
mountains (heights in meters)

END MAP V A

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

249 (26)

102
489
133

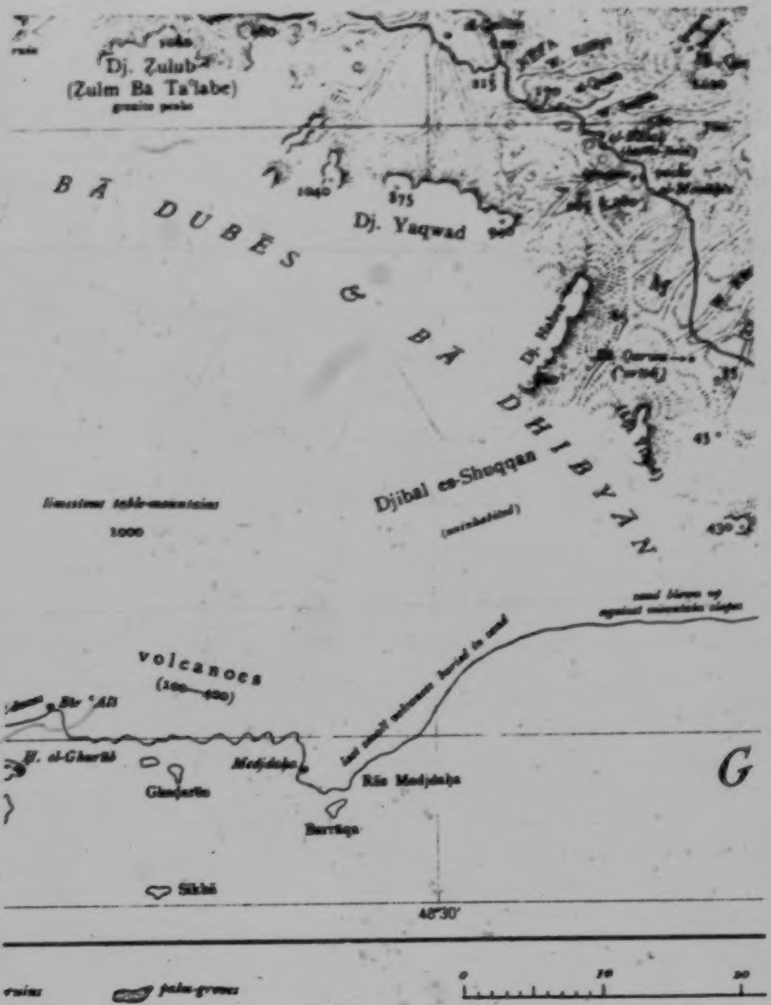


B Ā F A Q
Dj. Timūra
Dj. 'Ādir
(Dj. 'Arşima)
1000
(Dj. el-'Uşbda)
1000
Y
ULTANATES
E
B
ĀN
M
A
Ra el-Djuwairi
B Ā
W A D D Ā
Djif'a
volcanoes
villages
Tower of Bal-Ḥāf
Rās el-'Uşbda
48°15'
walled towns
villages
single houses
wādis
non-perennial rivers
sandy desert

END MAP V B

24 Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

102
487
133



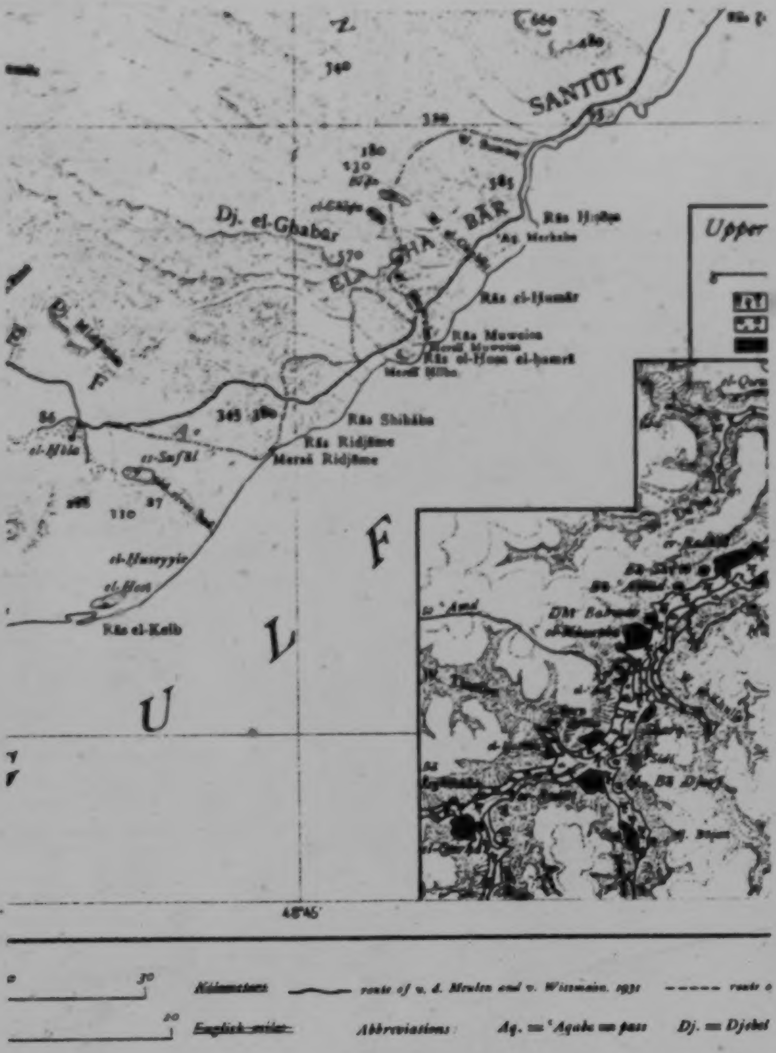
Dj. Zulub
(Zulm Ba Ta'labe)
granite peaks
1040
875
Dj. Yaqwad
BĀ DUBES & BĀ DHIBYĀN
H
M
Djibal es-Shuqqan
(uninhabited)
limestone table-mountains
1000
43°
sand blown up against mountain slopes
volcanoes
(100—400)
Bir 'Ali
H. el-Gharāb
Ghaujarīn
Medjdaha
Rās Medjdaha
Barrāqa
Sikhā
G
48°30'
ruins
palm-groves
perennial rivers
springs and cisterns
0
10
20
0
10

END MAP V C

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

249 (28)

102
487
183

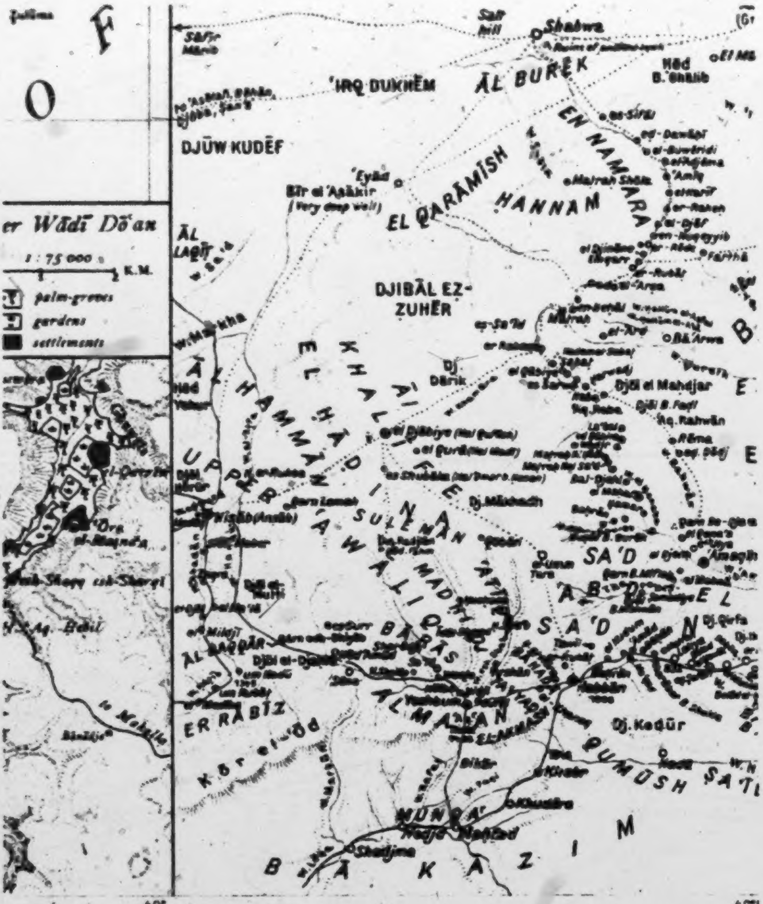


SANTUT
340
385
Dj. el-Ghabar
EL GHA BĀR
370
Rās Ḥişān
Rās el-Ḥumār
Rās Muweira
Rās el-Ḥosn el-ḥamrā
Rās Shihāba
Rās Ridjāme
Mersā Ridjāme
345
el-Ḥilla
es-Safāl
110
87
el-Ḥuseyyir
el-Ḥosn
Rās el-Kelb
G
U
L
F
Upper
48°45'
0
30
Kilometers
route of v. d. Meulen and v. Wissmann. 1931
20
English miles
Abbreviations
Aq. = ʿAqaba = pass
Dj. = Djebel

End map V D

24:Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

102
487
133


F
O
er Wādī Dō'an
1 : 75 000
K.M.
palm-groves
gardens
settlements
Ōra
el-Maqnā'a
Shaqq esh-Sharqi
Bāhūdje
to Mukalla
Sāfir
Mārib
'IRQ DUKHĒM
ĀL BURĒK
Shabwa
Salt hill
Ruins of ancient town
Hēd B. Ghālib
El Ma
DJŪW KUDĒF
EN NAMĀRA
EL QARĀMĪSH
HANNAM
'Eyād
Bīr el 'Asākir
(very deep well)
ĀL LAQĪT
DJIBĀL EZ-ZUHĒR
W. Mārkha
Dj. Dārik
Djōl el Mahdjar
Rq. Rahwān
Bā 'Arwa
KHALĀ'IF
EL HĀDINA
ĀL HAMMĀM
UPPER 'AWĀLIQ
SULTAN
Nisāb (Ansāb)
Dj. Mūsānadh
'ATIQ
MADHKĪN
BARĀS
SA'D
ABEL
SA'D
Dj. Qirfa
ĀL BAQQĀR
Djōl el-Djadd
ER RĀBIZ
Kōr el-'Ōd
ĀL MA'ĀN
PUMŪSH
SATL
Dj. Kedūr
Lakhēs
MUNQA'
Nadjd Naqīd
Shardjma
BĀ KĀZIM
B
E
E
49°
49°1

te of A. v. W'rede 1843 ——— routes of L. Hirsch and Imām Sherif Khan Bahadur (surveyor of Th. Bent) 1893

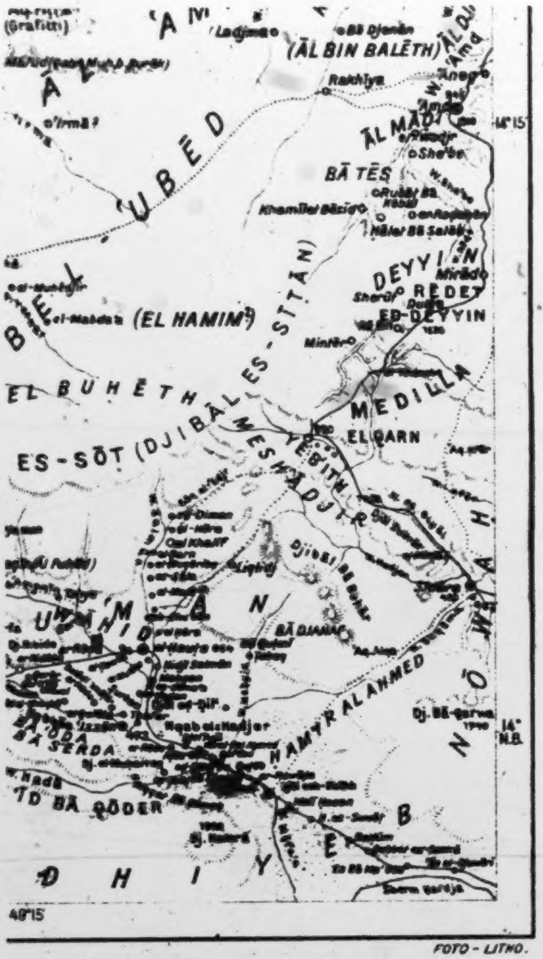
bel = mountain   Ḥ = Ḥuṣn = castle, fortified house   W. = Wādī = riverbed   Bt = Bīt = house.

End map V E

24: Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

249 (30)

102
487
133


(Graffiti)
A
ĀL BIN BALĒTH
Rakhiya
Ā
UBĒD
ĀL MĀDI
BĀ TĒS
DEYYIN
REDET
ED-DEYYIN
Minter
(EL HAMIM?)
BIEL
EL BUHETH
DJIBĀL ES-STTĀN
MEDILLA
EL QARN
ES-SŌT
MESHADJIR
YEBITH
ĀL AHMED
M Ā N
UWĀHID
BĀ QĀDIR
DJIBĀL BĀ
HAMY
NŌ
BĀ SERDA
Dj. Bā-Qarwa
14°
N.B.
14°15
TD BĀ QŌDER
B
E
D H I Y
48°15
FOTO - LITHO.

3 ———— route of O. H. Little. 1925 —+—+ routes of other explorers

ouse, family B = Bin = son

End map V F

I

24: Meulen and Wissmann T-3 (1931)1932 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

249 (31)

102
487
133

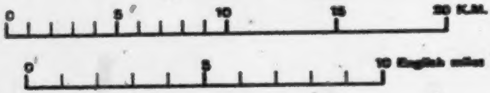
ḤAḌRAMAUT

Scale 1 : 250 000

by Dr. H. von Wissmann.

(Map belonging to "Ḥaḍramaut, some of its mysteries unveiled" by D. van der Meulen and H. von Wissmann.)

NOTE. The scale given under the map is wrong and the following should be used instead.



End map VI

[For additional references on the Hadhramaut, see category 116, footnotes and throughout the text.]